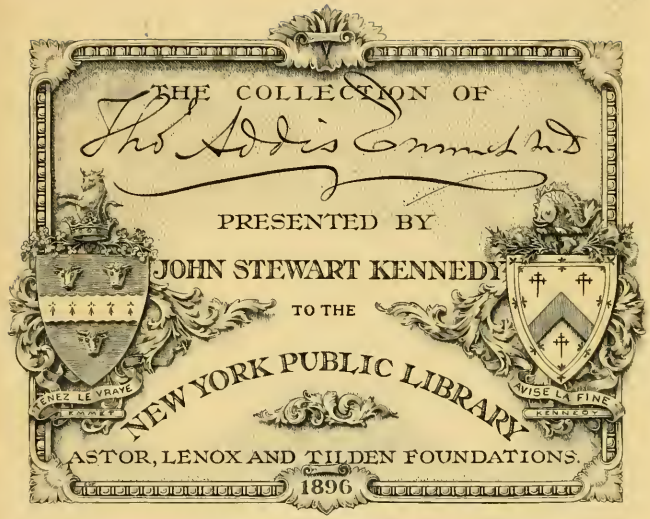
THE COLLECTION OF
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1896

MRS. ROYALL'S

SOUTHERN TOUR.

OR

SECOND SERIES OF THE BLACK BOOK.

BY MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners, in the United States, by a Traveller," &c. &c.

IN THREE OR MORE VOLUMES: VOL. I.

WASHINGTON.

1830.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

L.S.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the Eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifty-fourth, MRS. ANNE ROYALL, of the said District, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Southern Tour, or Second Series of the Black Book. By Mrs. Anne Royall author of "Sketches of History, Life and Manners, in the United States. by a Traveller," &c. In three or more volumes: Vol. 1."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to the act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE.

Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia

FAMILY COLLECTION

TO THE PUBLIC.

MRS. ROYALL begs leave to apologize to her Southern friends, for introducing a short tour, not exactly *North, or South,* but a little of both; and, though interesting, was crowded out of her Appendix to Letters from Alabama.

EXCURSION.

Confined to my seat for seven months, (except while I waited on their honors in Bumpkin Hall) I took a flying trip to see my dear friends *Walsh*, *Noah*, *the Pink*, *and Col. Stone;* and above all, my pious friend of praying memory, *Dwight.* About to be separated from them by wastes and wilds, streams and forests, and lest some accident might befal me; for instance an alligator might swallow me, or a boiler might burst, I could not think of departing without taking leave of friends so near and dear to me.

I understood they had shed floods of tears during my trial at Bumpkin Hall, and this I believe, as Walsh's eyes were still red. But the journey:—

I set off the 26th of October, to Baltimore: no going north without passing through Baltimore.

There were two or three in the stage in whom I found no amusement: in the other stage (there were two) no better. When we stopped for dinner, at my old friends of Waterloo, Merrill, the landlord met me with a smile, and the passengers of the other stage gazed me out of countenance. Transfixed to their seats, I began to help myself, when one of them bethought himself, and asked "if he should help me?" The barkeeper, a son-in-law of Merrill, bought a book for shame sake—he is quite a clever young man. M. was in a sad taking about the tavern, the proprietor being disposed to raise the rent; so we left them, and soon came to the rail road, a few miles of it being completed.

I think the undertaking one of the wildest schemes for men in their senses; to think of carrying it over the Alleghany at this point, it will take all the iron in this country and Europe; and where the funds are to come from no one knows. It will take one year's revenue at least of the General Government. Now if they would turn the rail road (and they can do so very easily) to the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, it would answer every pur-

pose they could possibly have in view; but they will not be able to go on with it much further; at present it serves for amusement for citizens and strangers to ride backwards and forwards. They have built considerable towns of little huts along the course for the workmen and their families to live in, and have a vast number of carts, and boys to drive them, engaged, and have got on surprisingly indeed.

I stopped at Beltzhoover's, as usual, and the amiable Stillinger received me with a smile. Being Sunday, I rested for the evening.

Next morning I hastened to see my friends Stokes and Stockton. I had had a small misunderstanding with my friend Stokes, but we had met at Washington, and both having warm hearts we very readily forgot the past, and are now friends for life. Mr. Stokes, as well as his partner, Stockton, belongs to my favorite fraternity who can mould me as they please, and after a mutual greeting, Mr. Stokes, (whom upon a thorough acquaintance, I found to be a gentleman) observed "you ought to go in and see Mr. Barnum, Mrs. R you have done that man great injustice, and go and make friends with him." Mr Stokes, I am convinced, said this with the best intentions. His office being in the same house, I ascended the steps and inquired for Mr. Barnum. "He was not in," was the reply. I saw a surly looking man sitting in the room, however, which I took to be him.

In the course of the day I called in at Consul Coal's. Coal, after knitting his brow and giving me a cold reception, said, "I have something to tell you Mrs. R." "Well, go on, what is it?" "Why, Barnum says if you ever enter his house again, he will horse-whip you."* I did not blame Barnum for this, I ought to have expected it of him. But I was astonished that Consul Coal should be the bearer of such an infamous message, and the world will unite with me in pronouncing Coal much the worst man.

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*A few weeks after this I met with Mr. Stokes at Washington city, and related to him the bad success of his benevolent advice, and the message I received from Barnum. He was much surprised, and introduced me to Capt. Rogers of the navy. "This is a countryman of yours, Mrs. R. he is a native of Maryland, and a good fellow."

"Well, countryman," said I, "what would you think of a man who would use such language to a female?" "I not only think, madam, but say the man who would use such language to a woman ought to have his *tongue cut out*, and the man who would raise his hand to a woman, or threaten to do so, ought to

That these men should be patronised by the American people is certainly disgraceful to our country; and I hope for the honor of the citizens, no honorable man will patronise them hereafter, unless they come out with a public apology, if indeed the apology of such infamous men would be received. There are taverns and bookstores enough in Baltimore, kept by worthy, respectable men, whom for my sake, and for the sake of decency, they will prefer. C. is doubtless bankrupt in every thing that belongs to a gentleman, though he was once a clever man.

I merely called on my old acquaintances, and keeping a look-out for Betsy Chase, I hastened to salute my kind friend Parish, of Smith's wharf. His small hospitable office is just in the same place, and just as it was in 1824, when I found in him a friend, and from his hand received the needful. On this visit Mr. P. was at dinner, but I found his little son a true Parish, and feasted my eye on the very chair, the woor-desk, and ink-stand, out of which I wrote, all fresh as the first day I entered the office a forlorn stranger. Captain Mason, too, of the sloop —— called, and many others.

I called to pay my respects to Mr. Heath, a celebrated attorney, and a most amiable man, but unfortunately he was out. Returning from his house and seeing "Attorney" on a plate, I stepped in at a venture, being partial to lawyers, and found a very clever fellow, by the name of W. H. Freeman, in North Charles street. Mr. F. is a slender oval faced man, with a sharp black eye, and sprightly manners. A saucy wag (one every where) was sitting in the room with him, and we laughed enough at my race from Betsy Chase and the Blueskins.

Walking by the great Blueskin fortification, I met a large drove of women (not a single man) going into it. It was nearly sun down, and they were doubtless going to some society meeting with their loving priest. I wished them success, and they said "I ought to go there too, it would be better for me:" had they pulled out a dollar and said here "Mrs. R. take this to bear your

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have his *hand cut off*." This manly expression of Capt. Rogers ought to redeem Commodore Rogers, whose brother I understand he is. Capt. R. is stationed at New London, Con. He is a tall, manly figure, of young appearance, and very fascinating manners. I should be pleased to see a few more such men in our navy, instead of the rabble with which it is filled: success to him.

expenses," I would have had some faith in their piety; they were loaded with silk and lace! pretty christians! vengeance was in their countenance to enforce God's law. Those fierce monsters looked more like Turks than Christians, and have a greater thirst for blood.

I called with great pleasure on my friend Dr. Price, of Market street, and Dr. Baker, of Pratt street; also, my much loved friends Mr. and Mrs. Curry, of Hanover street. The kindness of these people when I was friendless, I shall never forget. When the thief in Market street stole the yard of silk, Mrs. Curry went out into the street and solicited every mason she saw, till she replaced it and a trifle to take me to Philadelphia. I never fail to call and press her hand to my heart. Mr Curry is a noble Scot, a master carpenter, and one of the best of men. He lives well, and long may he live.

My friends the McDonalds were both sick—told them to get better drivers, they would not heed, now there is a canal that the lives of our Bishops may not be endangered by drunken drivers. The General said he selected his drivers from the *Temperance Society.*

I met with a very decent man from the Southern States, by the name of William S. Hays. He was accompanied by a genteel young man whom I had once seen in Newcastle, Del. This young gentleman was the principal of an academy in Newcastle, and mentioned in my travels, though his name is McBeth, but was mis-spelled. He was a brother-in law of Mr. Hayes.

Another revolution took place in Baltimore amongst my booksellers. Mr. Lucas overawed, either by the British or the missionaries, perhaps both, had sold very few books, but the booksellers opposite Beltzhoover's, McDowell and Son, were very clever; and it was discovered that the missionary bookseller *over* the way stole the pocket-handkerchief.

After waiting on my friends, Messrs. Monroe and Roberts, the editors, I called for the first time on the Republican, he was not in; I called again, but he was not to be seen! a bad sign. And the editor in Gay street had, or at least his partner had, become a missionary, and so I left them for Philadelphia.*

*I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. Colmstock, of Chambersburg, Pa mentioned in my travels; he was accompanied by his wife, a very interesting woman.

I ought to have mentioned General Winchester, whom I saw at Harrisburg; he is at the head of the Rail Road Company, and every thing else, considered as a public benefit. I was likewise pleased to find the amiable William Patterson, President of the United States' Bank, in the place of Teague, deceased. But the *Casheir-mem*—"Yes-mem" the cashier, is still there.

As the citizen's line would not Frank me, he did not know his interest, though I rather inclined to patronise my old friends the McDonalds, though I lost one or two boxes of books in the line; expect the missionaries served them as I serve their *tracts*, tear them to pieces, and throw them overboard.

I found nothing worthy of remark till I arrived at Philadelphia, where I found my old stand in Strawberry-ally occupied by a new Landlord, whose looks I did not like, and my friend, the agent of the amiable Mr. Reeside, procuredme a new boarding house. The man's name was Hart; he was a very kind Yankee, and his wife of New York, a notable house-going woman.

I was much delighted during my residence here with a society called the *Free and Easy Society*, principally Scotchmen, who amused themselves in performing on various instruments of music; they played well, and to a late hour. These were the sweetest concerts I ever heard; they played next door. This is a more rational way of spending time than joining either the Grog shop, Tract, or Temperance Societies. I should like to see these societies increase—hope Walsh will give them a puff.

I ran over the city in a trice, first to Mr. Levall's, kissed my hand to Carey L. & C. Walked to Grigg's, the saucy rogue; I found him as merry as a Grigg; he rolled his tongue in his cheek, with about a dozen clerks as busy as bees; the whole floor filled with boxes and bundles. I did not actually see the cash, but I saw the strong box, and my books all gone. Good! C. L. & C. Never sold as many of any sort, and thank God they are out of business, and two Lilleputians have taken the shop, viz: *Cary & Clark*. May all Henglish book-sellers meet with their fate! *Well done*, Philadelphia! I love thee all but the blue skins. The citizens deserve much credit for withdrawing their patronage from this British *house*, for it was nothing more. *Saint*, the tavern keeper, was dead—good again!

I called on *Tower & Hogan*, book-sellers, and found them cle-

ver men, though I had been told they were Blue skins; they keep in Market street, 255, and do a good business. Mr. *Aunor*, in Market, below 9th street, is another well named book-seller; so is *De Silver* in Walnut; likewise *Kimber & Sharpless*, South Fourth street, and *Kite* in Walnut street, second door above 3d, and Uriah Hunt, 147 Market.

The Henglish book seller and fancy store, Chesnut street, is dead, (my pen is equal to a Bladensburg shot.) Suppose some one helped him out of the way, for sake of his *beautiful* wife; he was very jealous, and I am pleased that she is released from such a churl—every one remembers him.

Philadelphia abounds in liberal book-sellers, and all these deserve encouragement. Mr. *Small*, it is true, had been overawed by the Blue skins; will never make much at any thing. He is now retailing Law books, and the next thing will be the *tracts*.

Through mistake I left out my friend of the *Franklin* Library, No. 76, South 3d street. This is the best library, and the best kept of any in the city. As for the Philadelphia Library, it is under the control of Littell, and I think going to the dogs. The Athænæum is flourishing. The University is defunct, as it ought to be. I did not see Dr. Cox nor Walsh, (he kept close,) nor Dr. Ely. But the *High School*, or

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,

Is the best seminary in Philadelphia, in my opinion. Besides the common routine of high schools, the principal mechanic arts are taught in this school, the languages and science of every description. Lectures are delivered on *Philosophy*, *Chemistry*, *Natural History*, and *Architecture*, and the price for the whole is seven dollars per annum. It is under the control of a society, and the principal is *W. R. Johnson*, a man of learning and liberality of thinking: under him are *teachers*, *tutors*, and *moniters*. The school was not very full when I called, but appeared to be as regular as a clock. It is kept in a large building in 7th street.

I was so outraged with Philadelphia for its want of management in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, in suffering the principal to remain in a place of such vital importance, after joining, whether secretly or not, the ranks of the Blue skins—I would not visit it. I called on Mrs. Dr. Lewis and William Duane, Esq.

and was sorry to find the latter still in his little 8 feet office. He was cheerful and contented, and showed me his daughter and grand-child, who seems to be the solace of his forlorn situation. Mr. D. said he had been offered a place, but the duties were too hard for his advanced years, and he was forced to decline it! Nor did I forget to wait on my old and kind friends Messrs. *Badger and Perkins*, and found them still the same beloved and respected.

The Ingersolls, I thought, were rather cool, which gave me little concern. But Messrs. Chauncey and Hon. Sergeant, were kind and condescending. I was also proud to find the two Drs. *Rushes* well and successful, as well as the amiable Dr. Morton.

Mr. R. Vaux was unwell, I breathed my best wishes for his recovery, and hastily gave my hand to the still worthy President Biddle. Tacking round to see the Hon. J. H. Powell, I called on Counsellor *D. P. Brown*, of *Washington Square*, the same to whom I gave the handsome puff—(all my puffs are handsome.) Mr. B. was at Court, I asked to see Mrs. B. "Mrs. B. does not wish to see you," said an insolent white servant. I asked if he belonged to the house. "Yes, he answered for Mr. Brown." Negroes are scarce in Philadelphia since the emigration to Liberia, and was told Mr. B. was compelled to take this insolent ruffian into his house, or go without a servant. He ought to go and hear Dr. Ely preach the *Evangelical Gospel*, and I ought to unpuff Counsellor B.

Bound to the Editors of Philadelphia by the strongest tie, I hastened to see them with a heart beating with pleasure. Mr. Chandler, of the United States' Gazette, was out, I saw him, however, after this in the street, with his own mild and wonted sweetness. Seeing a gentleman before me, "I should know that face," said I. "I should think so, said Mr. C."

I did not call on the Centinel, and I admire his partner for dissolving with him, which I understand he has. And I am sorry to find that many of these Jackson editors are in the Blueskin ranks, as I deem the whole of them our deadliest foes: for instance, Dr. Ely himself, a great Jacksonite.

I called on Poulson, and hastened to my friend Atkinson, of the Saturday Evening Post, one, if not the best, editor in the city—I have mentioned him before. Also the editor of the Morning Chronicle, Mr. Musgrave, another fine paper. He

apologised for the piece that appeared in his paper after my last visit, and gave me a warm reception—he is a good fellow. I next called on the Editors of the *Album*, two worthy, intelligent, young, and enterprising men. This paper bears on the face of it the evidence of ability and taste, and richly deserves a liberal support. The diffusion of knowledge, the taste, elegance, and strength of style displayed in this paper, deserves the encouragement of every American citizen. Equally rich and splendid are the papers of Messrs. Atkinson and Musgrave.

From there I went to Mr. Gates, the Editor of the *Reformer*, and was pleased to find him well, and his patronage increasing. The people begin to appreciate his labors, and reward him as they ought; he is a sore thorn in the sides of these Presbyterians. In our conversation about the shameful tyranny of these traitors over the women, I asked him to account for it. "Why, Mrs. R. I suspect they win them by their loving language; you know it is much easier to catch flies with molasses than vinegar." I am surprised they never bated their snares for me with molasses. But I am too old, I suppose, for their purpose.

On my return I called on my never to be forgotten friend Rev. Hurley. Mr. Hurley was engaged at church, but I met with the Rev. N. O'Donnell at his house, a most accomplished divine. Mr. D is a very young man of great personal beauty, and very pleasing manners.

I called on Dr. Emerson, but missed the pleasure of seeing him, he being absent; but found a great awkward boor of a Blue-skin Lawyer in the next room to him. His name was Chester, from the town of onions, all the way from the famous Weathersfield, Con. His face was broad, and his heart and manners cold and forbidding. Mr. Peters picked a crow with me for saying he had red hair. I beg his pardon, his hair is auburn, and I am proud to hear he has been successful in his publication of the reports of the Supreme Court.

In my various visits to Philadelphia, I never had the good fortune to meet with the Judges, they being always engaged in their duties. I now entered the Courts—the Court of Common Pleas first: his honor Judge *King*, President, is a middle aged man, round manly face, and keen, full eye; he filled the bench with much ease and dignity. One of his associates, Judge *Ferguson*, a Blue-skin, had a long sour face and red head, and the moment

I made my appearance, he bent his head down under the desk, so as to conceal his face. Finding this rather inconvenient, he took the advantage of my turning my head to speak to Mr. Perkins, and made his eternal escape—I hope Governor Wolf will turn him out for deserting his seat. Judge *Knight* is one of the noblest looking men in Philadelphia. The Attorneys were numerous, and closely confined to a narrow space; they were about middling, but were all entitled to the reputation of gentlemen.

Mr *Randal*, the Sheriff, acquitted himself very handsomely, and paid me great attention; he is a stout mild benevolent man, of fine appearance.

In another Court I found Judge *Hopkins*, (style of the Court unknown:) Judge H. is a man of superior manners and elegant address, and by odds the finest looking Judge in the place. He said, in a jocular manner, "You make sad work when you come here Mrs. R. you make nothing of our Seminaries—I am trying to rebuild the University and Medical College." I requested him to "use sound timber, or I should throw them down again." Hon. Judge Cox is a thin spare figure, with a sensible grave face and affable manners.

Of the Lawyers, Mr. *Page* is a very animated speaker, with appropriate jestures. He is a tall figure, with a fair handsome oval face.

Mr. *Ingraham* is a keen shrewd speaker, of middle age, handsome countenance, and fair oval face, and of most fascinating appearance. *William L. Hirst* has a keen fine eye, and neat Grecian face, slender form, and very gentlemanly manners. I saw a few other good looking men, but having but a few minutes to spare, I did not learn their names—I should say the Philadelphia bar greatly excels the New York bar.

Besides these, I became acquainted with the famous Madam *Plantou*, the celebrated painter. Mrs. P. is about middle age, with a tall well turned figure and handsome features, black hair, and staid countenance. Her manners are of the highest polish, having received her education in France. She painted the treaty of Ghent, a large piece which I had often seen in the Capitol in Washington City. The piece is much admired by those who are judges, I am not. She was taught by the first masters. Mr. Plantou is a Dentist, and is said to excel in his profession. I was shewn a certificate of the *Medical Society* of Philadelphia, in the

form of a report, which goes to recommend Mr. Plantou's incorruptable teeth invented by himself. The report is signed "Thomas *Harris*, Samuel *Jackson*, and C. D. *Meigs*." Had the report been signed by Col. *Pluck*, it would just have had the same weight with me, for of all classes of men, the medical faculty stand the lowest in my estimation, either of Philadelphia, or any other place in the United States. These medical gentlemen will receive no quarters from me, while they live by sending schoals of licensed murderers over our country; and I am astonished the Legislatures of the different States do not enact laws against the whole of them.

By paying forty dollars, these young scrubs are turned loose upon the people to kill at pleasure. I do not say they are all ignorant, but I am bold to say nine out of ten of them are not fit for horse doctors—it is time for the people of the United States to open their eyes to this calamitous evil.

Mr. Plantou's own appearance is a much better recommendation than that of *any* medical faculty; he has a good *honest* face and a warm heart, and doubtless excels in his profession.* They have an amiable son and daughter, both very accomplished.

Several ladies called on me at Mr. Hart's, Miss Lucy A. Smith in particular, an amiable young lady—I think she keeps a shop.

I see, by the papers, *Mr. Walsh* is mightily concerned "for the *honor* of the *nation!*" Monstrous!! He forgets that he is called the Vicar of Bray, and that he is always a braying.

I have to apologise to the Mayor of Philadelphia, a most interesting man, whose name I do not recollect I met with him some time back, and again on this visit, and was always received with the politeness of a gentleman. I am much distressed that I cannot find time to spend an hour with a friend—a minute is the most, and I have to make the most of it.

Two days was all I had to spare this time for Philadelphia, and at six o'clock one morning, I took the steam boat for New York. The sun was just rising in all its glory, as we put off from the shore, behind a rich grove of trees on the Jersey shore, and presented one of the most beautiful scenes in nature—hundreds have doubtless witnessed the same. I stood on the deck, and was no little amused at one Dick Doleful, a missionary, who with

*Mr. Plantou's address is No. 110, South Third street.

seven women huddled round him, sat in front of me—they fulfilled the Scripture. He had crape on his hat, was lean and guant, and held a tract in his hand, and was vengeance itself. I challenged him, and he slunk out of sight—the women were all of the rabble class.

In the cabin I met with a beautiful woman, a Mrs Melligan, of New Orleans; she was attended by her husband, a young stout handsome man, had a beautiful infant in her arms, and was also attended by a female servant. She was the most interesting modest female I ever saw, and I lament to add, she was drowned two days after this at New York. The gentleman was a brother of Mrs. McLean, our Minister of Delaware. They were both amongst the most accomplished of our citizens.

A Quack doctor and a lawyer from Philadelphia, and some *New Jersey* farmers, fine fellows, made up the passengers. The New Jersey men were Messrs H. D. Blemus, of Monmouth; John Perem or Perine, (the pencil marks are very nearly effaced,) of Williamsburg; F. F. Hardenburg, Midd. all of New Jersey, and your all-soul men, Mr. J. R. Wilson, a young Quaker lawyer, 104 Arch street, Philadelphia, a very amiable young man, expressed much sorrow that I was treated so unkindly on my first visit to Philadelphia, and made me promise if I ever fell into distress again, no matter in what part of the world, to let him know it. I was much pleased with the genuine independence, and frank manners, of these native sons of New Jersey, and attached myself to them during the voyage on the Delaware. They solicited me strongly to bestow a visit to their towns, and not to exclude the whole state for the conduct of a few Blueskins at Princeton.

When we came to take the other boat at Elizabeth-town, (the first time I passed the lower road,) we took in another boat's load (same line,) and the boat was crowded with passengers. As usual, the crowd drew round me in formidable numbers—I was completely surrounded by nearly two hundred gentlemen, which confined me to a very narrow circle. I was seated, while the gentlemen remained standing. Thus honored, I happened to turn my head, and lo! an old maid sat on my left, likewise hedged in. I laughed, and said it was "doubtless the first time she was honored so highly by the other sex!" "La," said she, "what do they do it for; what have you done?" "I have done nothing,

madam, they are *admiring* me." This was above her comprehension. She had supposed I had committed some crime, and the gentlemen had taken me prisoner. Her old maidship was wonder-struck, that such respect should be paid to an old widow, while she had lived so long in single blessedness.

NEW YORK.

It was dark when we landed in New York, and I fortunately found a lodging near my old place in Front street. I merely stepped into a shop to inquire the way to Lary's, and the porter who was bearing my trunks stepping in to rest, it happened that, while I was speaking to the shop-keeper in Pearl street, a very decent man, an old acquaintance, no less than a cast-off stage-driver, salutes me with "How do you do Mrs. R. shaking hands, why I declare I am glad to see you; how have you been?" There never was any great love between me and the stage drivers of New York; but, doubtless, this stage driver procured me a night's lodging, the only favor I ever received at their hands.

Next minute the gentleman said he had a spare room, and, since the stage driver knew me, I was welcome to stay all night; he was an Irish gentleman. Next morning I passed the door of Mr. Paulding, remembered his kindness of old, and passed on up Broadway, but was surprised at the death-like stillness in the streets! The tariff! aye the tariff! no matter! New York cannot expect to swim, and sink the whole Union. She has had her good things, let those good things go round, they will meet New York again in turn. Every one wishes to taste good things as well as New York. "Ah! Mrs. R. if you would only help us to divide the State, one half of us want no Tariff, the other half of the State does!!!" I shrunk from this; I am for union, not division. I saluted Gilly, the Henglish bookseller, as I passed his door; he had the same glouring smile as usual, and looked pretty well *Tariffied*—the missionaries have him too.

Bliss was reformed out of his old stand, and slipped down quite low on the opposite side of Broadway, next door to the City Hotel. Bliss—his name ought to be reversed—Bliss has been blessed out of every thing he owned by the Missionaries, and has to scratch his head, and patch up a Souveneer. "Ah! Mrs. R. I am glad to hear you have succeeded; you are welcome to

leave your books, I will take care of them for you." His face was narrower than ever, and the bones were cutting the skin; he was thin and lank, but the blues stuck to him still. I hope the people of New York will act becoming, and refuse their patronage to a traitor. A man who will refuse to patronise his country, does not deserve the patronage of that country. He seeks to patronise missionaries, let him look to those missionaries for his bread. The Carvills grinned to the life too; they are another house that ought to be discountenanced by those who wish well of their country.

I called next on my friend Mr. M. Noah, and apologized to him for the error of my printer in swapping away his black eyes for blue. The Maj. looked younger and better than I ever saw him, and appears to be very popular. I am pleased to find his merit rewarded, but was not pleased at all with the Collector, he was absent from his duty, and his office was filled with vulgar ill looking clerks. I do not think the choice a good one by any means, he is paid for his labor, why does he not attend.

From thence, I went to see the Editors of the Enquirer, the saucy rouges, they were fit to devourme, and while there, I discovered a cheat put upon me by one of the Editors, who passed himself off for Mr. Brooks, in a former visit. Mr. Brooks, was now present: He is a small man of elegant manners, fair delicate features, with much expression of countenance, and my favorite Bennett too, and Webb.

While I was sitting with Mr. Brooks, a man ran in breathless with the unfortunate news of the death of Mrs. Millegan!!! Mr. Millegan, with his wife, child, and servant, had taken their passage to New Orleans, and the awkward hack-driver, going to the wrong slip, in the act of turning round to correct the error, the horses tramped on some Iron, took fright, and pitched into the water from 20 to 30 feet deep. The citizens succeeded in getting out Mr. Millegan, the servant, and child, but Mrs. M. could not be recovered till life was intirely extinct. I do not know that I was ever more shocked. My old acquaintance and friend *Mr. Bennett*, I was pleased to find well, but saw nothing of the Hartford Convention man Mr. Dwight, suppose he was on his knees overhauling the Blue Laws, and precious resolves of the Convention. I spent but one day and a half in New York, one night was spent with my old friend and landlady *Mrs. Barker*.

formerly in Water street. I found her in Cherry street, near the old stand, and my favorite Miss. Jane Ann was married to Mr. Picket, after a three year's courtship. I sought and enquired for my kind friend Mr. Moss, late of New Haven, but all in vain, no one knew any thing of him.

I merely called at the Post Office to see how they went on there, first taking my passage in the stage to Philadelphia. The clerks my old acquaintances, were more than glad to see me—I went in and overhauled the papers and boxes, all right—no missionary papers in the Post Office. This is the best regulated public department of any description that I have seen in the United States, notwithstanding the multitude of letters which arrive and depart daily, the whole business is carried on with a regularity and desatch unequalled. It keeps one hand employed from early in the morning till a late hour at night, to hand out the letters, and from practice, this hand is equal to six common ones. The Post Office is kept in the basement story of the exchange, secured by an Iron rail; out side of this in a large room stand the multitude who call for letters. The clerk stands still at a window, and with a circular machine before him filled with letters as high as his head, and by turning the machine round he brings the letters to him as they are called for. As the fatigue is great, several clerks take it in rotation. The Newspapers are handed out at another window.

The new Postmaster was not in, but the clerks were fit to devour me; the saucy rouges would have me in to see that all was right, and well they might, I was always their friend; they were the first and best acquaintances I have in New York. I grieved to part with them so soon.

I had not time to call on the *Pink*, nor the gallant Col.—Dr. Hosack, had left New York, and Dr. Mitchill, was too far off, but I heard he was well. I called on my worthy friend Dr. Francis, in Chambers street, but unfortunately he was absent. This is one of the most gentlemanly and pleasant men in New York, a man of the first medical experience, and one of my oldest friends. He is highly polished in his manners, which are most winning and affable, even his Porter, a merry old negro, is equal to the Pink himself! I took my friends by the hand at the City Hall, and made a hasty call at Peal's Museum. I was sorry

to find, however, very little addition to the Museum, and still more so to find a meanness in the countenance of Mr. Peal—the coldness of his reception, proves him ungrateful, as I patronized his Museum in preference to the other. He said I spoke unfriendly of his other Museum—the simpleton, would he have me to disguise the truth? Not I indeed, if he were my brother. If he places wild beasts to guard wild beasts, he cannot expect people to visit his Museum.

I met a very interesting young gentleman in the Museum, from Boston. He gave me his card, but such is the envy and depravity of mankind, that while the card lay on my table amongst others, some one took the trouble to cut out the name, leaving but a single letter visible, which is the first, it is L. It would have been a much easier task to have stole the card. I was much struck by the genteel and friendly deportment of the man, and regret I have been deprived of the pleasure of perpetuating his name.

I ought to have long since noticed Dr. Pascalis, a scientific man, of much knowledge and usefulness, and very popular in New York. The Doctor is a French gentleman, of very easy manners, and no less so, is Madam Pascalis, also *Mr. W. P. Chirravorine*, of French descent. This gentleman may be known by a defect in one of his eyes, which he covers with green silk. Mr. Chirravorine, has one of the finest forms in nature, and to him I am under obligation, not only for timely relief, but for introducing me to several of the first gentlemen in New York, viz: Messrs. *Robert Tracy, Henry F. Rogers, and W. Bayard*, and though I am sorry to understand he has been unfortunate, yet my obligation to him are such, that I shall ever remember him with gratitude.

MR. REESIDE.

Having a free seat in all the lines of the gallant Mr. Reeside, I hastened to his office in *Courtland* street, to depart for Philadelphia. It will be recollected that two gentlemen on their way from New York to Philadelphia, took me out of the mud, where I had been upset by the citizens' line, and placed me between them, and conveyed me to Brunswick, New Jersey. Some time back, one of these drove four stout horses with the

mail, and the other was the guard, and both were gentleman-like well dressed men, they were employed by Mr. Reeside, much to his honor, to carry the mail. The conveyance of the mail from New York to Philadelphia, was always attended with difficulty and disasters, until this enterprising man took it in hand. Mr. Reeside, is a gentleman of considerable wealth, and lived in the interior of Pennsylvania, and was persuaded to remove to Philadelphia, to take charge of the mail, since which it has been conducted with safety and a despatch unknown before. It is ninety-seven miles from New York to Philadelphia. We had the North river to cross, and the mail I think was opened eight times, and we made the trip in a little over ten hours. Mr. Reeside, owns the mail rout to the State of Ohio, and nearly through the same. He is a man of towering height, six feet three or four inches, with a neat, erect, slender figure, he is young and active, and of most engaging manners. His countenance and features are of the most manly cast, and his manners at once candid and winning. He certainly is the most princely man in all respects I have met with. He has a quickness of action, and discernment peculiarly his own, and were I to select a man for *any* office, he would be the man—one of his worth is a treasure to his country.

I made but one night's stop in Philadelphia, and took the citizen's canal line early next morning. The day was tempestuous and the boat crowded. All in one cabin—the ladies' cabin being too small, we sat with the gentlemen. I was much gratified to find *Mrs. Eaton*, Auditor *Lewis*, Judge *Barry*, the Postmaster General, and his lady, and Dr. *Jones*, of the City Post Office, my fellow passengers, and by way of climax, General House, of Old Point Comfort!

STEAM-BOAT.

It was scarcely day light when I entered the Steamboat and seated myself by a genteel elderly pale faced lady, when my eye caught the elegant figure of *Mrs. Eaton*, and shortly after, Mr. Lewis, and Judge Barry, came down the steps, we all saluted and promised ourselves high times, though it was blowing and raining hard on deck.

Whilst chatting with my friends, a tall phantom caught my eye, it resembled a pole dressed with a cloak, such as I have seen in corn fields to scare the crows. The head was drawn down in a huge collar, and the thing enveloped in a long blue cloth cloak. It was some time before I discovered it to be a human being, and upon inquiry, was told it was General *House*, and would I be introduced. The General, however, continued wary and distant during the whole of the voyage, whilst we had a merry time of it. But this was the first time I ever saw Mrs. Barry, a modest and very interesting female; she was much afflicted at the time, having recently lost a child, and had left another ill at Philadelphia. Her face was overspread by pleasing melancholy, and a smile never escaped her, though she mingled in conversation with the company. Besides the pale lady, we had a Mrs. Ludlam, from New Jersey, the daughter of the Hon Hughes, from that State, who being a pious man, was elected to Congress by his pious constituents, to stop the mail from running on the *Holy Sabbath*. Mrs. Ludlam, however, though a little touched with the blues, was far from being such a fool as her father, and was lively and talkative, though very little polished. She was attended by Mr. Ludlam, her husband's brother, a worthy, amiable man from Richmond, Virginia. There was also, an interesting young woman just returned from France. It appeared she lived in Baltimore—had attended our late Minister to France, in capacity of a waiting woman, but disliking the country, she took the protection of our returning Minister to return to her parents. She was a small, young, and very interesting female, and we received a more satisfactory description of Paris from her, than any I have met with lately. She is by far the best informed female I have seen in Baltimore, with the exception perhaps of one or two. A young gentleman of Dover, Delaware, by the name of *J. L. Harper*, and Lieut. *Tuttle*, of the Corps of Engineers from New Castle. These, with a large number of nondescripts, completed the passengers.

It rained so hard that we were all confined to the cabin, and made the time go off merrily. It was laughable to see General House, how studiously he avoided me, like a pair of oyster tongs, though his long blue cloak concealed his tongs-part. But the mischievous Auditor Lewis, kept us all in a roar, playing

all sorts of pranks upon us—"Oh! Mrs. R. you ought to pity General H. he has just lost a wife." The saucy rogue—House was never married! I had seen Mr. Lewis, once or twice, but I now had an opportunity to study him at my leisure. He, the mercury of our party, nurtured by the milk of freedom, alike honest, firm, and brave, the top of honor. I have never met the man I would sooner cling to in the hour of danger, than Mr. Lewis.

His wife being dead, (she was the sister of Secretary Eaton's first wife,) he has taken his daughter, an only child, to Philadelphia, to complete her education. I do not approve of Philadelphia as a place suitable for any young lady, *no* large town is fit for young ladies, either under or not under the eye of their parents, every man knows this. These large towns are the hotbeds of vice, and the means of seduction is as an hundred to one. A young female is not expected to be constantly housed. She must attend public places, the theatre, the church, a new face is sure to attract—perhaps an hundred young men in this same church may all have their eyes upon the innocent and unsuspecting stranger; but I drop the subject and am thankful that I have no children: but had I daughters, Philadelphia is the last place I would send them to, I would much sooner prefer New York, as they have an excellent Female High School there, and next to Bethleham, the best female Seminary I know. But in Philadelphia, there is neither refinement, taste, nor science, nor will it be otherwise until they draw off the Blue Skins who have swallowed up every thing that can be called learning or politeness; nothing but tracts and Sunday School Union is the order of the day in Philadelphia. But their eyes are now opened to the treachery of Dr. Ely and his general assembly, and hope the citizens will shake off the bonds of slavery. I love and admire the citizens for their manly opposition to the impudent British booksellers, and the jealousy with which they view the vile and daring encroachments of clerical tyranny—success to them.

CANAL.

We landed at the mouth of the canal, and after walking a few steps were seated in an elegant barge drawn by six horses. The horses trotted briskly on, and we seemed to fly. We were much

more pleasant here than in the Steam-boat, having large windows, and glided smoothly along. The canal is cut through from the Delaware river, to the Chesapeake Bay, and saves us the pain of being jolted in stages. It is wide and must have cost a vast sum, as it is cut through stupendous hills.

In order to prevent the clay from washing into the canal from the sides of those deep cuts, they have thatched it with straw, which seems to answer the purpose. Stone is not to be procured but at a vast expense. Both the Captain of the Steam-boat and of the Canal-boat, were gentlemanly men, the latter particularly is a perfect gentleman, and I am pleased that these long-faced Jenkins's, whose manners are proof against time, are to be rooted out. One of these, however, ought to be excepted. I think he is on the New York side—he is a clever man. But the one who goes to Norfolk, is a great hog, and an unprincipled man. I am pleased to find an opposition to him too. The Blue skin carried a bundle of my books to and from for a year, and never offered to hand them to the bookseller, and lost one bundle besides. Whilst I stood on the guard admiring the canal and the fertile shore of Delaware, Mr. Harper, drew near; also, Lieut. Tuttle, and I was charmed with the elegance of their manners and conversation. Mr. Harper, particularly, whom, if I do not mistake, is the grandson of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was much hurt, as well as myself, that it was not in my power to visit Dover Delaware. It being the garden-spot of the State.

I received a very polite invitation from both these gentlemen to call at their respective towns, should it happen to be convenient.

Meantime I was entranced by the beauty and grandeur of the canal, the great height of the bridg over our heads, and the rapidity by which we passed surrounding objects. Our Captain, I pitied him, he was forced to remain in a hard rain on the top of the barge to steer. When we arrived at the Steam-boat, which was to convey us to Baltimore, the Captain, with that politeness which ever distinguishes a gentleman, not only waited upon me to the Steam-boat, but attended me to Baltimore! As we led the way, my gallant Captain holding the umbrella over my head. I happened to turn my head round, when lo! Mr. Lewis, who was

conducting Mrs. Eaton, held the umbrella very carefully over his own head, full of mischief.

My Captain, whose card I unfortunately lost, took care to procure me a coach at the landing, when, seeing me in the coach with my baggage, we parted. The proprietors deserve much credit for engaging this excellent man, and deserve alike the thanks and patronage of the public.

STEAM-BOAT.

Next day, Sunday afternoon, I departed for Richmond, Virginia, in the elegant Steam-boat Pocahontas, Captain Ferguson.

It gives much pleasure to perceive a redeeming spirit of enterprise in my native State. A number of enterprising gentlemen, principally of Baltimore, have formed a company styled the "Baltimore and Potomac Company." They have just launched some of the finest boats on the Atlantic waters. The Steamer *Columbia*, intended for freight, is decidedly the largest boat I ever saw. It is a perfect floating castle, and finished in the best style. She is upwards of 140 feet in length, about 57 feet wide, and carries 400 tuns burthen; she has room for 1,500 to 2,000 barrels; and has a splendid cabin for 100 passengers. This is the largest and best built boat ever launched. She has two engines and copper boilers, and for speed is exceeded by none, excepting the Pocahontas. She is commanded by Captain Mitchell, a most amiable and worthy young man. I have just seen another boat of the company, the *Columbus*, Captain *Turner*. This is a new boat still larger, carrying 413 tuns. Besides these, I see the company owns the Pocahontas, Captain Ferguson, sen. and the Virginian, Captain Ferguson, jr. the three latter for passengers, and the two former for freight and passage. These boats run to Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond. The Columbia is enormous and much the largest boat I was ever on. I took passage in the Pocahontas, commanded by the elder Captain Ferguson, he being sick, his son, the Captain of the Virginian, took the command. I was on board but a very few minutes, before I was waited on by the Trustees of the Company, who very politely tendered me a free passage. This act of generosity does them much honor, and the more so, as the State of Maryland had

hitherto treated me with coldness and neglect. This act of gallantry to one of their daughters, ought to ensure to them the patronage of every generous man, and particularly my friends Success to them, their spirited enterprise merits the best thanks of their country, and reflects much honor upon the State.

The Pocahontas is the most splendid boat on the Atlantic waters. The ladies' cabin would hold forty persons, and the richness of the furniture is unrivalled; the carpets and drapery, o the richest fashion, were imported from France; and the room is lined with mirrors and paintings, large and beautiful. This cabin is greatly superior to the *east room* in taste, and not much behind it in cost. The Pocahontas is 138 feet in length, from outside to outside, and 56 feet wide; and the most convenient boat I have seen any where. Amongst the passengers, we had no less than General House, and a Mrs. Lewis, with her four children; Mrs. Ludlam, who came with us from Philadelphia, and her brother-in-law; and a lady who wore a long shawl, that is, the corners came down before. I suspect she was a missionary. She stuck close to the cabin. She never offered to go out to meals. But the law is, that "*no* baggage shall go into the ladies' cabin;" and this lady like all ladies had her bandbox; with this difference, that instead of half a score, (they increase with the tracts,) she had but *one*, but such another band box was never seen on board of a steamboat; it was somewhere about four feet in diameter, which is twelve feet in circumference, and took two men to bring it from the cart. I was told it was a patent bandbox, and that the proprietor was about to improve the art so as to have a door and windows and window-blinds, and that they shall be large enough to contain one couple; but to return to the lady with the long-before shawl. She looked young and rather dejected, and upon the refusal of the maid to suffer the mammoth bandbox to enter the cabin, she expressed much sorrow, and seating herself by the door of the cabin, and drawing the bandbox close up to her, kept guard over it till dark, when she finally prevailed with the chambermaid to let it come into the cabin, when she sat it on the sofa by her side, and leaning on it with her elbow, never left it for a moment; we left her by it when we retired for the night. I would suppose she must have

had a young missionary in it. These bandboxes are an admirable discovery for the New-York Tract Society. They can pack the young missionaries in the bottom, and cover them over with Tracts and Bibles. This woman with her bandbox left us at Norfolk.

Mrs. Lewis was a sister of the Miss Turners, in Richmond; she had married a Mr. Lewis of the Warm Springs, Va. whom I once knew, and had lived with him in the western country; he was now dead, and she had sold her possessions, and was going to reside at Richmond; the worst step she could have taken; her stage fare alone for herself and children would have set her up in the fertile regions of the west, and here she is travelling with a family of children to live upon her poor relations. I have no doubt but she will repent in sackcloth and ashes.

There was also a wooden nut-meg Yankee, the only proud man I ever saw of the nation; but this was not the worst of it, he had three old maids with him; they were outrageous at seeing me. But GeneralHouse, you will expect at least, that being a General in the United States' services, and finding I was a favorite of the great men of the nation, of which he was an eye witness, and that being now separated from them, he would at least have saluted me on board the new boat and say, "we are fellow travellers once more"—not he! he slunk off into a corner, and the next I saw of General House, was sitting in the yawl with his head stuck between his knees, to hide his face, and pulling for Old Point Comfort. How he came to be *Housed* in the Army, I should like to know, for he certainly is the greatest clown in the corps.

I was amply recompensed, however, by the polite Captain Ferguson and his friend Mr. P. M. Sheffield, clerk of the boat. The proprietors deserve much credit for placing this valuable boat under the care of such men; no passenger will grudge his money when they meet not only with such courteous treatment, but the utmost kindness; the police of the boat is superior to the best regulated tavern, while the very sight of those long faded Jenkins is disgusting.

Captain Ferguson is a young sprightly man, rather a light figure, dark handsome features, and expresive black eyes, to which may be added the most fascinating manners. Mr. Sheffield is

the very essence of human kindness—he is descended from my favorite race, the Germans. He is young and handsomely featured, with a blue eye of unrivalled sweetness. He certainly is a dangerous man amongst the ladies, as he nearly captivated me, old as I am.

GENERAL GAINES.

We stopped at Norfolk nearly a day, and here I had the pleasure of seeing for the first time General *Gaines*. The General was at dinner when I called upon him, and telling the servant, who came to the door, I wished to see General G., he replied, "you cannot see him now, he is at dinner—you must call again." "I am not one of those who call twice," and seating myself in the passage I observed, "I would wait." The servant returned into the dining room, and in a few minutes the Landlord came out and, with an air of great importance, desired to know "my business." I spoke very pointedly to him in substance, the same as to the negro. Repeating the name of General Gaines, the General, (though not educated at West Point) hearing his name repeated, came out and leading me in, seated me by his side at the table and addressed me in terms of much ease and familiarity. It was amusing to see the astonishment of master and servant, who were now all humility, and overwhelmed me with attention. Major General Gaines may be called the Chesterfield of the Army, and though not an old man, evidently belongs to the old school. The General is rather a stout man, but very lame from a wound he received in the Army. This makes him look lower than he really is; he is a little over middle age, but has a gay countenance, considering his hardships in the Army. I expected to have found him more emaciated; the General has one of the finest faces in the world; large, fair and manly in the highest degree; his eye is a light blue, mild and pleasing; his brow open and smooth. I would suppose it never was disturbed by a frown; his countenance is cheerful and gay, in which you may easily read the gentleman and the soldier, and his very word and action is accompanied with the most ravishing grace, while, at the same time, his dignified man-

ner inspires awe and respect. I do not know which of our States has the honor of his birth, but think it is Virginia.

I never saw the General till now, yet I once put up at the same house with him, and though I did not see, I heard him lecturing some ladies, which doubtless took effect. It was in Huntsville, Alabama, and the General, as well as every one else, had been annoyed with the loud talking and laughing of some ladies at the same house. They were sitting in a portico, and the General, always a welcome guest, went down amongst them, and after a few well timed hints, he mildly reproved them. "This loud talking, ladies, and these horse laughs, entirely spoil you; it disgusts men of taste, and rely it upon you will always appear ridiculous." This coming from him, acted like magic; not a word was heard amongst them afterwards. Such is General Gaines, an honor to his country.

NORFOLK.

My agent at Norfolk had been engaged by my friend Hon. Newton, member of Congress, and I saw him now for the first time, mistaking his clerk, Mr. Oakley, for him in our correspondence. I apologized to Mr. Hall, the proprietor, a very gentlemanly liberal man; he has quite a large Bookstore, and richly deserves the patronage of the public—if integrity and the most polite attention has any claim on his country, Mr. Hall is entitled to it. Mr. Oakley, his clerk, is a very engaging, amiable young man. I had the misfortune not to find Hon. Thos. Newton at home, but paying my respects to his brother, found him a polite, agreeable man. Mr. George Newton is a young looking tall slender man with an oval thin face, large fine blue eyes, and very dignified in his manners.

I was again unfortunate in missing with the celebrated counsellor Taylor—he was at Richmond; but my friend Mr. Holt, the Mayor, was at home, and gave me the hand of friendship. I was much disappointed, however, not to meet with the amiable Mr. Maxwell, mentioned in the Black Book.

Having but a few hours to stay, I hastened to pay my respects to the *Editors*, and on my way who should I meet but the little swindler of South-street, Baltimore, who sold the rotten paper to Bell, the thief! He did not tell his name, though I knew his face. I found Messrs. *Broughton* and *Shields* well, and the same liberal and independent editors, though opposed in politics.

Besides these, there is another sprightly editor recently set up in Norfolk, Mr. *S. F. Mitchell*, whose family I knew. He is a tall, genteel, young man, and very promising. I was pleased to see all these men proof against the money of the blue-skins, which reflects much honor upon Norfolk. I was much gratified to find the city flourishing and prosperous; the citizens still the same polite and hospitable people.

LIEUT. PINCKNEY.

I had the pleasure too, of meeting with Lieut. *Pinckney* of the U. S. Navy, a very gentlemanly man, and one whom I would think richly deserves promotion. It is not often it falls to my lot to meet with *Gentlemen* (to our disgrace) in the Navy—it would be unjust—it would be cruel to pass those few over in silence. Lieut Pinckney is of Charleston, S. C.; he is a young, tall, manly figure, with a fair handsome face, and brilliant blue eye; he is affable and genteel in his manners.

I see a handsome Ball advertised in the Norfolk papers, to be given by the officers of the Navy—suppose Gen. House is to be one of the managers.

I must, from my notes, have met with a Mr. *Bonsal*, and *Nash Legrand*, Esqrs. at this place; they are represented to be gentlemen, and Mr. B., is a man of middling size, fine full face, and dark blue eye. I likewise find a Mr. *Whiting* mentioned; but the wags sent me to Mr. Robert Farmer; I saw by their looks they wanted fun, so I called on Mr. Farmer, only a few steps from Mr. Hall's Book-store. Mr. F., received me very politely, and more, even bought two or three of my books; all this was the business of a minute; when I returned to the store the saucy wags were tittering—"Well, how did you find Mr. Farmer?" "I found him very generous and polite!" "Did he buy any books?" "Yes, he bought two or three?" "Well, you are

the first that ever got any money out of him." "Perhaps I am the first that deserved it." They were entirely mistaken in the character of Mr. F.; he was quite a gentleman, but being a Bachelor, they wanted to have a story on him. Mr. F., is certainly in the right to bestow his money on proper objects; for my part, I admired the man.

I met with a Mr. Osburn, at the same time, a very amiable man; but the keeper of the Steam-boat Hotel is a wild beast, unworthy of patronage, and his clerk is no better. Here is a house not fit for sailors, advertised for a Hotel; the man ought to be fined, and his license taken from him—the wooden nut-meg family stopped at this house, so we were rid of them. I thought their big-bonnet ships were well matched.

We left Norfolk in the evening, and took in a lady passenger, a daughter of the tavern-keeper in Light-street, Baltimore. She was a very pleasant girl, and proved to be fine company—mean time, Mr. Ludlam paid me every attention; but I did not want for attention; the Captain left nothing undone to render me comfortable. I find a Captain Skenedy in my notes, of whom I say, he is no great things. Heaven knows where I saw him.

PETERSBURG, VA.

I landed at City Point, and took a small Steam boat to Petersburg, as I longed to see my friends there, and this might be the last chance I could ever have; my heart burned to see them;‡ My Captain was a fine fellow, and we passed the time gayly, though it was soon very dark, until our engine broke, and the Captain (I think his name was Hepend) walked the Boat up to Petersburg with his hand.

It was late when we arrived at Niblo's, one of the best taverns in the Atlantic country.

The first news I heard the next morning was, that the Miss *Maitlands*, the old maids, had never showed their faces in Petersburg since the Black-Book came out—good—let them learn better manners. I understand they had secluded themselves somewhere in New-York; I hastened to see my friend, T. Ca-

‡ My old friend the Tavern-keeper at City Point, came down to see me.

perton, Esq.; he was not up, but I soon roused him, and was pleased to find him well, and as handsome as ever. This is one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, and of the most pleasing manners, is still single. How he has escaped the snares of woman is really astonishing; I commend him for his prudence, as no man of taste will marry a woman of these days, since they have undertaken to maintain an army of Priests—let the Priests marry them. There are a few, however, in Petersburg, who will not easily be brought under their dominion; of these, I found Mrs. Lemeazure, a sister of Mr. Bowling's, whom I mentioned in my first visit. Hearing I was in Mr. Caperton's Store, she came in, and with two other ladies would be introduced. She was all life and spirits, and she and I was acquainted in a few minutes. She laughed and said, "they had got up a temperate society in town, but she would join none of their societies—indeed, she liked a glass of good wine as well as any one—they are exactly what you call them Mrs R., a parcel of wolves in sheep's clothing." She insisted I should call and see her, and though I was pushed for time, I accepted her polite invitation, and found a very pleasant party of ladies at her house—also, the Mayor, Mr. Durkin. She had cake and wine, as I could not stay for dinner, but I never enjoyed myself better than with these pleasant people; they were all your whole soul folks, and we laughed enough at the missionaries. Mrs. Lemeazure is a lady of the old school, and a woman of very fascinating manners. She is in advanced life, very rich, and the Princess of good fellows. The Mayor, Mr. Durkin, is likewise of the old school, and quite a gentleman. The Ex-Mayor, Col. Winpee, whom I unfortunately missed before, is a fine, tall, steady man, rather young, of grave manners, and a countenance of deep meaning.

I never had the pleasure of seeing the Robertson family of Petersburg till now; they are near relations of my deceased husband. Col. R., has been reformed out of the Custom-house by the Jackson party, and Mr. McIndoe has been appointed in his place—I was sorry for my friend, but this was all the comfort I had for him. Col. Robertson is a middle aged man, of genteel appearance, and his son, whom I found with him, still more so. Mr. C. D. McIndoe, who has been appointed to succeed Col. R., is a young spare man, with a handsome figure, and very pleasant manners.

Willis Cousins, P. Foally, Mordjica Brown and James G. Brandon, Esqrs. I saw for the first time—all these are amongst the first gentlemen in the place. Mr. Foally I met by accident—he is a fine portly man, of elegant manners.

Messrs. H. Wilcox, Young, and Col. Prescoe, whom I mentioned before, are still the same friendly men; but, strange to tell, Mr. White, the Bookseller, and my friend Dwight, were the most friendly gentlemen I found. It will be recollected I bore very hard on them both, and that I took Mr. White for a Missionary—he is the last man in the world, however, that deserved the charge. Mr. Swan, my Bookseller, upon the appearance of my book, very promptly wrote to me that I injured Mr. White very much—that he was anything but a missionary, or blue-skin. I was greatly astonished to find Mr. White, one of the most amiable of men—mild and winning in his manners, and a countenance of unrivalled sweetness. He met me with a smile, and we were soon locked in the closest friendship. I asked him how we happened to miss it at first? "Ah," said he, laughing, "I had just quarrelled with my wife," and as for Mr. Dwight, he was also friendly, and laughed about his running away. "I find there is no escaping Mrs. R., but I am your friend—I admire your independence." But, *T. P. Bond*, an Henglishman, was meaner than Pechy Tompson—I suspect he is a Spy. There are too many of these in our country.

Capt. Wm. *A.*, of the 39th Virginia Regiment, was very polite and friendly. I met with Mr. Ashton in Mr. Johnston's Store—Mr. A. is a young good looking man, with a round fair face and bright fine blue eye—his manners are genteel and pleasing. Mr. Dwight is a fine tall figure, and handsome features—he was the first to avoid me on a former visit, and this time he was the first to patronise me. I only called on one of the editors, the *old dominion*, a fine fellow, as independent as myself.

After a long chat with my friend *Swan*, one of the best of men, as well as the best Bookseller, I took leave of Petersburg, and set out in the night by stage to Richmond. I had but one passenger, a course young man, but he was better than nothing,‡ and, as we warmed at a fire on the road, he observed, "it was very cold," which is all he said during the journey.

‡ I saw this man since at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and found him little improved.

It was not day-light when we arrived at Richmond, and I lay down to take a nap—not in my old room—my kind landlord, Buchanan, was no more, and his brother, the Doctor, a mighty pious man, had no rooms for me, and it was with difficulty I could get lodging at all, and for two nights the bar keeper had to give up their rooms, each one night—these were Messrs. *Scelton* and *Spotswood*, of the Union. But if Dr. Buchanan had have known it, I would doubtless have been turned out of doors—now do you wish to know what sort of a man Dr. B. is? He prays night and morning, and says a long grace, and has a long face—and yet this abominable wretch sold several slaves of his brother's, designed to be free!

I was so anxious to know why there was such a Hog in the house, that I heard the whole transactions, and heard him pray myself. I was never more sure of a bad man—now why would he pray out loud, is his God deaf? I have no doubt but he will *pray* the widow and children out of their property.

This was a sore trial that I could not see my old room, though I did not blame the Doctor much, when I found he was religious.

I sat off upon a tour next morning through the city, and took a cup of coffee as I went on with a very clever Irishman, and pursuing my way up towards the Capitol, I called to see my old acquaintance, the monkey. He had learned a number of new tricks since I saw him, which he played for my amusement. He chattered awhile, and clawed me with his fore-paws, and sputtered, and spit, and grinned quite in monkey style. I am astonished at Collins & Hanna, that they do not give him more rope.

I next saw *Nash*, his noddle was as thick as ever, but I found his brother a very promising young man. Nash said "there was much disputing when the Black-book came out which of the citizens could be Doctor Leatherhead, and Counsellor Cornstalk." I left the matter to be settled by themselves, and stepped over to see my friend Ritchie of the Enquirer. But alas! the Enquirer has fallen into the hands of the Blue-skins! This ought (if any thing can) to alarm our country. If such a man as Ritchie could not keep out of that vortex, no one can—I saw a decent plain man with a black eye of uncommon keenness, sit-

ting in the office. I asked for Mr. Ritchie. "He does not come here at all, madam, he goes to the Convention at ten o'clock, A. M. and stays there till three P. M. He then goes home and writes all night, and takes a nap from day light till ten o'clock in the morning, when he rises, breakfasts, and goes to the Convention! But I am his partner, madam, any thing I can do for you it shall be done with pleasure." "Oh! I merely called, sir, to pay my respects, and tell Mr. R. what we had in contemplation at the meeting of Congress." "Well, what is it?" "Going to turn out Clark and all his band of Pensioners—we intend to sweep the whole." "Who, Clark! why he is a very fine man, an't he? he has just subscribed for our paper!" This is one of the signs I have heard so much about. I suppressd my indignation and replied, "I must have been mistaken then." "Certainly, Clark is on our side Mrs. R., he is a good Jackson man." "It cannot be possible Clark is here before me, I left him electioneering in New-York." "Serjeant *Dunn* subscribed for him—he is here now." Thus, Ritchie was bought—I will not say, but he was duped by this Wily Clark. "But Clark," said I, "is a Presbyterian—he is one of Dr. Ely's men." This I said to sound Mr. Gooch, the name of Ritchie's partner. "He is a missionary, one of the Gospel Spreaders." "Well, Mrs. R. don't you hold with Spreading of the Gospel?" This was enough, and shortly after this I heard he, Mr. Gooch, was a Presbyterian—thus they have got hold of Ritchie's paper.

From thence I called at the Eagle Tavern to see Hon. P. P. Barbour—I soon was admitted, and found Mr. Barbour sitting in a parlour with Mrs. B. and his daughter. Mrs. B. is a lady of superior manners, a tall and very delicate figure, and had the appearance of being in very delicate health. Miss Barbour was handsome and accomplished, and very diffident in her manners—these ladies are amongst the first women in our country.

And here too I had the pleasure for the first time of seeing Hon. Felix Grundy, the Senator from Tennessee. I mentioned him in my last work; he was then on his way to Washington City to take his seat in the U. S. Senate. Hon. P. P. B., put up at the Eagle Tavern, which is kept by the meanest man in Richmond—no wonder Virginia is sitting down in barbarism, when such men are patronised by our first men—merit is entirely lost sight of, and vice and impudence is all the go. This old

wretch keeps a den of sharpers and gamblers about him, and is every way unworthy of patronage. He was generous to me, however, he only charged me 50 cents for one cup of coffee ! ! He must belong to Dr. Buchanan's Church—for the sake of decency, I trust no honorable man will patronise him.

At the same house I met with a very amiable family of the Baileys Thomas Bailey, Esq. was a member of the Convention from Accomac—he was accompanied by his wife and son; these were the most amiable people I met with at the Convention. Mr. Bailey having heard of me and read my books, hearing I was in the tavern sent for me to come up and take breakfast. I must sit down, and I must have this and that, and the most cordial friendship was soon set on foot between us. Mr. B. said I was the best Doctor for the Missionaries he had seen. He introduced me to his son, a very modest genteel man, and highly accomplished; the manners of these people were greatly superior to any Virginians I had ever seen ; they were affable, unaffected and pleasing—I was spell-bound to the place.

I also met with Thomas Gregg, Esq. member from Jefferson county. Mr. G. is from the fertile part of the State, and one of the finest men in the Convention—after my interview with these gentlemen, the time of meeting of the Convention arrived, and thither I bent my course up the hill towards the Capitol; as we walked along, Mr. Smith, of Abington, saluted me, and made himself known to me as the brother of Ballard and Wm. Smith of Greenbrier. Mr. Frank Smith is a much stouter man than either of his brothers and something older ; he is a portly handsome man and of more pleasing manners—we walked on together and entered the Capitol—here I must breathe.

Upon gaining the top of the steps, I had to force my way through a dense file of country people who filled the entrance of the Representative Chamber. Here I found Mr. John Randolph, who having made his way good through the crowd of gentlemen, found himself blocked up by an army of women. He squeaked out, "Sergeant, I would thank you to put me in the Convention." The Sergeant opened the way and I followed close at their heels, and with difficulty obtained a seat behind a double line of big bonnets. The scene that followed was amusing—the gentlemen in the gallery, who were literally piled on each other to the ceiling, many of whom knew me, were thrown into great

agitation, some whispered to their next neighbour, some turned pale, and some fairly over-turned their companions and made their exit, whilst the eyes of those who remained were turned upon me. This soon drew the attention of the ladies: the seats occupied by the ladies were three in number, upon the same floor of the Representative hall, though outside of the bar. These blessed immaculates were greatly at a loss to find that any thing but themselves could draw the eyes of the gentlemen, and it was long before they could manage to turn their feather-ships round to ascertain the cause; at length, they effected the discovery by the aid of a few whispers! You may imagine their displeasure upon seeing a little old woman sitting up in a corner; they snuffed and shrugged, and figeted and twisted—and fans and handkerchiefs and hearts began to flutter. Retreat was now in vain, so that they were compelled to endure the mortification of being eclipsed by an old woman; at length, a Miss Johnston from Abington, Va. jerked up a chair, and placing it before me, sat down with her back to me, so as to prevent my seeing the members. There was a great deal of brass in the action, but there was much more in her face. I pity the man who marries her. She drew the eyes of the Convention, all except John Randolph. Seeing such a number of gaudy dressed females, I observed loud enough to be heard, "I was astonished that the Sergeant-at-arms would suffer those mantua-makers and milliners to crowd upon decent strangers, and intrude upon the Convention. The next day there was not a single big bonnet in the Convention.

I have once before remarked that the people of Richmond were amongst the most ignorant people in the Union, and these silly women, whose minds were empty, thought to captivate by outside show, and when the Convention was about to meet, fabricated these large umbrella bonnets, which they named *Convention*-bonnets. These were made of white silk, with feathers stuck in them of one yard in length—all this was to draw attention, and if the *bonnet* failed, the feather could not; this lack of learning and want of sense defeated their object.

I was much pleased, however, to find a few genteel ladies. Miss Smith, the daughter of F. S. mentioned—she is a very sweet pretty black-eyed girl, and well accomplished; also, Miss Preston, a daughter of Gen. John Preston, former treasurer of the State. Miss Preston is one of the most interesting young

and beautiful females I met with on the tour—she is a small woman.

There were also several other ladies of very pleasing manners, but I was most struck by an English lady, as I understand she was. She was simply dressed, even without a cap, and with a modest dignity listened to the debates. I also admired a Mrs. Mumford, an elderly lady—she was modest, plain and dignified, and formed a striking contrast to the Miss Long-feathers. She was next to the English lady the plainest dressed woman in the house. She was attended by her nephew, a most amiable young man.

Miss Gay, a lady not far from my seat, and one who sat near her were fine handsome girls, and were dressed with much taste and elegance. Miss Gay is a sweet pretty girl.

I was most of all pleased, however, with a Miss Taylor, who sat next to me on the same bench. She rendered me many acts of kindness and polite attention in pointing out the names of distinguished people. Miss T. has a countenance of much mildness and expression, with a fine oval face, and full intelligent dark eye; she reminded me of the Boston ladies, which is the highest compliment I can pay to her.

Meantime I was not slow in casting my eye over the members of the Convention, and the first person I enquired for was the Ex-President Madison, the first time I ever saw him. Mr. Madison is a small, aged man, with a remarkable small head and face, and keen vigorous countenance. He was dressed in a plain Quaker coloured coat, and his hair was powdered; he was leaning forward, and seemed to listen to the debates with deep attention. I had not a good view of his face, nor did he rise while I remained in the Capitol. Several of the members bowed to me, and amongst them Mr. Monroe, the other Ex-President. Mr. Monroe sat very near me, the house being in committee of the whole; he had just left the chair, and was sitting near me, only the bar between us. The dear old man turned round towards me, and though we had never been within speaking distance before, from the rumour which ran through the house, and the course of attraction, he supposed I must be what I was. I was peculiarly struck with the innocence of his countenance, and the modesty of his demeanour. He is a stout man, was dressed in black, his eye a

soft blue, his face round and smooth for his years, and I think the most diffident man in the world.

P. Norborn Nicholas was speaking when I went in; he is a fine tall looking man, and a handsome speaker; he has a keen eye and oval face. Mr. *Leigh* of Chesterfield, if I mistake not, followed. Mr. Leigh is a fine orator, and a man of great personal beauty. Mr. *Powell* of Frederick, is also a good looking man, though small—he was in the chair; both he and Mr. Leigh are young intelligent men.

At length, *Chapman Johnston* got up and commanded great attention; it was laughable to see John Randolph's eyes fiercely bent on this giant of the opposition; he tore speeches to pieces and scattered them to the four winds. Mr. Randolph left his seat and drew up close to the speaker, and seemed to devour him with his keen black eye. Johnston's speeches look best on paper; his argument is irrisistable, and reasoning powerful; but he is abominably affected in his delivery; he makes affected pauses and smacks his mouth; his words do not flow easily; but his figure erect, large and manly, and his mild pleasing countenance is beyond doubt the finest and most prepossessing of any man in the union Johnston has a round fair face, prominent chin, and blue eyes, which he keeps nearly shut, and shows the white; but the unaffected smile of winning sweetness, which plays on his countenance, hides every fault; upon the whole, his oratory is rich in style, and unanswerable. He gave the aristocracy of Virginia some home cuts; they could do nothing with him; he is from the west.

One of the lower country members, quoted *Henning*. I thought he was at a loss.

Mr. Monroe got up to speak while I was in, and I was charmed with the respect shown to him by the house—they all rose from their seats, and remained standing till he finished his speech. He was very feeble, and spoke low, while the audience scarcely breathed; being a stranger to most of the members, I derived very little advantage from the visit, particularly as the strangers crowded us on all sides, and I could meet with no one as I sat, who knew them. I was much displeased to see a few blue-skins amongst them—suppose they wanted to slip in an article upon the

h-o-ly Sabbath. The savages, how hateful they looked—one of these sat near Hon. Trezvant—it was sickening to see him screwing his face and hiding it behind T.

I found the place insupportable from the crowd, and warm to suffocation—and had to quit the hall—poor Ritchie, he was pale and much reduced, and I felt indignant to see old Love-lady of Washington City, there reporting for Mr. Ritchie. Reporters must be scarce—if Ritchie does not mind Love-lady he will convert all his black women.

I did not see Viscount Dunn, but saw my old acquaintance, Judge Allen, of Boutetourt; he was an old man when I first knew him, and is still the same, and takes as long steps as ever: walks, talks, and bobs his head up and down as usual. Should he stand straight, he is six feet three inches, and has the handsomest face in the world for his age—no wonder the ladies still admire him; he ought to have been (so says report) impeached for something respecting my suit with Roane. There was a great deal of smuggling between the whole of these Lawyers, judges, and all, they got the whole of my estate between them, which was the rogue I cannot tell, it is said they made an equal division.

I see John Osgood and Samuel Fitch, Esqrs. were introduced to me, but have no recollection of them.

I called next day and thought the big-bonnets kept to their shops; the throng was so great that I found it impossible to support the heat. I should not wonder if every soul and body of them would die of suffocation; doubtless, many lives are lost from the same cause. I was pained to see Ritchie side by side of Love-lady—he could not know the man—the hall is very small, for so large a building, it is shamefully arranged, no galleries above.

That my purpose might not be disappointed, I called at the Boarding-houses; I had seen scampering before; in short, I had hardly ever seen any thing else, but that the nabobs of highborn Virginia, would run before an old woman was the last thing I would expect. I wish it were in my power to make an excuse for them, but the truth must come! with the exception of Messrs. Tyler, Tazewell, Randolph & P. P. Barbour, every lowland member took to flight, or concealment! whilst the western members stood their ground to the honor of the western country! I said "all ran" all but one, and he was lame; this was Mr. Mason of

Southampton. "You were going to run too, sir." "Ah! madam, certainly, that is, I am afraid I should have ran, but you see I am lame"—he had a sprained ancle Mr Mason is a young and very handsome man; his face is beautiful, and his eye black, with great expression, and his manners are pleasing; he boarded at Mrs. Nelson's, where ten other East Virginians boarded, and the whole disappeared with the rapidity of lightning; one man, Mr. W. O. Good, who had just married a most beautiful woman, who was ashamed of her husband's flight, followed him, and brought him back, but just as she had him at the door he broke and ran again—she followed, and brought him back the second time, but he fled as before, while his wife looked after him in astonishment. Several of them went without their breakfast, being afraid to come in; some after peeping at me through the gate, walked off down the street.

I think my friend John Randolph, has little cause to boast of the old dominion; he dreads "king members," so it is plain he is an aristocrat at last.

But the western members, they made me feel proud, and received me without flinching, all glad to see me except Col. Andrew Bierne, and Judge Summers—they were rather distant. I met Mr. S. on my way from the bank; he would soon return and take a book. I never thought of the thing afterwards, when lo! I met him turning another corner, but I held him to it. I have known the Judge many years, and was astonished to find him so young looking, but he is a bachelor! he is a fine speaker, a man of great legal talents, and accomplished in his manners—he goes for the white population.

My old acquaintance, Col. Bierne mentioned in all my books, I called on him at Mrs. *Richardson's* near the capitol—as I walked slowly up the street, I observed some gentlemen in the door and some leaning out of the window, but the moment I entered at one door, they took to flight through another, and swift was the race. John Randolph himself would have laughed to see their speed; some were at dinner, and sent word by Col Bierne, they would come out when they had dined. I waited some time when walking toward the head of the stairs with the landlord, we just came in time to see them take their flight down the steps. The flight was nothing, but the surprise of the landlord was amusing, he stood transfixed to the spot, following them with his

eyes. He had seen me for the first time, and could not account for the runaways. From there I went to Mrs. *Stanard's*, where a lot of the western members boarded—*all* these were glad to see me, and several of them were old acquaintances. Gen. Cloyd from Montgomery County, as rich as a Prince and as large as Sampson, is a fine fellow—I knew him many years since: he is a wealthy farmer; also, Henly Chapman, a lawyer, likewise Hon. Wm. Smith, late a member of Congress; these were old acquaintances, and all fine men, though Mr. Chapman was backward in his patronage. Here too, I met with Messrs. Wm. Byars, of Washington, John B. George, of Tazewell, Wm. Oglesby, of Grayson, Benj. W. S. Cabell, and many others. These are all noble looking men and very independent. Mr. Cabell particularly, is a man of fine appearance, and elegant manners; he is a tall, slender man from the interior. Mr. Thomas Griggs, of Jefferson, is a stout fine looking man, with an eye of great expression. John R. Cook, Esq. of Frederick, and Judge Fields, not a member, Wm. McClay, of Pendleton, are also good fellows.

I went to the Swan, to see Mr. Laidly, a member from Cabel, but he was not in. I have mentioned Mr. Laidly in letters from Alabama, as an amiable man.

I found several genteel looking members there, particularly, Mr. Morgan, a tall, handsome figure, prepossessing countenance; his features are handsome, and his manners affable and pleasing. He is quite a young man from Monongalia. I was sorry so many of these members should have put it out of my power to perpetuate their fame to posterity more distinctly.

Of the Boarding-houses, I have to observe that Mrs. Nelson keeps a good house, and has fine servants—so does Mrs. *Stanard*—and the Swan is a good house; these are all worthy of patronage.

Early one morning I called for a hack to wait on Mrs. Madison, as she lived some distance from my residence. The ruffian who keeps the hacks at the Union, said he must have $1 for hitching, and $2 an hour—I took it afoot! Mr. and Mrs. Madison boarded at Hon. A. Stevenson's, a mile and a quarter; but I walked nearly three miles before I found it. The ignorance of the people is such, that they can only tell where the Church, the Prison, and the Court-room is; after walking my very soul out, I found

the house, and was quite mortified, that Mrs. Madison was not at home. "Where is Mr. Stevenson?" "Mr. Stevenson is very ill, and his family cannot leave him!" "Where is Mrs. Madison's servant?" The servant was out—I spoke this with spirit, and desired them to say "Mrs. R. was in the house." Mrs. Madison heard it, and sent word she would be down in a minute. I listened for her step, and never was I more astonished. I expected to have seen a little old dried up woman; instead of this, a tall, young, active, elegant woman stood before me. "This Mrs. Madison—impossible;" she was the self-same lady of whom I had heard more anecdotes than any family in Europe or America. No wonder she was the idol at Washington—at once in possession of every thing that could enoble woman. But chiefly she captivates by her artless though warm affability—affectation and her, are farther asunder than the poles; and her fine full eye and countenance, displays a majestic brilliancy found in no other face. She is a stout, tall,straight woman, muscular but not fat, and as active on her feet as a girl. Her face is large, full and oval, rather dark than fair, her eye is dark, large and expressive; her face is not handsome nor does it appear ever to have been so. It is diffused with a slight tinge of red, and rather wide in the middle—but her power to please, the irresistable grace of her every movement sheds such a charm over all she says and does, that it is impossible not to admire her. She was dressed in a plain black silk dress, and wore a silk checked turban on her head, and black glossy curls. But to witness how active she would run out—bring a glass of water, wipe the mud off of my shoes and tie them—seeing I was fatigued she pressed me with much earnestness to await dinner—I was greatly disappointed in her size and height, but much more in her youthful appearance. She appears young enough for Mr. Madison's daughter; there is more indulgence in her eye than any mortal's.

I ought to have noticed my meeting with Mr. Ludlam again in Richmond, where he lives and acts as commission merchant and agent for the great Steam-boat company of Baltimore.—Having, as I often do, stayed out till after dark the first day of my visit without procuring a lodging, he had the politeness and the goodness too, to order a carriage and drove over the city to seek

me a lodging—nor must I forget my friends Messrs. Scelton & Spotswood of the Union Hotel. Such was the throng at this time in Richmond that beds could hardly be obtained for any price, and these amiable young men gave me up their beds alternately for two nights and slept on the floor, and finally procured me a boarding house in Main-street—such an act of generosity deserves the praise of every generous man.

Wishing to hear from some favorite slaves I once owned, who had fallen into the hands of Chapman Johnson, Esqr. I called at his house. His wife is a *low* Virginian, *he* is from the upper country—She came out to meet me and observed that she was ve-ee *saw-ee* (such was her dialect); Mr. J. was engaged: "these low Virginians cannot go the letter *r*." Meantime she never asked me into the parlor, but suffered me to sit in a dirty area of the house where Tom, Dick, and Harry sat when calling upon business—I sent a servant to apprize Mr. Johnson of my presence, she followed the servant, doubtless to prevent the message, and returning immediately repeated she was "*ve-ee saw-ee* that Mr. J. could not see me." I wonder at Mr. Chapman's taste in the choice of a wife, but suppose she was *ve-ee* rich. With all deference to Jonny Randolph, I would be ashamed to boast of such a country. He boasts that Virginia has produced great men, so much the worse that these great men could not, or did not prevent the cloud of ignorance and Priest-craft that now envelopes the State.

But this is not the worst. Every one recollects my description of Bishop Moore's daughters in the Black-book. They have become hopeful converts too. It is lamentable to see the havoc these Priests make of virtue. These once, the finest women I ever saw, would *run in* and *run out*, and giggle, and peep from behind the doors, and trip from one room to another. It was clear they had become hopefully converted!

Dr. *Brokenborough* and Mr. *Wickham* were just the same, genteel and friendly; also the Hon. Judge Marshall. He lives in the plainest furnished house in Richmond. On this tour however I formed a few new acquaintances amongst the citizens of Richmond; one of these was a noble Scot, I think by the name of Allen; he is one of your all, soul men and a man of large capital; his dwelling is high up Main-street; he has an amiable and very

beautiful daughter, and an accomplished wife,and is I think a merchant. He is a stout fine figure and a most gentlemanly man.

I find a gentleman by the name of *Shaw*, described as a fine* stout figure, fair oval face and golden hair. It may be possible this is the Scotch gentleman mentioned above, as I have no particular recollection of him.

I was much charmed however with Dr. Briggs,of Main-street near the Bank, the Dr. is opposed to tracts and priests as much as I am. He is a gentleman of taste and learning, and ranks amongst the first Physicians in our country; his features are fine, his eye dark, full,and lively, and his manners peculiarly engaging.†

Near to him I found another Physician, if I mistake not, Dr. Alexander, also an amiable man—all these deplore the impenetrable ignorance of the city, and are seriously concerned for the result—as for the Enquirer it is down. Ritchie is sinking under the pressure of his duties, nor was he able in his best days to keep down Priest-craft. Richmond above all places is peculiarly cursed with this bane of our land; the whole of it is parceled out amongst those ravenous wolves. Here is the *Episcopalians*, the *Presbyterians*, the *Baptists* and *Methodists*. It is certainly a painful sight to the Philanthropist to hear those stupid men and women—"Oh, I knows him, he 'longs to de Methodist church," I is member o' de Baptist church," "I knows who you means, now he is member o' de Presbyterian church," "well I 'clare I diden know dat"—Member of the fools' church! Was there ever such a bigoted people! They are ten times more ignorant than when I was here last. The thinking part are anxious to obtain a Unitarian Preacher to counteract those knaves.

I met with a very fine young man, a Roman Catholic Priest; but he told me his people were so poor they could not maintain him: he is a man of superior learning, and liberal in his manners. My landlady was one of the godly ones, I forgot her name, she kept a good house and deserves patronage, but she was a great bigot.

I was pleased to meet with Mr. Mitchell, brother of the Editor

*Rats having found their way into my trunk, destroyed my papers.

†Whilst waiting for him one day in his office, my attention was attracted by a small negro boy reading Latin!—I asked him how he happened to learn the language. He replied the Dr. learned him.

at Norfolk, and both nephews of a friend of mine. Mr. Mitchell, of Richmond is an artist, he is a Portrait painter, and took a miniature likeness of myself, as I sat writing at my table. If any man's face or actions can be said to be overcharged with human kindness he is the man, and though he has little appearance of genius he may nevertheless possess it. He is a tall slender man, with a gentlemanly carriage, handsome features and a mild blue eye, his countenance is innocence itself.

Amongst my new friends I have likewise to notice a Mr. Wm. Wallace, a merchant,and from England, 14 years in this country. He is of middle age and size, a mild benevolent man, of great liberality of manners and mind, and opposed to tracts and missionaries—he has a very interesting and well instructed family of children, and lives in a cross street, back from the Eagle Tavern.

Nor must I forget my new Booksellers, Mr. Cotton and Mr. Clelland—Mr. Cotton is a giant in size and a prince in his manners, worth a thousand of *Nash* and the monkey. I hope the citizens of Richmond will remember him,and withdraw their patronage from men no longer worthy of support, and I shall lay on lighter next time. Mr. Thos. Wm. Clelland is a small intelligent man, of very pleasing manners, and a very obliging man—and to crown the whole I made friends with Hon. Mr. Mercer.

Having made these observations, I left Richmond in the Pocahontas, Captain *Ferguson*, again. But instead of the son, it was capt. F. the father, quite as affable as the son. We had a grey-headed blue-skin on board, three good looking men, two indifferent, and a little old ignorant woman who lived, as she said, in Charles-city, near old James Roane, a hopeful relative of mine. She said "old Roane drank himself to death, and his estate went to the dogs, and that he and his wife kept separate beds,and old Mrs. Roane was a very great Methodist—She supposed Alabama was over the great waters." I amused myself no little with this poor creature,who might scarcely be called a human being—great luck to John Randolph,and his great men and great women too—what was my astonishment to find a carriage waiting for her on the bank of the river.

We had come aboard over night, to be off by day-light, but unfortunately we foundered in sight of Richmond, and had to

wait for the rising of the tide. Meantime the Norfolk Steamboat passed in triumph, drawing less water—we smiled, knowing the superior swiftness of our boat when she floated.

In the course of an hour and a half we were free, and in a short time passed the Norfolk.

Having always landed at City Point, this was the first time I went from Richmond down James River. The land is mostly flat on both sides, but Richmond shows well from the River.—Much of the land is fertile, but spots of pine in broom-fields, old decayed mansions and squads of negro huts spoil the view

At intervals we had young brush-wood over-hung with grape vine,contrasted with the bright green young pine, it looked rural enough, while our large brilliant boat and our star spangled banner, gave us an air of dignity which inspired respect; I saw very little of the natural growth.

At length we came to a few rising banks, rocks and peaks, and arrived at the *Hundred;* near City Point we took in a man and his wife. We had a great wag on Board from New York; he had travelled with these same people.—The wife was very young and beautiful, and her husband old and ugly, and the mischievous New-Yorker plagued the old man about his wife. He now promised himself a treat, and gave us their history as they approached the Boat. He amused us, indeed, the whole voyage with ludicrous anecdotes. He had travelled in North Carolina in a stage with a country girl named Polly.—Polly it appears was ignorant and awkward, which doubtless exposed her to his Satire; he called her Polly of *Oronoke.*

The man and his wife proved to be genteel people; the lady was a niece of Hon. Dutee J. Pearce, of R. I., a very pretty modest female, well dressed and lady-looking.

Of all the passengers on board, however, I was most pleased with a Mr. *Greenhill* of Nottaway, Virginia; he knew my dec'd husband's family; was familiar with my pursuits, had seen a few of my books, and attached himself to me with kindness and attention. Mr. Wm. Greenhill is a stout middle aged gentleman-like man, and won much upon my confidence and esteem I had the pleasure to meet with him after this at Washington city.

The sight* of the *Hundred*, where my husband was born, absorbed my whole thoughts It is just above the mouth of the Appomatox river, which is here a mile wide. The houses at the Hundred were old and scattering along the shore, not more than half a dozen in all; we saw Watkins' House first, a farmer, whose son married a sister of my husband, said to be the most beautiful woman of her day, but died in a few weeks afterwards; this was many years since ; the house is said to be the same then occupied by the family. I saw several other old mansions, but to my grief, no one present could point out the one once owned by *Richard Royall*, my husband's father. This was once a place of great trade when Richmond city was unthought of.—There were three ships and one schooner anchored at an old mouldering wharf, and the sailors were busied (Sunday as it was—Infidels do not keep the *holy* Sabbath) in washing and dressing their check shirts, &c. I have mentioned this interesting place in the Black book.

When we arrived at Norfolk, I took the opportunity of running to salute my friend Hall, and scrabbled a Newspaper at the printing office—as we had but a few minutes to spare.

We took in several passengers here ; one an Irish Boor, though one of the greatest men (in his own opinion) in Norfolk; he sat on my trunk and broke it ; none but a low raised man would have done so ; a bogtrotter, and never offered to apologise.

We took in a few *midshipmen* of the *Porpoise*, which had just arrived at Norfolk, and for the first time I had a sight of a genuine sailor. Jack was amongst those who remained on shore, and had come down to the wharf to take leave of a black comrade, (another fine fellow) whom their highness' were taking to *wait* on them. He was fully six feet high, very young and stout limbed; dressed in a blue sailor's Jacket and Pants, and about 3 sheets in the wind. He staggered up to the Boat which lay close to the shore, and grasping the hand of his black friend some time, he reeled off, and after dipping the air, and fetching a circle round of 20 feet or so, he approached the Boat again, when I expected nothing else but to see him fall into the water. Jack, however, swinging round with his heart in his eyes, extending his hand toward his comrade, exclaimed "good by, old boy." This he re-

* See 1st Vol. Blackbook, under the head of City-Point.

peated till the steam-boat moved off, staggering and waving his hat as far as we could see him; and a stouter or more noble looking Blue-jacket never trod a deck.

Since my residence in Washington, my ears have been deafened, and my feeling tortured, by the endless applications of silly fathers and silly mothers to have their sons admitted as mid-shipmen. "Oh, if I could only Sir, *only* get my son William in the Navy, it would make a man of him.—It would be the making of us all. Oh dear, Sir, my son W. is such a smart boy, now do this one time oblige me, oh do beg for me." The Secretary replies, "I cannot, Madam, I cannot, Sir, the navy is full, I can take no more." "Can't you slip him in?" "Impossible, madam, I have slipped in too many already." "Well, if you sometimes do it, do it now, my Billy has a pain in his breast, he cannot work; work disagrees with him." "I cannot." This refusal does not discourage the applicant by the hundredth time, and every citizen in the District, of any distinction, is teazed out of all patience on the subject, until the Darling is placed on the navy-list. Had these silly Parents been present to-day, it would have cured them of the navy fever forever. There were three of those *dear ones* of the Porpoise on Board with us; and the first introduction I had to them was, a "volley of oaths"—turning round to see whence the oaths proceeded, I discovered a youth, sitting on the Guard of the boat, with one of those Hurricane deck caps; every one knows them—as flat and as large as a candle-stand. He seemed to be from 16 to 17 years of age—pulled his cap over his eyes—threw his head back to bring his eye in contact with the mighty vulgar objects that might happen to meet with them. He sat sideways on the guard, slinging one of his *folio* feet backwards and forwards, while his Admiralship seemed to be profoundly engaged in thoughts, when some insolent fellow disturbed his musing. Leaving him, I found the two other Mr. *Portholes* on their way to join the first. Another lady and myself, giving their Bumshels the way, turned to one side, pumping some water ourselves from the water-Barrel, and took a drink out of a tin cup. This proved to the men of *war*, that we knew nothing of life, and to show us *they* did, one of them cocked his hurricane cap, and putting his hands a-kimbo, bawled out to a very genteel elderly Blackman, (Jack's friend) "Tom, I want some water." Tom

knowing his cue, procured a glass and waiter, pumped some water from the Barrel, and uncovered, presented it to his commandant with admirable grace, winking at us at the same time. They then turned off, casting a glance of contempt at us, with an air and commenced a conversation with each other, and in every other word repeating, "by G—d". They were confirmed Topers in appearance, their faces being scruffy and bloated, their eyes red, with the State prison painted in their countenance. Finding the general respect of the company directed toward myself, whilst no one would introduce *them*, their insolence knew no bounds; and finding their *struts*, their *swells* and their oaths were regarded with the contempt due to such conduct, they intruded upon me and my friends, as we sat chatting in the gentlemens' cabin. "Mrs. R., your most obe't, have you any books to sell?" I ordered them to be-gone, "I had no books for ruffians." 'By g—d, there it is again." They ran off up on deck, but whenever I appeared, they were sure to throw themselves in the way, and discharge a volley, not of Bombs, but oaths; I never saw a match for their profligacy, excepting the infamous females in the work-house, in New York.

Such were the Midshipmen of the Porpoise, and doubtless, the whole of these midshipmen are equally guilty, particularly to judge of the conduct of the Navy-Board in admitting such into the Department.

The mothers of these boys, like others, had their Darlings clapped into the navy, to make gentlemen of them and keep them from work; we have many such gentlemen in the State prisons, who owe their elevation to their dislike to work, and these Mr. Midshipmen are candidates for the like honors.

The prospect of our army and navy is gloomy —The people of the U. S. seem bent upon becoming slaves to some power or other. Any man who is contented to work hard, to support a profligate set of men under any pretence, deserves to spend his days in a dungeon, and live on bread and water: they certainly are not aware of their privileges, or they would elect no man to Congress, who would not promise to purge the army and navy, and remonstrate against Midshipmen in toto.

Meantime I had the company of the same young lady of Baltimore, who accompanied us to Richmond; and Captain Fer-

guson, Senr. behaved with great courtesy and attention throughout. The Captain commanded a Sloop on the Chesapeake during last war, and behaved with much honor to himself and his country.

I find by referring to my notes that the Pocahontas made the trip from *Baltimore* to *Norfolk*, as we came down, in 16 hours and 30 minutes, the quickest passage ever made by *twenty* minutes.

Hon. *Letcher* of Kentucky I am sorry to find, was, by some mistake, left out in my last book, and being on my southern tour when it was printed, it was not in my power to correct it. Mr. L. is a gentleman of young appearance, heavy make, and easy genteel manners : his features are handsome and his countenance gay and sensible, though he never smiles. He is a fine speaker, and often indulges in wit and satire, which he has at command in a superior degree, and draws the attention of the House.

Gen. *Russel Jarvis*, formerly of the Telegraph, I have often met in Washington, and regret to have neglected him so long.—The General is a young, handsome and very pleasant man, possessed of much ease and sprightliness of manner. Mrs. Jarvis is a young, handsome and accomplished female, whom, with the husband I am proud to number amongst my friends. Every philanthropist will lament with me the unhappy difference between this gentleman and Gen. Green.

Dr. *Wallace*, (if I recollect) opposite the General Post Office, in the City, is an English gentleman of much worth and modesty, and very young—He is a small man, handsome in his person and pleasing in his manners. The gentleman I mean pursues his profession, and his Shop is next door to my friend *Wharton*. (He is worthy of patronage.)

Also, Capt. *Kuhn* of the Navy, is a citizen of Washington, of fine portly appearance and much politeness. He displays much taste and elegance in his house equipage, and seems to be a man of benevolence and wealth.

Col. *Joseph Watson*, of Gen. Land Agency, lives in Washington, though often absent on his duties. He is a young looking, stout man, of gentlemanly appearance, and is much esteemed by all parties.

John Wells, Esq. an Auditor in Lewis' office, is a stout, young,

handsome man and a very fine fellow too—Also Mr. Ellis, same office, both sober steady men. These were afraid of being *Reformed.* I hope not, as we have but few better clerks.

I see a Mr. *Buchanan* of the *Navy Board* in my notes:—this must be a mistake, as I never knew a man worth naming in the Navy Board except Com. Patterson. Mr. B. is represented to be a clever friendly man, with a handsome person.

The Post Master of Bladensburg, a countryman of mine, is a fine, stout, gentlemanly man, and opposed to missionaries—no danger of franking to him.

About this time I met with Major Harrison of the late war. He was in the battle of Chippewa, where he was deprived of one whole limb from the hip down, and extraordinary to tell, this limb is supplied by *wood* so contrived, that no person would discovr it!!! His small clothes are made like other people's. He wears shoes and boots and walks with much apparent ease, and is a young active man. He was doubtless soliciting some office in the gift of the Government, for which he appeared perfectly qualified, but half a dozen children would have had more weight with the Government—nothing goes down so well with our Government as old age, children and tracts. See Lord Henson and old Holy Willy.

The public expects a notice of Boarding houses and Taverns in Washington. Amongst the foremost of these once stood the amiable *Tennison*, whom I lament to say has left the city! He is still in the District, and has opened a splendid Tavern in Georgetown, where, I hope, he will meet with that patronage and remuneration his manners and his merit so richly deserves—no man deserves more. Born and reared a gentleman, with a heart open to the distress and wants of his fellow creatures, he has lived more for mankind than himself. The *Jacksonmen* are under particular obligations to him, as the poor moneyless fellows hung long upon Tennison, who never closed his door, nor his heart upon an empty pocket—a number of these went off without paying him a cent.

Messrs. *Williamson*, *Gadsby* and *Brown*, all keep fine, orderly houses, and are deserving men. I am particularly pleased with Landlady Brown and Williamson—no better women. Dr. *Willi-*

amson, who aids in the Tavern of his father, is a warm-hearted, kind and obliging man—the ladies of the house are charity itself. I never saw Mrs. *Gadsby*; but Mrs. *Brown* is one of the most humane and active women in the place. Mrs. *Ball*, *Carlisle*, and *Myers* are still living, and receive boarders—also, Mrs. *Hungerford* and *Branan*, Mrs *Elliot* and the two Mrs. *Peytons*. —To these I must add as deserving patronage, Messrs. *Broadhead*, *Sawkins*, *Greer*, *Tims*, *N. Fletcher*—also, Mrs. *Burk*, *Washington*, *Turner*, and *Galvin*—likewise the amiable Miss *Polk*. It is impossible to put down a number of *mean* Boarding houses, all of which I could name; as there are always some mean men in Congress, whose taste and manners corresponds so exactly with them, it would be a pity to part them.

Albert Gallatin. Esq. I find this distinguished individual, who ought to have appeared at least three volumes back, has been either overlooked or crowded out, and am even now compelled to introduce him without time for an apology.

From the length of time this gentleman had figured in our government as a statesman, I expected to see a shrivelled old man, bending with years and enfeebled in mind. What was my surprise to find him a young looking active man, without a wrinkle in his fine face, and a large, youthful, noble black eye. Mr. G. appears to be no more than fifty years of age, with a muscular figure, of the middle height and well shaped. He moves with ease, and his manners are free and familiar. His language is simple, though it has much point; but his face has a majesty in it unequalled, and his countenance has a peculiar steadiness; his face is round, large and fair, and forehead high. I saw him in the early part of 1829—he was accompanied by his son, quite a young man, not at all like his father in appearance. He had an oval dark face, with a slender, tall person and a keen eye; he was also plain in his manners, and very accomplished—both were plainly dressed.

In a city like this, (*Washington*) every incident connected with its history, no matter how trivial, is interesting. Ever since I knew Washington, a Scotchman by the name of Ouers has kept a grocery in ——— street, opposite Captitol Hill market, on the right hand side. This man is learned and liberal—a man of taste and reading, from the Grampion hills of Scotland—is now hale and stout, is still an humble grocer in Washington.

This was about the time of contracting for the mail, and most of the southern contractors were present in Washington. It being understood I was to take a southern tour of some length, there was a general agreement amongst the contractors to frank me through their lines This I think was proposed by Messrs. Stokes & Stockton, Col. Reeside & Col. Lindsey; as all of these had had the goodness to frank me for sometime. In justice, however, to the southern gentlemen, their generosity & intentions towards me would have prompted them to this act of kindness in any event, being high minded, generous men. These were Messrs. Wm. Smith, of Culpepper Court House, Va. D W Haly, John Donnally, Michael Smith, Hugh Knox, John McLean and Capt. Walker. A few Contractors from Pennsylvania were present, and were sorry they had not the pleasure or prospect of participating with their friends in the South. Mr. *W. Smith* is an Attorney of respectable family—noble, generous and honorable. I was astonished to learn he was of Virginia. He is of middling size, young and handsome, with a mild blue eye, humane countenance, and one of the best men living—never was the patronage of the Government better bestowed. *John McLean*, Esq. is alike amiable, liberal and generous, but a sly wag, tho' I believe one of the best hearted men in the world. He is young, of rather light figure, and one of our handsomest men. He lives in Columbia, S. C. and owns the line of stages from Charleston to Milledgeville. Mr. Knox, another sly wag (but warm hearted) owns from Augusta to Fort Mitchell—Captain Walker owns from Fort Mitchell, through the Creek Nation, to Mobile, the longest route of the whole. The Captain is one of the finest men on the line and deserves much credit for his attention and enterprise. Messrs. Donnally and M. Smith are likewise entitled to credit. I did not like the manners of Haly, but this is no evidence against his integrity.

SOUTHERN TOUR.

After vexing my soul out with our muleish Congress, I left them to their wine and their sins (no small curse) and departed South in Wm. Smith's line. Having some friends in Buckland and Hay-Market, whom I longed to see; this was the 30th January, 1830.

I remarked, as I stepped into the stage, that Congress would attempt some mischief as soon as my back was turned, and sure enough, this was Saturday, and what does the Senate of the U. S. the following Monday, but agree to give the old documents to Mess. Gales & Seaton to print, at $5 25 per volume—only look at that! while my *Black Book* only brings a dollar! This the Clay men carried, and the Jackson men too ought to have been *carried*, to prison I mean, for aiding the Clay men. One of these, Gen. S——, of South Carolina, ought to be spurned from his seat and good society, and treated as a traitor to his trust. "He wished to make some compensation to Mr. G—— for his *great* loss, in the Patriotic Bank he meant, and the printing of the House." Let Mr. S—— compensate Mr. G—— out of his own pocket, if he pleases. There are *too* many of these compensation men in our government. But Senator S—— has formed an alliance with the broken-fife family; my country folks and the Fife are about to be cemented with Clay; but I wish these compensation men would recollect their oaths, and that the people do not send them to Congress to make donations to individuals for losses not connected with the government. Men who represent the people, ought to feel for them first, and be cautious how they squander their money. Let Congress pay their just debts before they make presents. I should like to know whether Mr. S——'s constituents sent him there to vote money into any individuals hands as a gift. "Who knows this ———" asked Mr. S. It will never be asked hereafter, who knows this Senator S——? Say what you please of *Prince Harry*, Josey, but if you think you can elect him and get your fingers into the Post Office funds again, you are a little mistaken; and though I would be the first to aid Mr. G——in an honorable way, I would be the last to give him the documents on such terms. The Hartford Convention folks may have some use for the old documents, and may wish to reward Mr. G——by the job, yet when the people want them printed, they will instruct their representatives.

I stopped in Alexandria a few minutes only, at the tavern of Mr. *Newton*. I should have preferred stopping at Mr. Claggett's but the stage would not wait for me to visit him, I therefore left the place without seeing him.

Mr. Newton keeps a good house, fine servants, and is a very

obliging, attentive landlord. I think he has rather too many servants, but this is a mere matter of opinion, or I should have said, taste.

The road, for some distance, was very smooth, but as we approached Buckland it became quite uneven. We passed Fairfax Court House, where I was tormented by a drunken man and a few scrubby boys while the driver was changing horses. I saw but one genteel looking man among those who came out to view us.—Fairfax is fifteen miles from Washington: we quit the Staunton road shortly after this, and turned to the left. Nine miles brought us to *Centreville*, a small village, and eighteen more brought us to *Buckland*.

There were two passengers in the stage, one was a new clerk in one of the Departments at Washington, though he had not the politeness to tell his name. He lived not far from Buckland, and came home once a week, it appeared, which must have taken three days out of seven, if not more. He was a conceited, consequential man, and I should think he ought to stay in Washington, if he has any thing to do, or give place to some other person who will not be taking pleasure over the country. I see there is little difference in these *party-men*, all they want is the cash, and the people's work may go undone. I shall find out this man and expose his principles.

BUCKLAND

is a romantic, lively, business-doing village, situated on a rapid, rolling stream, which rushes through uneven ground, broken into charming complex swells.

The borders of the stream are beautifully shaded with walnut trees, and the surrounding soil is rich but stoney.

Several manufactories are propelled by this stream, which adds much to the scenery.

Buckland owns the largest distillery I have seen in my travels. The building, vats, and huge vessels, are quite a show.

There is also a flour manufactory here, on a very extensive scale—this stream is a fund of wealth to the citizens. There are also several stores and two taverns in Buckland, but being Sunday they were all closed; it is, however, a real Yankee town for business.

It was late at night when I arrived in Buckland, but the citizens hearing of my arrival did not wish to disturb me at so late an hour. Six young gentlemen, however, hastily formed themselves into a committee & drew up a respectful address and presented it, through the landlord. The address was signed by

Nelson C. S. Sanders,
Charles H. Hunter,
Alexander Compton,
Addison H. Sanders,
Gustavius Sanders.
A. Sanders.
} *Esquires.*

The address was couched in terms alike honorable to themselves and to their country. They called next morning, and tho' Sunday, invited me to walk over town, and view the manufactories; nor was I ungratified in the scenery of the place—a bold running stream, encompassed with rising grounds and rocks, the roaring of the water-falls, and the town stretching up and scattering from the stream to the top of the hills, was truly picturesque.

The young gentlemen escorted me to Mrs. —— the most distinguished lady in the place, and from thence to my quarters.—They were all very young men and very promising. Young as they were, they appeared to have learned the part of gentlemen. Maj. Hunter, a gentleman of large fortune, lives near Buckland, and though he spends most of his time in Buckland, where he owns a large store, he was now absent, being Sunday.

I had been ably patronized in this part of Virginia, through the kindness of Dr. Hereford, a well known, scientific man. I had corresponded with the Doctor, without ever having seen him, and had formed a favorable opinion of his merit. The Dr. lives at Hay-Market, a short distance from Buckland, and having sent for him, in the morning, he very politely attended. I had heard some ill-natured remarks against the Doctor (the effect of envy doubtless) which led me to think he was an aged man, but judge of my surprise to find Dr. H. quite a young man, in the fresh bloom of manhood, and a gentleman of elegant manners. He is the same gentleman who wrote a treatise on the medicinal properties of *Liverwort*, and proved it beneficial in consumption; whether this be the fact generally, or not, I have had no opportunity to judge; but report says that the Doctor, though unsuc-

cessful in many instances, has been successful in many others.—Could Dr. H. establish the fact, he would, doubtless, be entitled to divine honors, and to be enrolled among the gods. Dr. H. whether he finally succeeds or not, deserves much credit for devoting his time and talents to purposes so laudable; doubtless a remedy exists somewhere for this dreadful disease, and the man who devotes his attention to the discovery, deserves the support and applause of his country. Dr. Hereford is a young man, nearly six feet in height and a finely turned person, rather slender, active and graceful in his movements; his features are round and uncommonly handsome; his eye is a bright black, which overflows with the milk and honey of human kindness—but his countenance is a volume! The down-cast modesty, the benign blush, the lines of innocence stamped on every feature—he certainly is the garden of the graces.

A few hours only, was all I could spare for Buckland. The stage had proceeded, and I hired a horseman to take me behind him to Warrenton, that I might be ready to meet the Winchester stage, and by the aid of the landlord at the stage house, a most amiable man, I left Buckland and my friends, after dinner, on horse-back, riding rather unpleasantly, behind a young man. I stopped at New-Baltimore. The land from Buckland to New-Baltimore is less fertile but even, and the farms about middling.

NEW-BALTIMORE

is a pretty little town, and inhabited by the most enlightened people I have seen in the State. In fact I perceive that this part of Virginia has escaped that all devouring monster, Presbyterian-craft.

The tavern keeper, Mr. Blackwell, at whose house I called to rest, very politely loaned his gig to take me to Warrenton.—Though I staid but a few minutes in New-Baltimore, I received the homage of the principal part of the citizens. Some of the finest women I have seen in the State, were among those who called upon me, particularly Mrs. *Hampton* and Mrs. *Klipston*.—These ladies were accomplished and well informed women—Mrs. Hampton was a beautiful female.

Mr. Blackwell is a small, young, handsome, friendly man, and keeps a fine house: I am under particular obligations to him for the loan of his gig, as it was a difficult undertaking to ride on horse back.

It was nearly dark when I arrived at

WARRENTON,

a handsome, thriving village. I put up at a tavern kept by Mrs. Norris, a widow.

She was one of the godly Methodists—a pale, frosty-faced woman, with thick, negro lips. The cold chills ran over me at first sight, she looked as though she could *dislimb* an elephant. She was ignorant, proud, empty, cold, and arrogant in her manners; and her countenance would freeze the blood of a highwayman. She put me in mind of the pictures of the Spanish Inquisition — How bold and impudent these professing women are; they hold the whole world in contempt. Now she would be the last woman in the world I should think of patronizing.

Shortly after I arrived, my friend, the amiable Mr. *Wm. Smith* called, also Mr. *Singleton*, of Winchester; I had seen the former at Washington City. Mr. Singleton is a young, pleasant man, of engaging manners, and an Attorney of some eminence.

In the course of the evening a number of gentlemen called, and the room being as small as the ladies' heart, not more than half of them could get in. It was a matter of great mortification to the madam *Love-Priest*, that I should receive so much attention, and finally her, or some of the family, affronted the gentlemen, as I afterwards learned, and they departed suddenly. Among those who called, were Col. *B. R. Wallace*, of Mooresville, Limestone county, Alabama, and Mr. *B F. Dabny*, also a traveller, I do not know from whence. Mr. D. having, without a thought perhaps, gave me some offence, caused him to leave the room; I think the latter was from Kentucky. He sent me a very satisfactory apology the same evening, in writing.

This was Sunday evening, and next morning *Court* commenced, which brought a great many people to town. Mr. Wm. Smith had brought several of his friends to see me, who were chatting with me on the piazza at the private end of the house; when, on stepping into the parlour, I saw that my ink-stand and papers had been brought down and laid on the mantel-piece. I asked the meaning of the maid: "dem gentlemen what I tell you about last night is come, da always have dat room." Meaning some gentlemen of the Bar who had always claimed the room,—I did not envy the gentlemen the room, as it smoked sufficiently to have smoked all the madam's bacon, and from the grease on the floor I should think she had used it in that way But I thought she might have left it to the gentlemen to refuse the room as doubtless they would. But I was to be put higher up, it appeared. Without saying a word to the madam I returned to the company and requesting one of them to go and seek me another house and continued to chat with the gentlemen.

Meantime a number of old maids, and for aught I know young ones too, poured into the house, and presently a message came out, "Would Mrs. Royall and the gentlemen walk into the parlour?" I understood the matter; had the *gentlemen* gone in my absence would have given little pain. But I was too proud of

my conquest either to go myself, or consent to the gentlemen's going. True, I said the gentlemen "might accept the invitation if they would, but I should not, and I never set foot in her house again."

Meantime the old maids were in a dreadful quandary, *peeping* through the windows, getting up, sitting down, and walking into the passage, but all would not do. Like all other women I never will surrender my beaux, if I had an hundred: the gentlemen who had been in quest of another tavern, returning, I departed, drawing all the beaux after me, leaving madam without taking leave, to the infinite regret of the old maids

The house I retired to was immediately filled with those who were in attendance at Court, as well as citizens, and so great was the throng that I feared the floor would give way, it being in an upper story. The number was so great that the crowd was obliged to stand as dense as one man could stand by the side of another, nor could half the people get in. This was in Fauquier county, on the East side, and near the Blue Ridge. There were several persons present from Culpeper county, also; all these gentlemen were alike, and upon comparison I find this part of Virginia to be the cream of the State. They are stout, able-bodied men—brave and generous, all life and generosity, as opposite to the lower part of Virginia, as honey and vinegar, or knowledge and ignorance. Excepting a few missionaries (my first landlady, for instance) the citizens of Warrenton are a most generous race of people, stout and handsome, and the very soul of hospitality and chivalry.

There are thirteen lawyers in Warrenton, of whom I saw but seven worth naming, Messrs. Moore, F. Smith, J. & J. S. Horner, J. R. Wallace, T. T. Fauntleroy, and B. Ward. Mr. Moore called, in a few minutes after my entrance into Warrenton, in company with ——Horner, Esq.

Mr. Moore is a stout, fine looking man, handsome person, and frank and genteel in his manners; his fine, full black eye beams with the kindness of human nature.

Joseph Horner is a fine figure, fair, full, round face, soft blue eyes and pleasing in his manners, and said to be a very amiable man.

Mr. John S. Horner is likewise a very genteel worthy man. I saw a third J. Horner, who is nothing to boast of.

Messrs. Thomas T. Fauntleroy, J. R. Wallace, and Francis Smith, are all intelligent, worthy, high-minded men.

B. Ward, Esq. (perhaps a Judge,) did not, for want of time, call until a few minutes previous to my departure. He is rather in advance of the others in years and practice; he is a staid, steady, plain man, easy and friendly in his manners. Mr. Ward appears to belong to the old school, as his manly brow and softened countenance bespeaks.

Excepting these, the crowd was so great, and every one having something to say, that I was only able to distinguish a few of their names; the best reporter would not have been competent to the task.

Mr. Joseph McGuire, an Irish gentlemen, was among the first to welcome me to Warrenton. He is a small pleasant man, very handsome, industrious and saving; but unfortunately, as it always turns out for him, he is a great admirer of the *ladies*, and let him set what resolution he may, he never fails to fall a sacrifice to their arts.

It appears that for one article alone, (ice cream) at a *Holy Fair*, the pious ladies fleeced him out of $8! He told me they should never have another dollar from him. It appears that the ladies of Warrenton were seized with a godly love for priests, and as modern godliness *cannot* be promoted without money, these *wicked* priests have (as every where else) wormed themselves in here with the women, who knocked up a *Fair* to raise money for them.

My landlord, a very fine, generous man, threw open the upper story of his house for the use of these women for one day, to hold the fair, but the fair was held several days, and after imposing upon the generosity of the man, almost by force, had the *meanness* to leave his house, covered with mud, slops, and dirt, and never offered him one cent; and though they had loads of cake, never gave him a piece; and poor McGuire paid from forty to fifty dollars for things not worth one cent to him. The eight dollars for ice-cream, alone, may give some idea of their godly impositions. "Come, Sir, here's a neat worked cap, (baby's cap) don't you see how nice it is worked, you can make a present of it to your friends." These were young ladies!—suppose the priests taught them how to make them. I should think it rather indelicate for young ladies to be selling baby caps to young gentlemen. Time was when a decent married lady would not be seen with one in her hand, by any young gentleman; but our priests, it appears, have eased them of that modesty. The transition from the cap to the head is short, and the priests are doubtless apprised of this. This was a worthy young man, with a small shop, and had just began to thrive in the place, when he fell a prey to these *she* sharpers; highway robbery is much more honorable. Mrs. Norris, the godly woman of the other tavern, was at the head of this infamous scheme. Now, why did she not hold the fair in her own house? I hope the legislature will put this swindling down.

Tract and Sunday Schools are established here, all by women and priests. I am sorry the men, as they are fine looking fellows, suffered these thieves to go halves with them. Is it not strange that they prefer the women to the men? Mr. Randolph has boast-

l of the Old Dominion to a fine purpose—he has boasted the women into the arms of the priests,* and the men into slavery and ignorance.

$1500, if I am not mistaken, were raised for these priests at this place, in the first attempt at fairs. Now, what is the difference between these schemes and lottery schemes? There *is* a great difference! in the first, the money is clenched by traitors, to establish clerical dominion; and in the latter, it is scattered among the poor, or found in some great national improvement. The first night there were forty-two noted gamblers present—they spent freely for sangaree and lemonade; it took six women to supply them.

The second night, having still *three* cakes left, the gentlemen insisted upon a ball, which, as I understood, actually took place, and the cake was sold at $1 per ounce. They run one man aground, and he had to borrow $1 50. It was a good night for the Lord, but a poor night for the silly fools who attended.

Another fair was to be held at Warrenton, shortly after this.†

But to return; the crowd was so great arround me that I was unable, in most cases, to distinguish the citizens from the strangers; nor was I introduced to half of them—numbers were unable to see me at all. Among the citizens, however, was Maj. Mason, a very young and handsome man, and his manners pleasing and agreeable—Also, Mr. McNish, a gentleman of light figure, round face and soft blue eyes; a worthy, pleasant man. I had previously seen him, in Washington City, where he had the politeness to call: I was much pleased to meet with him again.—Likewise, T. S. Bradford, an Editor: Mr. B. is a fine figure with a keen, full, dark eye, and a countenance of uncommon wisdom and shrewdness; his face is round and his features good, and his manners are friendly and sociable.

The Preceptor at Warrenton, a warm-hearted Yankee, his name forgotten, is a young man, rather low, of a light, neat figure, blue eyes and light auburn hair; he dresses neatly and is a gentleman of learning, and pleasant manners. Such is the teacher; as to the name (so many together) I am not certain.

Messrs. James F. Arams, William and James Cowles'‡ are also of Warrenton, and are fine, generous, warm-hearted men, alike frank and independent in their manners.

Besides these, Messrs. *Edward A. Harvey*, *W. W. Wallace*, *James W. Paine*, *Jno. F. Smith*, *H. L. Y. Pope*, *Baldwin Day* and *John Leary*, all seem to be of the town and are worthy fine men.

Besides these the whole country was in Warrenton, and all

* I was told one was then in Jail, in N. C. for ————

† They have prevailed on the women in this place to build them a Church.

‡ One of the Cowles' is now of Baltimore.

poured into the house to see me. I had been told I should meet with Mr. Grigsby, my never-to-be-forgotten friend of *Fredericksburg memory, Va.* in *first* volume of my *Black-book!* and though many blessings were in store for me at Warrenton, yet this pleasure was denied!! Mr. Grigsby did not come to Court!!! I waited four days to see him!!!! All the *court* gentlemen, however, paid their *court* to me in form, and most of them court my smiles, and though I neither *courted* smiles nor patronage, I received a liberal share of both.

A gentleman of good substantial size who lived near *Germantown*, in *Fauquier* county, the best of his species, led the way.— He was a rich farmer, plainly dressed—his collar and vest always open, and the soul of generosity; as soon as he had dined, after court had risen, he made it a point to pay his respects: his name was "*Maj. Mark Russell*, and one of my favorite fraternity.— But he was so heavy that the company would rush up stairs into my parlor before he could get to the head of the stairs, and fill the room so completely, that he could just squeeze in at the door.— He usually took his toddy after dinner, but nothing more than lively. As soon as he came in view his word was "honor bright," "the orphan's tear," "the widow's sigh"—as he pronounced the last word he would pitch a dollar (or perhaps less) on the table, this was followed by the company, some would fling more, some less, most of them however, followed his noble example. When they had done, the Major would force his way through the crowd, scrape the cash off of the table and fling it into my lap. The next evening about the same time the company would pour in again, and Maj. Russell with his "honor bright" might be heard again, "a mason and a soldier's widow boys, you will never miss it." Thus he continued while I stayed at the Inn four nights.— He is much like my friend Mr. Grigsby, the prince of good fellows.

Capt. *James*, the Sheriff was not much behind him, he was a lively, warm-hearted man and gave me the general character of Virginia. The Virginians he said were "Democrats abroad, Aristocrats at home, drank whiskey and chewed tobacco every where!! Another one gave me—

> "Hail Virginia old and crazy,
> The people poor and proud and lazy."

Another one said Virginia was famed for—

> "Lowering mountains and broken lights,
> Methodist-meetings, and fist-fights."

Mr. James is a tall, keen made man, and pretty much of a wag. I was highly pleased with *Armistead O'Banan, Esq.* a nephew

of Presley O'Banan, the Hero of Tripoli, whose name stands high in American history. Mr. O. B. laughed and said "he lived in a free State," that is, he lived in a fraction without the limits of any county. Like all these brave men who extend along the east of the Blue Ridge, he is a great wag, gay and generous.

I likewise met with *Thos. R. Hampton, Esq.* the Postmaster of Brentsville, Prince William county. Mr. H. is a young man, with a most engaging person, handsome features, genteel and friendly in his manners. Messrs *James Picket*, of Middlebury, *Uriah Graham*, of Prince William, and *Wm. O Smith*, of Georgetown, Va were amongst those who called, all liberal minded, genteel men.

Likewise *Sandford Hickerson* from the neighborhood, Mr. *Daniel Payne* and *Joseph D Smith, Esq.* the latter very generously franked me through his line to Winchester, Va. an act of kindness that bespeaks the generosity of the man, and one I shall ever remember with gratitude and respect.

It appears I must have met with a Mr. *Alexander Zennill* at this place He is described as a genteel, thin, light figure, fair oval face, *mild* blue eye and auburn hair.

James A. Lane, Esq from Culpepper, C. H. is described as a man of good size, black eyes, and very fine appearance.

All these were stout, noble, generous, manly looking men, very different from the squallid, squeaking Chinquepin race of the low country Virginians—one of these would make three of those.—The latter have neither body nor soul. I found more sound sense and more thorough good feeling in this spot than in all the towns I had seen in Virginia,and not a blue-skin amongst them or a professor of religion.

But the *women* all belong to the Priests, except one beautiful little Scotch girl, my mantuamaker, the best girl, and the best mantuamaker I ever met with.

But the Yankees are forever disgraced by one Bigalo, a Yankee. He fell in love with a black woman, a right down negro slave, and hired a man to carry her off. But the negro refused to *marry* him,and the man who took her away confessed the fact,and the place he left her, and the owner recovered the slave—shame on the Yankee ! but I suppose he preferred her to those Priest loving women If this was the case he ought not to be censured.

In perusing my notes I find I overlooked several distinguished men,and respectable farmers who called to see me at W. viz. Dr. *Smith Elkins*—the Dr. is a fair, gentleman like man, of pleasant manners. Likewise Messrs. John B Downman, Joseph Hurdnell, D. C Vowels, Hon Lee, Felen Allen, Burket, Judge Murphy, Wm H Jennings, Mr. Dade, and Humphries, the latter a Yankee, and Harvey. These, and a Mr. Adams of Fauquier, are all I can distinguish. The father of Mr. H. Lee, at

the age of 80 years, shouldered his musket and went to Hamp ton, Va. to kill the British last war. He was there taken prisoner, but his age, and his valorous independent language, inspired his captors with such entire respect,that after admiring his bravery, they gave him his liberty!! he had fought in the revolution.—Mr F. Allen was doubtless a fine fellow once, but he was drunk the whole court. He lives near Foxe's Mill, and belongs to the *temperate* Society; he and one Ben. Berry were the Presidents.—This Society was broken up, upon finding the Presidents drunk one night, and they have formed another, which Mrs. Norris is to govern. John Burket, Esq. is a stout manly, fine looking man, so is Humphries, a son of old mother Blue-laws. Mr. Harvey, son to the former mentioned, is a young genteel shrewd sensible man, and very promising. Mr. *Lee* is a tall thin young man,and fair, good features.

The Postmaster, nick-named Judge Murphy, is a poor *chance*,a rough course looking creature.

Wm. H. Jennings is a firm, but jolly, lively man, with an oval face and fine grey eye, he is very pleasing. The elder Mr. Jennings is a stout noble figure, with a fair full face, handsome features—a plain farmer looking man, and very familiar in his manners. Mr. F. L. Smith (I think is mentioned) he is a small young light figure, round face and very genteel.

Mr. Adams is likewise mentioned as a stout, promising young man, he is of Fauquier county.

I do not know a more beautiful or picturesque place than Warrenton. It is surrounded with lofty rises, and the Blue Ridge which makes its appearance here, is distinctly seen from the Academy, which commands a most delightful view. The town itself is uneven, and many of the swells are pointed ; some of the streets stretch over deep vales and the scenery as rich as can be imagined, this gives great variety to the prospect, as it assumes new figures from every position.

Warrenton is a flourishing business going town, the surrounding country producing in abundance every kind of grain and grass. The staple consists in wheat and tobacco There is a Court-house, Prison, two Churches, one Academy, and several Schools ; much business is done in the retail line, and mechanics of all sorts are patronized liberally. At the head of the Academy is an Irish gentleman, of learning and talents, and much elegance of manners. He seems to be ably patronized, and the scholars are modest and unassuming—many of them were advanced in the languages, and the citizens deserve much credit for rejecting the blue-skins from all concern with their Seminaries—though the women have built a Church for a *Presbyterian* parson, who,though he is wealthy, receives a large salary from the labor of these silly women. The gospel is to be had without money and without

price. It cannot therefore be the gospel these ladies are after.

JOURNEY TO WINCHESTER.

Taking leave of my friends I departed to Winchester, Va. I had received a very polite invitation couched in the most pathetic language to visit *Aldie*, in Loudon county, but a previous engagement with Buckland left it out of my power, it being on the other road—a grateful apology therefore, was all I had in my power to bestow on the citizens of Aldie. I called at Aldie upon my first visit to the Atlantic country, and stepped into a tavern while they were changing horses and found two very amiable and friendly ladies in the house, whom I believe were the proprietors.

As we leave the Potomac the land soon begins to be rough or rather undulating. The timber light and found in patches, the missionaries herd together in droves, very few hogs, cattle are tolerable. The woodland is open, no undergrowth and on the streams it is rich.

As you travel toward the Blue Ridge the first rise is imperceptible. The next is bold and prominent, and then begins the blue ridge.

Of all the mountains in my travels none has so many charms as the Blue Ridge. Its soft clear blue, its great length, its undulating figure, and the vast variety of farms on its side and whimsical points, presents a *bold*, *still* and beauteous wildness, superior to any mountain scenery in our country. It has the appearance of a suspended fluid, and is always to me an intellectual treat.

Winchester is distant from Warrenton nearly 40 miles, the road rough and hilly. I passed the dwelling of Mr. *Grigsby*, a brother of my friend of that name who relieved me at Fredericksburg. A Post Office being kept at a store, Mr. G. who heard I was to be on, was there in waiting, and very politely came out with several other gentlemen to salute me. Mr. Grigsby is a much younger man than his brother, of handsome appearance and wealthy. I saw his house, a very fine one, near the road, and he entreated me to call and spend a day with him. But this pleasure I could not afford, and we were compelled to part in the course of a few minutes.

We had a very sick elderly man with us in the stage, whom I thought would expire every minute, there was a young man with him who deserved much credit for his attention to the sick man, his son perhaps, or some relation. He stopped on the way and with a small boy we proceeded. I dined (the boy did not) at a very good house at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and with a slight elevation we passed the great Poplar Tree, the corner of three counties mentioned in my *sketches*, which I passed seven years

since on my way to the Atlantic country. The Aldie road which I travelled then unites a few miles back. I should have mentioned Aldie in my sketches but did not know the name of the place. Here I took a vehicle that broke down at *Cub-run*, which in the sketches is miscalled Cob-run.

The boy left us at the foot of the mountain, not far from *Berry's Ferry*, where I soon came in sight of the dwelling of the Berry's—gladly would I have called and saluted my kind friends, but the coach did not stop at the house. It passed on to the Ferry and I had the pleasure of being in the Ferry-boat with one of the Berry's, who told me the ladies were well. He remembered me but had never heard of my publications.

ADVENTURES.

It was now nearly sun-down, but I had a beautiful drive on the bank of the Shenandoah, keeping up the river—the land being rich and well cultivated.

A man on horseback, of bad appearance had followed us from Warrenton, and kept up with the stage. I was no ways alarmed at this during the day, but from his dropping behind after dark, I was a little suspicious that he either intended to steal my baggage, or a box that was in the boot with the trunks. He had kept his eye on the stage all day and I now kept the curtain up to watch him; at length he laid hold of the boot and I spoke very sharp to him. I complained to the driver But I soon discovered the driver and he were great friends. This driver we took at the house where we dined ; the first drivers were very clever men and knew nothing of the man who pursued us. I enquired whom he was in the course of the day, seeing that he kept so close to the stage. After reprimanding the man and the driver, he quit riding behind and rode by the side of the driver, and carried on a long conversation in whispers, a chance word now and then was all I could hear, which led me to suspect they were laying a plan to rob the mail at some future day, if *not* that night; one of them said " the next dark moon" and " do you know him"?

After a while the man dropped behind again and pretended to be watching a box of bonnets that lay on the bars of the stage. At length the driver said, "d—n it, tie your Horse to the Stage, ann get inside," I spoke and said " he should not, if he did, I should get out—" get out and be d—d" said the driver: I replied with some spirit I would have both arrested when I arrived at Winchester." The driver was outrageous and cursed me—said if I did not take care I should not reach Winchester, and hitting his horses a sharp cut with the whip, struck me in the face with the lash through the window: I desired him to be more cautious. He was " a great mind to give me the stage

whip, he would see me d—d before he would put up with it. I then requested him to "stop at the next house and set out my trunks"---"very well, me and my trunks might go to h---l": "he must be a missionary" thought I---nor did he stop at this---If I said any more he would give me the whip": I laughed, and told him "I would treat him" for his politeness.

We drove on some time, and at length he stopped the stage in the road and said, "here is a tavern, I might get out if I would": upon looking about I discovered a mean looking house, a tipling shop, doubtless, as I perceived several ill-looking men by the light of a fire, passing to and fro: I replied, "I stopped at no such houses." "By g -d it is as good as you are used to." He used a good deal of such language, and observed to the man with him, "we'll go and take a drink". They went off and left the horses standing in the road. They staid about a quarter of an hour, perhaps more, when, thinking he would drink too much, I took the reins and urged the horses forward, that the noise of the stage might draw them from the house. They were dangerous when sober, and what they might attempt when drunk, was a matter of little doubt.

As I expected, the driver came running down from the house; and when he found I was driving, he was outrageous, and I expected he would put his threats into execution. I told him I had no idea of staying there all night: that it was his time now, and it should be mine when I got to town : that I would have them both arrested for their conduct.

Whether they had any particular motive in wishing to inveigle me into the grog shop or not, I am unable to say : but one of them observed to the other, it will be passed midnight before we get in ; " yes it is 12 or 15 miles yet."

This happened upon a rising ground, with a creek or stream of water at the foot of it, near the house, on the side next to Winchester.

We were not far from Winchester however, and the moment I was taken from the stage, I desired a constable to be called to arrest my gentlemen: but upon looking about, the horse-man was not to be found! and the driver throwing my baggage out in great haste, drove off and concealed himself in some part of the town.

I have been thus particular, that contractors may take more pains to ascertain the character of men entrusted with a place of so much trust. This might be very easily done, by sending a friend through the lines now and then. Mr. Smith a very gentlemanly man, would doubtless have been the last man in the world to retain a man in his service so hostile to his interest; and I am very sure he was mistaken in this man.

It was about 10 o'clock, and I put up at the Stage House, which to my infinite joy, was kept by a German, my favorite nation: I mean a descendant, his name was Massie; a stout, ruddy faced, genteel, friendly man: and the moment I saw, I was pleased with him. Being very cold, and the fire low in the stove, no supper ready, I told friend M. he ought always to keep up a good fire when he looked for the stage, and coffee ready hot on the stove. Whilst I was awaiting the needful, I endeavored to fathom the course of this nights management of mine host, and it struck me that he supposed people might warm themselves with a dram.

If I was pleased with my landlord, I was delighted with the bar-keeper, and charmed with my landlady. She seemed to be wholly made of *love*, with all the soft, sweet, modest, suasive eloquence, of the most inviting countenance. She had something for me in a moment: a fire made in a splendid parlour, and sent off, late as it was, for a friend who requested to be apprised of my arrival the moment I came. This was the amiable Mrs. *Reed:* she had read my works with great pleasure, and was the first to pay her respects. Mrs. *Reed* is a tall, elegant figure, of middle age, and sensible countenance, and at once the pride and ornament of her sex—modest, meek and humane: she is an honor to the sex and to the Religion she possesses, which is "associate Methodist." Her husband, Rev. Dr. Reed, was a preacher many years, and is much admired by all as an honest inoffensive, upright man.

It appears that a part of the Methodists have opposed the general government of the Church as an arbitrary assumption of power by the Bishops and general Conference. The Conference it appears, determine every matter relative to the Church, absolutely allowing no Layman to have a vote. This arbitrary principle is considered by a great portion of the Methodists as anti-republican, and approaching too near absolute power. These aristocratic combinations against the will of the Lay people were (so it is stated) boldly met by a few of the Church, both Preachers and Laymen, many of them being sufferers by their arbitrary and unjust proceedings—men, measures, and money, were alike disposed of at the will of these Conferences. They were ruled by their Bishops, and they rule the people as it would seem, with a rod of Iron: a circuit rider being clothed with arbitrary power, puts up and puts down as he pleases. One great grievance complained of is, that a Preacher must go where these Conferences please to send them.

The case of Dr. Reed himself, was a hard one. He with a few friends had built a Church many years back, and after preaching forty years in it, he was turned out and the Aristocratic party kept the building: and he, with many others was arraigned for

difference of opinion only—had to build another Church and be free, or stick to the old one, and be a slave.

In the course of my visit, I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. John B. Tilden, of Newton, a small village eight miles from hence. The Doctor is the father of my friend, Mrs. Reed, and one of the most amiable men in the country. If I were to join any society of christians, it would lie between the Unitarians and these people. Dr. Tilden is likewise attached to the Associate Methodist Church, and reckoned one of the ablest and best informed men in West Virginia; he certainly is a most pleasing companion and possessed of great elegance of manners. His conversation is marked with a respectful ease and deference, which proves him to be conversant with the world. Though he has several children married, the Doctor is quite a young looking man, a tall majestic figure, six feet at least, straight and neatly formed. His fine face has a singular expression, and his large, black, yielding eye fixes the attention of his auditors.

My friend Mr. Davis, of whom I had tried to form some adequate opinion, also came to see me, late as the hour was!!! If *kindness*, honors and caresses could turn one's head, I should, ere this, have bent beneath the load of kindness heaped upon me by genial hearts.

I had sent a few books to Winchester, to Samuel H. Davis. I was partial to the name, it being Welsh, (I always put confidence in Welsh people, and perhaps no nation degenerates less in our country than the Welsh) In my great press of business I thought no more of the agency till, by accident, I cast my eye on the charge on the book, and a letter from Mr. Davis, with the money, was the result. The letter was couched in terms which proved that Mr. D. was none of your milk and water men; but the soft distiling kindness which breathed in every line, won my affection, and I determined to take Winchester in my Southern route, to see this man alone, for I had mentioned Winchester in my sketch.

I had formed a most exalted opinion of the man, but his appearance greatly exceeded it. The mild aspect, the cordial smile, and the hasty step with which he approached and took my hand, filled me with joy. Mr. D. is of common height, rather young, a slender figure, with a thin, fair face and pointed chin. His face is pale, with a fine, clear blue eye; his countenance serene and steadily displays a constant smile; he is, on any ground, one of the best of men.

Next day Mr. Singleton, an Attorney, whom I saw at Warrenton, called with several others.

James R. Coburn, Esq. is a young man, thin figure, round features, high forehead and dark, fine eyes. Mr. Isaac Russell is a plain, tall, good-looking man, with a thin sallow face, fine,

open, intelligent countenance, keen eye, easy and genteel in his manners and deportment: he is a very pleasant man.

George Sharp, Esq. is a very amiable, fair looking man, very friendly and sociable.

James G. Bryce, Esq. the Jackson Editor (Mr. Davis edits an opposition paper.) is a tall, clean made, slender figure, very young, good, thin features, and a shrewd sensible man.

Col. James Bowen is a fine fellow, stout make, full, fine face, and genuine throughout. The Messrs. James, M and Thomas Glass likewise called on me, the latter a fine tall man, and both of the same stamp, generous, noble looking men, and opposed to the *missionaries*. Mr. John W. Stevens is another of the distinguished men, lives near Winchester, is of middling height, handsome full face, good eye, and affable manners—he was never out of the State of Virginia.

Messrs. Th S. T. Captleman and Robert W. Reed, (son of my friend) are also genteel, friendly men: also, George Anlich and Samuel Stauffer, Esqrs. Besides these were Messrs. H. Palmer, (a very gentlemanly man) William G. Thompson and David Russell. Mr. R. is a very young, handsome man, rather genteel, but confident. Mr. Thompson is fine looking, also, of pleasing manners and winning conversation.

Messrs. Charles W. Castleton, from Millwood, and John B. Brent, likewise from the country, were among the finest men I saw. Mr. Brent is a relative of the Brent's of Washington City, a very amiable young man.

It being Court time here, too, the throng poured in upon me as soon as Court adjourned. Of these I only remember Messrs. Foster, John T. Redman, ——— Shields, Edgar W. Robinson, G. Nours, and Charles Stull; the latter a fine, elderly man, who was at the battle of Monmouth, during the Revolution. Mr. Robinson, if I recollect, was a stout, well-looking man, candid and friendly.

Messrs. Bishop, of the South Branch, and Sallyards, of Hardy, being present, on business, both called. Mr. Bishop is the greatest cattle and hog grower in the State, or perhaps in the United States: last fall he sold 1500 oxen and 1300 hogs, of his own raising!! Beat that if you can, *Mr. Chinquepins*. Mr. Sallyard is extensively engaged in iron works, and both are men of great wealth.

I overlook Messrs. E. C. Breeden, G. W. Stevens, J. Clarkson, John B. D. & George Smith, and Jesse Renhart. These were all of your whole-soul, true-hearted men, and called several times.

The ladies of Winchester are very handsome, fine features and fair complexions, well shaped, very graceful, and modest in their manners. Education, particularly of females, is liberally en-

couraged in Winchester. There is a reading school organized here, upon a new plan, where young people of both sexes assemble at stated times; this is under the direction of a President who attends to the exercises which consists principally of reading, either singly or in concert. Besides this, compositions are read by the President, which are composed by the young ladies and gentlemen, in the recess. These pieces consist of prose and poetry, and are read by the President, to the assembly, before the reading commences

I attended the assembly by invitation, and found a very full house of the first people. I had seated myself but a few minutes, before the amiable and accomplished Mr Davis made his appearance, and proved to be the President, and commenced reading the pieces, in which he acquitted himself with much honor, being one of the best readers I ever heard.

The most death like stillness prevailed, as Mr. Davis proceeded, except when excited to laughter, from the wit and humor of the compositions, which was often the case. Such being the nature of the Institution, that no restraint in sects, subjects, or parties, is enjoined; giving free scope to genius and talents of every description.

One of the pieces, threw us all into convulsions; it was a complete comedy, and the best composition of the whole. In short, it was the best satire, doubtless, ever written west of the Blue Ridge, to say the least I *supposed* it to have been written by a Yankee lady, who was then present; but such was her modesty and firmness, that not a muscle in her face, nor a glance of the eye, betrayed her But she was well known to be an elegant writer, and a girl of fine taste.—She was a tall, handsome figure, with a clear, cool, blue eye, striking countenance, and golden hair. It appears that one Hyskell, a Presbyterian, and a mighty *tanner* before the Lord, a rough, vulgar Dutchman, near akin to Hyskell, another tanner, formerly a noted tavern-keeper, in Staunton, of *money* memory, had, for some time, thrust himself forward in Winchester, as a kind of censor-general, or rather *Dictator*. One would suppose that Mr. Sourcrout, of all men, would stick to his tan-yard and currying knife, particularly as he knows there are certain persons still living who recollects the sudden disappearance of the Irishman, at Staunton. The article just mentioned, fitted Mr. Soal-leather so exactly, that after the conclusion of the exercises, he got up and made a long speech, which was copiously seasoned with *tan-ooze*. The tenor of it was, that if the society could not be restrained from such liberties, it ought to be put down, and went on to point out the lines over which it would be criminal to pass, and if this were not adhered to, it were better to give it up, and stick to "*tanning*" Thus this self-conceited Dutchman, played off his airs. In person he

resembled the jamb of a chimney, and his face was like a side of soal-leather.

But to return to the society: if I was charmed with the composition, I was still more with the exercises in reading; the improvements in reading being the principal object of the institution. The young ladies, particularly, have attained to the highest perfection, in the art of fine reading. They first read singly, and then in concert: in the latter, which would seem the most difficult, they have acquired an astonishing degree of facility. There were about twenty ladies in the class: (thirty-four belong to the society) the lesson was blank verse, and they all commenced together. It was actually a concert, the whole pronouncing every word at the same instant, and the pauses and cadence were in such perfect unison, that it appeared to be but one person. The graceful pause, the sweet cadence, the harmonious modulation of the rise and fall of the voice, formed the sweetest harmony I ever heard. For this perfection, they are indebted to Mr. Davis. But my wonder did not stop here.—The beauty, modesty, and intelligence of the young ladies, were far beyond any *assembly* I have met with, even in New England, to say nothing of other States.

This is better than selling tracts, and working for coarse godly men. By thus improving their minds, they are qualified to think for themselves, and will, doubtless, think correctly. These are the description of females, who will never fail to charm the other sex, and will, in time, correct the manners of the age!

There is an academy for young ladies, and one for boys, kept in Winchester: that for boys is under the direction of a Presbyterian, which is saying enough for it; so much for the spread of the Gospel. They have effectually spread over the whole earth.

While speaking of the ladies of Winchester, besides Mrs. Reed, I must not omit the amiable Mrs. Davis, the wife of my friend: this fascinating female deserves such a partner, fair and beautiful, the mild, easy, grave, and the *never* to be forgotten smile which diffused her magic face, and each beauteous motion of her elegant form was truly winning: her soft, blue, benevolent eye beams with charity and love—sweet pair, may you meet your kindred reward.

Mrs. Anna Rowan, is likewise entitled to a place amongst the fair daughters of West Virginia—she is a member of the Associate Methodist Church, which, alone would entitle it to respect: she is a lady of very genteel manners, and is charity and benevolence itself: she is rather low, and her countenance mild and steady. Mrs. Davis's sister, whose name I do not know, is a young lady of handsome person, and very sweet manners. The Miss Massies, my landlord's daughters, are very beautiful women; there were two grown, these were handsomely

featured, with lovely black, sparkling eyes, and friendly, polite manners. In short, I was never in any town which contained more interesting females: I cannot speak so favorably of the *young* gentlemen, in particular, one cut-scull clerk was quite a fool, and rude beside; yet I found much more liberality there than I expected, from the character of the place. The Blue-skin Academy and Sunday School however, is a great slur, as well as a clog to Society. There is little doubt however, but those enlightened females will form a re-action in favor of Society, when they become parents and house-holders.

I heard from the famous Blue-skin, of Bedford memory, and his brazen wife; if we had no other proof of the piety of these wolves in sheep's clothing, the conduct of these people, first and last, would confirm it. Though it was the dead of winter, and the weather intensely cold, the ground covered with snow and ice, and numbers engaged in refitting and replenishing my wardrobe, these godly people never showed their faces: can any thing bespeak *hypocricy* plainer: now, this wild beast, without a spark even of that humanity, found amongst the rudest savages, receives money for spreading the Gospel. People must be mad indeed, who buy such gospel as his—*Chilton* is nothing to them. If there is such a thing as Gospel for sale, why do not people buy it of honest men. What can any one think of the man, or the woman, who would buy Gospel from such monsters. I was told that her pious brass-ship housed herself some weeks after the publication of my Pennsylvania, which contained my adventures with them, at Bedford, Pa. It is well, mine was doubtless the only pen that could excite a sense of shame in such a hardened hypocrite. Had they been what they pretend to be, they would have come forward and apologised: but this would have proved them what they are not.

Winchester is a very handsome town, though the houses appear low and small, after coming from those large Atlantic cities, and the streets narrow. It is well laid off however, all the streets crossing at right angles, most of them are paved and have handsome side-walks. The houses on the principal street are well built of brick, and some of beautiful stone: a part of the town extends back upon a beautiful rise, which commands a handsome and extensive prospect; the appearance of the mountains and hills near the town, is rich and picturesque. Winchester contains—

A Court House,	A Prison,
A Market House,	Two Academies,
A Poor House and six Churches,	One for Roman Catholics,
One Lutheran,	One Baptist,
One Methodist,	Two Presbyterians—

Be bound for them—thank the women for this! There is

also a very large and flourishing School, of more importance to the citizens than the Blue-skin Academy. I do not recollect the gentleman's name at the head of this School: he has 70 pupils, he deserves much credit for his industry and skill in conducting this School, which seems to be perfectly free from Sectarianism; so is the Female Academy, which is no other than the ladies' I saw at the Reading Society there. Winchester is rich and flourishing, though an inland town: mechanics meet with encouragement, and much retail business is done here. It also contains several manufactories, and the people are enlightened and hospitable. It is the largest inland town in the Union, and contains nearly 4000 inhabitants: a very beautiful stream runs through the town, and the water is plentiful and fine.

Spending one Sunday in Winchester, I was invited by my polite landlord to go to Church, and accordingly I went to hear (my favorite Church) the Lutheran. As soon as I made my appearance in the Aisle, a very genteel man near the Pulpit, rose up, and bowing to me made a signal to walk into his pew, of course I declined taking a seat with the Massie family, who attended me. The discourse was not the best I ever heard, but there was nothing in it about tracts and spreading the Gospel, or money, or Sunday Schools. The audience were plain, good looking people, and the singing delightful. I was disgusted however, by a rude boy, who disturbed the Congregation by getting up and sitting down, and strolling from one pew to the other: independently of this, three little girls, [they might have been] whose mothers sat on each side of me, stood before me and stared the whole time, with their fingers stuck in their mouths. Parents are highly to blame for taking such children to Church: and what surprises me, is, that they never check these children for those vulgar habits. This is not peculiar to any one place: it is universal, and the most extraordinary part of it is, that every one sees this but the parents, who ought to be the first to see and reprove them for it. Thus parents bring children into the world, and pay no more attention to them afterwards, than the brute creation; and it is not only these vulgar habits that go unchecked by parents, but more serious faults. I have seen enough to convince me that a vast number of criminals in our State Prisons, owe their crimes to the indulgence of parents when children. Now the parents upon whose knees these children leaned, were well dressed, fashionable looking women, and the girls themselves, were dressed in the extreme of the fashion—what credit was this to the parent; and though so much pains was taken to trig up these young gawks, they never saw what every one in the Church saw, their *fingers plunged* in their mouths. I do not know a more vulgar habit.

I was gratified to hear from Mr. *Converse*, an amiable young

man, particularly noticed in first volume of my Black Book; and again at Dartmouth College, of which place he was a student.—I was pleased to hear this estimable young man was the principal of an Academy, near Winchester: a situation for which his learning and mild qualities eminently fit him.

Col. *Joseph Tully* lives near Winchester also, and had I known it, I passed his house at the very time I stood in need of a friend, viz: when assailed by the Stage Ruffians.

I have often met with a gentleman by the name of *Pendleton*, who lives in the neighborhood of Winchester, a very amiable and interesting young man: I have often been struck by his modest and retiring manners, but never knew his name till this day: he is rather low, but fair and handsome.

ROAD TO STAUNTON.

One bitter cold morning, about one o'clock, A. M. I left Winchester in Mr. Bocket's Stage, the oldest line in Va. Mr. Bocket is an elderly, honest man, and has carried the Mail on this route since the Post Office has been established. Hot or cold, he generally travels with the mail himself and has honest careful drivers. Being told that the contractors franked me on the routes, the dear old man said, "he could be as generous as any of them."

I travelled through this lime-stone valley, as it is called, when I first visited the Atlantic country, and in this same line, and from that day to this, my poor bones remember the road! the worst I ever travelled: being a solid, stubborn, uneven rock of blue lime-stone. Bocket has his stages made to suit it, they were never known to break down! The reason why, they are as strong, solid, and stubborn as the rock of ages, with which they have to contend.

Mr. Bocket travelled with me at the time I mentioned: but his head has become as white as cotton since that, no wonder! this worthy man is an Englishman, and an honester man never crossed the ocean.

We thundered along on the frozen rocks, for it could not be called frozen ground, until daylight discovered us, horses and all neatly powdered with frost. But the beautiful waves of the Blue Ridge on one side, and the North Mountain on the other swallowed up all those difficulties. It is a real feast to pursue this Blue Ridge as we did, through highly cultivated farms to Staunton, 96 miles, passing by Anderson's on Middle River, the stone Meeting House, Peter Hanger's, and all without meeting with any thing worth notice. Though I was much amused with two footmen, who, having put their bundles in the Stage, pursued their way on foot; and do what we would they kept up with us

I had travelled now, nearly 200 miles out of my way, rather than forfeit my word to my friends, as I had to turn round here, nearly to Warrenton again, to visit Charlottesville, for which I also stood pledged.

When I came in view of Staunton, I was surprised to see three large massy buildings, worth the balance of the town; whilst the town consisted of the same old, low, straggling, wooden houses, which I found there some years back.

I guessed these houses were the property of the Presbyterians, and I guessed right: one was a Church, one a Seminary, and the third was the western Hospital, all the property and under the control of the Presbyterians: Bravo! well done old Dominion. Wherever a fertile spot is to be found, those ravenous sharpers light upon it like so many ravens; and this once patriotic county (Augusta) is now held in worse than Egyptian bondage, by those cormorants. Making this remark to some gentlemen who came in to see me, whom I charged with cowardice; they said they strove hard against it, until they were mobbed by the *women*, who fought manfully for the Priests; and some of them are said to have even sold the linen for their husbands' shirts, to build these Palaces and educate *pious* young men. Is it not strange! You never see a man jealous of a Priest. If I were a man they are the first men in the world I would be jealous of. And here is Major *Sheffy*, Judge *Stewart*, and Judge *Taylor*, and let the Priests run away with all their women and money Freedom is at an end in this place! They have a *press*, and direct the pen! the purse and the press are the strong arms of Tyrants. The Printer, a very amiable young man, I think of Pennsylvania, would starve if he dared to print any thing but what these Tyrants please.

I put up at the Button Head tavern, formerly Mrs. Chambers': the old lady was still living, but bent with age, and had little to do with the tavern, which is managed by her button-head son, a *runlet* of a daughter, (more like a runlet than a woman) and a gangling son-in-law, who, with his wife and children, has long been a dead weight upon the old lady.

A half dozen sons and son's in-law, have flocked into the house, to be ready, at the decease of the owner, to divide the spoil.

The little Runlet had grown *outrageously* religious, since I saw her; she "longs to de Episcopalian Church.', Had I known that the daughter of a friend of mine, whose husband (Mr. Foset has become reduced by his good nature) kept a tavern in the town, (there are but two) where I recommend all travellers to stop, I would have put up with them. The youngest son-in-law of Mrs. C., however, is a clever man.

I had paid my fare, early in the morning, to Charlottesville, and

retired to my room till the stage was ready, which was to start at half past eight o'clock. Shortly after this, I heard a great noise below stairs, as though an hundred people had arrived; servants running up stairs and down stairs, and overturning each other, as if bedlam had broke loose. Surely, I thought an army had arrived, or some foreign minister with his suite. In a few minutes after this, the stage agent came up to my room and said, "I must return you your money, madam, we will have to keep you a little longer," holding out the fare I had paid him in his hand "Why so, Sir?" said I; "why, there are fourteen or fifteen officers of the U. S Army, just arrived from the west, and they say you cannot go on!" "How dare you come to me with such a message? take my baggage down stairs, this instant, I will not give my seat up to the President of the United States."

I had been on ticklish terms with the army, for some time, and the moment I heard this insolent message, it called up all my resentment.

Meantime I had addressed a note to Maj. D. Sheffy, and one to Judge Stewart, both old acquaintances, stating that I was in town, and would be pleased to see them. Judge S. did not attend, nor did he reply to the note—suppose he is "hopefully converted," too. The Major, always a gentleman, attended, a little after the arrival of the men of *Mars*. Hearing his voice, down stairs, I ran down to see him, and popped right upon the whole of them; and the moment I entered the parlor, a large Falstaff of a man, with a broad face, clapped his cap over his face, while the Major jumped up, and introduced me to them, one by one. There was Gen *Atkinson*, Commandant of the Western Army, the man with the cap over his face, a brave man, truly. There was Col. *this*, and Captain *that*, and Lieutenant *'tother*, and no less than Governor *Pope*, from Arkansas, all the way, with but one arm and lame of a leg. There were, likewise, some genteel travellers, and the blue-skin Burnet, brother to the Senator from Cincinnati. But the prince of the flock, was Col. Piatt, also from Cincinnati.

After being introduced, I remained standing, the better to deliver a speech to these men of war, and teach them the difference between defending our rights, and invading them. "I presume you are the *gentlemen* who wished to deprive me of my seat, and, had you been gentlemen, you would have sent up the amount of my fare, and have asked it as a favor of me, to resign my seat. But you must know, that I would not relinquish my seat, for the President himself. I think it is time to dispense with a set of men, who are fed and paid by the Government, to defend our rights, when they are the first to invade those rights, which they are employed and paid to defend."

They all began with, "I did'nt, and I did'nt," and looked as

mean as they were. Col. Piatt immediately spoke, and said what any gentleman would have said; "I assure you, Mrs. Royall, I am much pleased to see you, and shall be proud of your company; if you will accept of my very poor protection, I shall take pleasure in attending you." This was said like a man, and never cameinto the heads of pot-lickers and scrubs, picked out of the ashes. It is shameful that ignorant men are placed in situations of such high trust—a gang of corporals could not have done worse. One may guess, by this sample, how these men of war conduct at their stations I never speak, or write, from hear-say—my remarks are all founded on facts—one fact is worth an hundred hear-says.

I overlooked a little bit of a foppish surgeon, who caps the climax of these men of war. This was no less than Dr. McMahan, from Pensacola, all-the way. Every one in Washington City remembers him, and his story of the *inexpressibles*. It appears, his Pensacola is Washington City, and his practice consists in midnight revels, balls, and parties, and taking his pleasure over the country, at the expense of the Government.

The *first* people in our land, who travel for health or pleasure, cannot touch upon this Doctor Oyster-pie, with all the pomp of a potentate, journeying first *South* and then *North*, telling the story of the inexpressibles, without his condescending to make a bow, particularly if the ladies be present.

The whole arrangement was now broken up, and the party had to take it as they could. Some went one way, and some another, and I would gladly have given up my seat, as I often do, had I been solicited in a gentlemanly manner. Governor Pope,* a very genteel man in appearance, with several others, took the road by Winchester, while the General, who was called to Washington to settle some *important* business of the Government, being in haste, was compelled to take a seat with me, Doctor Bombshell, brother Burnet, and the amiable Col. *Piatt*; four besides myself. Now the General, and his lackey, the Doctor, were going on to act as *President* and Vice-President of some important court-martial, at the seat of government. But Governor Pope, and brother *Burn-us-up*, could not belong to the court-martial—Some mystery, gentlemen; there is quite too much mystery in the movements of all our great men.

I watched the coming of the stage to the door, very narrowly, lest they might play me the slip; but Col. Piatt, true to his honor, sat by me, and the moment the coach arrived, he led me to the

* I was impressed with the belief that the Governor's business must have been very important indeed, to travel so far at this season of the year, in his situation, particularly as I have since understood that he remained in Washington until June!—This was early in February. Notwithstanding his ambiguous letter, I suspect he is leagued with the Presbyterians.

door, helped me in, and took a seat by my side; brother B. on my left, and the Gen. (as a General ought) in *front*. He was a handsome featured man, rather young, about three yards round the ——, and wore his sword in the stage—No wonder! it had a terrifying broad gilt belt, and gold handle. He leaned gently on the sword, point downward; (had a novel hero in his eye) the belt was necessary, to keep him from bursting; but what did he carry the sword for?—true, he might have taken me for the famous ——, in disguise! There was no parrying now, the cap had to go on the head, and his face in full view. But if ever scorn, pride, arrogance, and contempt, was personified, it was in his countenance.

We went on tolerably well, however, during the day; a few scattering shot, now and then, by way of getting acquainted, relieved at intervals, by the fascinating wit, and sprightly anecdote of the all-accomplished Col. Piatt, the most pleasant companion I ever travelled with. Had our people appointed this gentleman to the command of the army, it would have done honor to themselves, and to their country. But, alas! merit seems to be the last recommendation for appointments in our army and navy, as will appear.

All passed off well till dark, the assassin's hour, when the war commenced, by his holiness Burnet; his face had assumed all the colors of the rainbow, during the day, and when shrouded by darkness, he began, by saying "I was a dangerous woman, (to hypocrites I am) and I ought not be allowed to travel over the country, *abusing* every body, I ought to be taken up, and a stop put to my writings, I was deranged." Then it was useless to argue with me, I replied, and for that matter, the whole of the U. States seemed to be deranged, or such hypocritical knaves as he and the whole of his sect would not have plundered them of such vast sums of money, under the cloak of religion. He had received his queue from the runners, who always go before me to spread these reports. "I never broke any bones, or drew any blood, which is more than I can say of your Presbyterians, and if you are offended, I have a friend at your service."

The General now brought up his corps of reserve, and gallantly supported his friend, calling me sundry ungentlemanly names, and finally expressed the same opinion of his ally, and hinted (for he was too great a coward to speak plain,) something about throwing me out of the stage—this would have been a bold act, if not to say a soldierly one. Thus the battle waxed warm—this is what I like, close fighting. I was not at all discouraged by numbers, and intimated as much by saying, "it was an act that none but cowards would be guilty of, to assault an aged woman in the dead of night—that the stage was a common highway, of equal rights, and I thought it was time he should have his sword taken

from him; "you wear a sword, Sir, but you have not the courage to use it."

He was outrageous, and to convince me he had courage, he clapped his hand on the hilt of the sword—I sprang forward, and putting my face close to his, and my finger almost in his eye, said to him, "Now, Sir, draw your sword, if you dare, you assassin, none but an assassin would assault a defenceless man, much less a woman!" He

> "Dropped, alas! the inglorious shield,
> Where valor's self was forced to yield!"

But the best is yet to come, the little Penny Doctor. You have remarked that when dogs fight, if there are a dozen, they all unite against one, while the little Pennies, too cowardly to take hold, yelp, and skip round and round, with bristles up. Just so did our little Penny, to night—his bristles were up in a moment, and he continued to yelp, while the big dogs held on. I asked what raised the wind with him; I thought there were enough against me, already. "*I'me* not a going to sit still and hear *my* General *abused!*" If they did not like me, they might take the less of me; but your General must want courage, when such as you and brother Burnet, have to assist him against an old woman! This was a hard cut, and I amused myself with the General, on the subject of his courage; asked him how many battles he ever fought, and where he distinguished himself in the late war—I had never heard of his valor or his name, till the present time, but the world should not have this to say hereafter.

Thus acted the General Commandant of the Army of the U. States, and had Col. Piatt not been present, I should not have been believed: had they not been over-awed by him, I should, doubtless, have been assassinated, or thrown out of the stage.—The blue-skin Burnet, like his brother ruffian, of Burlington, would, doubtless, have rid their sect of me, forever. This is their religion! But it was the first time I discovered this blue skinism had infected the army,* which subsequent events prove. It

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* Since this, in continuing my tour, I passed by Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, in Missouri, where Gen. A. resides We had a Lieutenant on board who had been taking his pleasure in New-Orleans, for two months, with a wife, he had just married; and that the people may have the earliest possible notice of these men-of-war, I go forward to disclose to them another, and still more alarming movement in the army. This Lieutenant (Rossau) landed at Jefferson Barracks, which consist of a number of long, large, massive stone buildings, forming a well fortified and considerable town. The first introduction I had to the soldiers, who were bathing in the Mississippi, was, that every soul of them, as the boat drew near, swam to shore, and deliberately walked about on the beach, stark naked, before the lieutenant and his wife, who were both standing before them, on the guard of the steam-boat. The lady, I expected, would, at least, have stept into the cabin, but she was, doubtless, accustomed to such

is time, therefore, for the people to look into the matter, before it be too late, for that there is treachery in the Army, in uniting with these blue-skins, there is little doubt; and this outrage, committed in the face of the world, proves that they confide in their strength, as the insult was intended and meant for the whole of the United States, with whom they knew I was a favorite—it was bidding open defiance to the people. If Congress is not instructed to curtail the Army, and put down West Point, which is again turned into a missionary nest, to hatch young vipers, to command the Presbyterian Army when the great struggle begins,

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sights. This *only* proved the subordination of the soldiers, and has nothing to do with the fact I am going to disclose.

The Lieutenant, whom I shall notice again, doubtless, informed the officers I was on board, though they must have expected me, both from the papers and from several passengers, who left me at Natchez.

After landing the passengers at the Barracks, the boat proceeded to St. Louis, a few miles higher up. When the boat stopped, I addressed a note to General Clarke, an old acquaintance, to procure me a room, and sent it by the Captain of the Atlantic, a very gentlemanly man. The Captain saw the General, who said he "would see about it," and it being now late, the Captain said I had better make myself contented that night, as it would take some time to fit up the rooms.

Next morning, one of Clarke's brother's-in-law, an ideot, came on board, about 9 o'clock, and said no room could be had! and that Gen. Clarke was in the country! This I knew to be false, as I had just heard to the contrary.—Meantime, the *Jackson* Editor, and several other gentlemen came on board; they seemed glad to see me, and offered their services, but went off, and I never saw them afterwards, except the Editor, who avoided me, and I was forced to remain on board two days, till a *Mr Shanon*, of Baltimore, heard of it, and had me carried to his own boarding-house.

Now, Gen. Clarke keeps open house, which his *Indian Agency* (the contingencies) enables him to do His house is a rendezvous for the officers of the army—the sub-Indian agents, under him—and all comers and goers. I was acquainted with *both* his wives, and himself.—But the game he is playing, at St. Louis, or rather a band of pirates in his name, whose interest it was to prevent my landing He has two brothers-in-law, blue-skins (exclusive of the simpleton) who, with his young wife, manage him. One of these manages the Indian Agency, and the other is suttler to the army, and both have amassed great sums of money, by *fair means*, doubtless. There appears to be a mutual understanding between these pious brothers, and the *Sub-Indian Agents*, in which both unite in fingering the annuities and fur of the Indians Briefly, it was whispered, that the Agency was opposed to my landing, and wishing to see how matters stood at the Agency, I sent, several times, to be admitted (he is far beyond the President, on this point) Sometimes he was sick in bed—sometimes in the country. All this only heightened my desire to see what was going on, for I now learned that he was surrounded by a set of harpies, who kept every one from seeing him, lest their management and designs might be detected Being informed of this, I resolved to storm the castle, for such it is, and accordingly I bent my way to the castle. The house is as large as one of the great cotton factories of New-England—as I approached the door of the entrance, I was struck by the windows of one end of the building—they were filled with dyed feathers, red handkerchiefs, and other gew-gaws, to the taste of the Indians.—I looked into the store, and found it filled with this description of goods. I next entered a large room, filled with Indians, and pushing along, by the direction I had obtained, I was followed by an over-grown, assassin-looking man, whom I was told, was one of the Kenelys. As I pressed on, up-stairs, two or three ne-

and it appears that two Presbyterian Priests were sent on as part of the Board of Visitors, this present year, 1830. to see that the young Janizaries are properly trained in *godliness*, and to see that the Cadets attend prayers, and are well supplied with *tracts*. A student of West Point, whom I met on my tour, said that the "Missionaries were there, as thick as ever." The people are educating a set of vipers, to form commanders for the Sunday School Union, who are to contend in the great struggle. If they

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groes followed me, "Master a'int there—master is sick a-bed." I pressed on, through another large room, into a third, and there I found, not Gen. Clarke, but his shadow, surrounded by a swarm of ill-looking sharpers. I told him my name, but before I could finish the sentence, he began to repeat his lesson, which he repeats to every one that calls, and which is put in his mouth by those who surround him. "I can't see company, I'm sick, I can't see you to-day, madam." I replied, that I had seen enough; meantime, the pale-faced man came in to dictate to Clarke, doubtless, and while I was telling one of the sub-agents, whom I knew, that he was in fine business, (he trades with the Indians for furs) a genteel-looking stranger asked "what lady is this?" Oh! said the pale face, 'it is an old crazy woman; come madam you have been here long enough;' the ruffian walking up to me as though he were going to lay hands on me. I told him to stand off, and left the room.

General, or Governor Clarke, as he is called, is a superannuated old man, about as fit to do business, as a child, and is kept in the pay of the government as a *pauper*. This is a fine picture of our government—His wife's kindred, his nieces and cousins, flocking there from all parts, to be fed by the government, and marry the officers, and portioned, doubtless, out of the contingencies.—Clarke is nothing but a cloak.

This St. Louis, is an *Empire* of itself. Here centres the whole of the fur-trade; the latter amounts to nearly three millions of dollars, counting the whole. The *Lead* trade the *Santa Fee* trade the pay of the *Army*, and the Army itself—the *Blue-skins*, and the various agents and sub-agents, attached to Clarke's Agency, are all consolidated into one fearful combination, which I leave the people to unravel at their leisure. But that it is dangerous, the following facts will prove. When I was about to leave the place, no Captain of a steam-boat would bring me off—four were tried in succession, and my friends offered any sum to take me to the mouth of the Ohio. The reply was, if they were to pay an hundred dollars, they *dare* not do it! Their names shall appear in the volume which takes in St. Louis.

Whether this was done by the *Army*, *Indian Agency*, *Blue-skins*, or what power, I know not. The Captains of the steam-boats, would not tell, doubtless they were well bribed. (I understand $5,000,000 is sent there, annually, by government.) Thus, being detained a prisoner, I wrote to the Secretary of War, to order my release; but not before I appealed to the Hon. (if they deserve the name) Messrs. Benton and Bates, neither of whom came near me. These men, doubtless, are in the plot, let the object be what it may.

If the parties are not separated, and dispersed, I would not be at all surprised to see the Presbyterian standard rise up, at this place.

Thinking, from appearances, some attempt might be made on my life, before I could hear from the Secretary of War, my friends sent me off privately, under the care of a faithful *Spaniard*, (no American could be found who would undertake it) across the river, into Illinois, and placed me under the protection of Governor Edwards; and thus I eluded the scheme, whatever it might be. The vast number of buildings, both here and at Jefferson Barracks—their great size and strength, all built of stone, with walls that are cannon-proof and their sudden appearance (all within the last two years) must mean something. In short, from the movements of Gen. Macomb, or his aid, Mrs. Gen. Macomb, in regulating the blue-skin schools, the Army is gone over to the Presbyterian side; and that the Navy is there, there can be no doubt.

can put up with this, no matter at all how soon the Presbyterians cut all their throats. I have already said Col. Thayer is a traitor, for suffering these tract people to come to the Point. We do not want to organize an army of cut-throats; nor ought a wretch, who once betrayed his trust, be trusted again, even with the control of a hen-roost, much less such a place as West Point. But members of Congress who get their sons and those of their friends, educated gratis, always contrive to influence the appointment of the Board, who pay the highest encomiums upon the cadets. Why did the last Board, (viz. 1830,) not mention the tracts?——

But I must go back to the mountain; Rock Fish Gap lies on the road from Staunton to Charlottsville. It is an opening in the Blue Ridge, through which there is a tolerably fine road. The distance from Staunton to Charlottsville is thirty-eight miles, but the day being misty, little was to be seen, till about the middle of the afternoon, when the clouds broke and found us in the *Gap*—we crossed South river, on the west side The mountain at this place is flat, for some distance, and is much higher than at Berry's Ferry. It will be recollected, that the rich limestone valley lies on the west of the Blue Ridge, and is watered by the waters of the Shenandoah, behind which, in a line running with the Blue Ridge, rises the *North* mountain, which forms, as it is well known, the rich and beautiful Limestone Valley, some hundred miles in length. On the east is another valley, equally handsome, though not so rich; this is bounded by Jefferson's mountain, as it is called, from his seat. This valley is not so regular or long as the other, but it gives to the scenery a varied beauty. Some of the farms leaning one way, and some another; some smooth and even, and others hanging on the side of the mountain. This, and the valley on the west, also, studded with farms, are all seen from the Gap, and forms the richest view from any part of this chain. The beauty arises from the *sudden*, yet steep descent to both vallies, the presence of the mountains beyond them, their changing figures, the distinctness which mark the farms on the east, and the deep green, waving fields and meadows. It was at that moment, the most heart-reviving sight that fell in my way on my journey.

While I was amused with the scenery, it was laughable to hear the remarks of Dr. Mc——, addressed to the party, respecting the road from Guiandotte to Lewisburg, Va. The line is owned by Messrs *Porter* & *Belden*, of Richmond, Va. These gentlemen I have mentioned, and to them, in all probability, I owe my life, as they took me, gratis, from Richmond to Fredericksburg. Mr. Belden is still a gentleman, but Mr. Porter, formerly a *stage-driver*, has become rich, and like all other men who have sprung from the ashes, has become proud and haughty. It is sickening

to see his swells, and nabob airs. He had the meanness to reproach me with the obligation I was under to him, which absolves me from that feeling of gratitude I am proud to acknowledge toward all those who have aided me in the hour of need.

The Doctor began with comparisons between the two roads. "That is a dangerous place over Gauly mountain; Mr. Porter says he is going to build a stone wall, to prevent accidents," and Mr. Porter was going to do this, and Mr. Porter was going to do that, and it was Mr. Porter, every word; "Mr. Porter was going to establish a line of coaches to New Orleans, and Mr. Porter was a fine man, and Mr. Porter ought to be patronized, there is not such a man in the country!" They were well matched then. During his *Portering*, he received nothing but a silent nod, now and then, from the company. It appears that Mr. Porter had travelled with these mighty men of Mars, in his own line, to Staunton, that morning, and very likely he put the party up to take my seat, but he took care to keep his Porter-ship out of my sight; probably the seat was wanted for this same Mr. Porter, as they were such cronies—it was a pity to spoil such good company.

I should have mentioned a Mr. Fry, of Kenhawa county, Va., whom I met at the dinner-house. He is a son-in-law of Col. Donnally, of Kenhawa, a very pleasant young man. I was sorry we were compelled to part so soon.—He was on horseback.

It was late when we arrived at

CHARLOTTSVILLE,

though I had a tolerable view of the University, from the light of the moon. It stands on an eminence, near the road, a mile from the village, on this side, and is a town of itself.

I had some curiosity of my own to gratify, in visiting this seminary, to say nothing of the pleasure it would afford my friends. I had often been solicited to extend my travels to their beautiful seminary, and rather than dissappoint the public, I went over one hundred miles out of my way.

I arrived at the village, without being run through the body by Gen. Atkinson, or roasted on a grid iron by his holiness, Burnet—No thanks to their goodness, though I owe many thanks to Col. Piatt, whose politeness I shall never forget.

Next morning I addressed a note to the Principal of the University, apprising him of my arrival, and that I would be pleased to view the interior of the buildings, and obtain whatever information the faculty might think proper to communicate. The messenger was absent about two hours! and to my astonishment, brought back no answer! I saw, at once, the visit was not agreeable, and concluded something was wrong in the Institution, which they wished to conceal.

I ordered a carriage, to ride up and look at the place, still thinking that when they saw me, some of them would appear, and apologize at least. Meantime, I walked over to see the only Editor in the place, but he ranaway. I now began to quake, for fear of the seminary; but that the public might have something to peruse on the subject, I got into the carriage and drove off to the buildings, which is all that remains of the long and unremitting labor of Thomas Jefferson!!!

THE UNIVERSITY

consists of four rows of buildings, separated by three lawns, making a parallelogram, of 624 feet. The *centre lawn* is two hundred feet wide, running from north to south—two rows of buildings range on each side of this, as follows:—5 hotels (including the Proctor's dwelling) with 6 dormitories between each building, on each side of the lawn, making the whole on the centre lawn, ten large buildings, and with two dormitories extra, at each end—52 dormitories; these have a collonade from one end to the other! At the *north* end of this lawn, stands a large *rotundo*, of the Corinthian order, which, for skill and beauty, is supposed to be unequalled in the United States, or, perhaps, in the world.—The *west* lawn bounds the right row of these buildings, and the *east* lawn bounds the left. They are of the same length and breath as the *centre* lawn. On the outward edge of these lawns, from the two first rows of buildings, runs two more rows of buildings, which shut up the lawns. These last rows of houses consist of 3 hotels and 12 dormitories, each, making in the two rows, 6 hotels and 24 dormitories.

Each of these have a collonade in front, also, making, in the whole, one of the most striking displays of taste and skill, perhaps, in the universe.

RECAPITULATION.

EAST.

North. ROTUNDA. South.

1st.	Row of Buildings.
	Collonade.
2d.	*East Lawn.*
3d.	Row of Buildings.
	Collonade.
4th.	*Centre Lawn.*
	Collonade.
5th.	Row of Buildings.
6th.	*West Lawn.*
	Collonade.
7th.	Row of Buildings.*

WEST.

* This account was furnished by Mr. Miller, (now of Danville, Indiana) one of the architects, and a most gentlemanly man.

The various orders of architecture were ransacked to embellish this beautiful structure, viz: *Ionic*, *Doric*, *Corinthian*, and *Composite*, and the whole cost $345,000!!! The world must stand astonished to hear that this costly University has been completely overturned, by the treachery of the faculty through the Presbyterians, and at this moment is worse than nothing! A Presbyterian Priest has sat himself quietly down, in the midst of it, and rules the whole, as you shall hear.

The east side faces Charlottsville, and is bounded by a steep declivity, nearly a precipice, with just room enough for a carriage road to pass between it and the east row of buildings.

With a view of seeing the whole, I directed the driver to turn round the east front, taking the road just mentioned, and drive round the buildings, coming into the main road, on the west.

As he drove on, I kept my eye on the dormitories, while engaged with my pencil. I saw several shabby looking men peeping at me, from behind the columns of the dormitories, whom I took, from their dress and clownish looks, to be workmen, and of the lowest order. They rather slunk back, out of view, as I passed them, but the moment my back was fairly turned, they rushed out, and raised a most terrific yell, something like Indians when drunk, though much more hideous. This was done, as I supposed, to frighten the horses, and force them down the precipice, but they were easily managed by the driver, who kept them in the road.—Guess my astonishment, when the driver told me they were students.

I continued to drive round, slowly, and when I was about half way round the other side, the sa e army came running across the lawns, close by the President's house, and met me again, and again raised the yell; but no other persons appeared. As the noise was loud enough to alarm the whole neighborhood, there is not the least doubt but this was done by direction of the faculty! So much for the great University of Virginia! but the half is not told. That evening a large party of the students came down to the tavern where I put up, and rushed into the room where I was sitting. Some of these, however, were genteel young men, and through their assistance, and some of the citizens, who happened to be in, the rude fellows were put out of the house, and we spent the evening tolerably pleasant, though annoyed now and then, by the ruffians thundering at the door; and very often they would elude the bar-keeper, and come in through the bar-room, and were thrust out again. Poor Mr. *Carr*, one of the best of men, had a hard time of it; he boarded in the house, and devoted his whole time to me—he refused to be seated, and whenever the throng pressed upon me, I would find him close behind me. He was fatigued to death, turning these ruffians out of doors, and the landlord, much to his honor, paid every attention.

This was Saturday; the next day was all I had to spare—the stage leaving Charlottsville early on Monday, so that if I visited *Monticello* at all, it must be done on Sunday. Monticello is two miles from Charlottsville. The weather was exceedingly cold, and snow began to fall; but all this did not discourage me. The only difficulty was, whether any person could be found, hardy enough to face the storm, which appeared to be gathering. I happened to say something of the visit, generally, that evening, and in a short time received the following card, which ought to immortalize South Carolina and Georgia.

Col. B. T. Moseley, of Greensborough, Georgia, and Capt. C. J. Nixon, of Camden, South Carolina, present their compliments to Mrs Royall, and request the favor of her company, to Monticello, to-morrow. Mrs. Royall will please appoint the hour that may be convenient and agreeable to her feelings.

B. T. Moseley,
C. J. Nixon.

☞ We would be glad to know, immediately, whether we shall have the honor of your company, in order to make suitable arrangements.

B. T. M.
C. J. N.

Mrs. Royall, *Present.*

Thus, those noble young men ran away with the *laurels* of Virginia, whose son, my husband was, and who served his country the whole of our revolutionary struggle! But while I do justice to those chivalrous young men, I by no means withhold it from Virginia: Mr. Carr was transcendently kind, and devoted every moment of his time to me; so also was Mr. Stockton, the nephew of my friend of the same name, of Baltimore. He not only devoted his time, but offered his Stage and four horses to take me and my friends to Monticello. But the high minded South would hear of no compromise—they hired a Hack, and had every thing in readiness by nine o'clock, next morning.

But it was a severe undertaking, being still colder than the previous day, and the snow falling in a shower—I never flinched! It was now or never. The winter was advancing—spring was approaching, I had all the Southern States to visit, including New Orleans; and were I to stop for every snow, I should never accomplish my plan; and we set out, accompanied by Mr. R. A. Springs, a young gentleman, from York, S. C.

We kept the windows close, and being well wrapped up, we were quite comfortable.

We chatted gaily, and the gentlemen pointed out the different

farms and amongst them, that of the son-in-law of Thomas *Man* Randolph, a most delightful situation, and very romantic

We soon began to rise the mountain, the road passing over a most enchanting stream, which came rushing down the mountain side; we wound our way round the steeps, and gradually conquered them by sloping along their sides, these were bounded by deep vales, intermingled with piles of rocks, rounding hills, and lofty timber, these were again mingled with pines: but the snow began to fall so fast that we were unable to see before us, but the prospect must be one of the finest in the United States.

We approached Monticello, by a sloping pine ridge, the only accessible way to it.

Before we came in sight of the building we had to open a gate, and here we turned suddenly to the left, still pursuing the ridge.

At length we passed a *pine tree* at the root of which, lies the sage of Monticello! The place was enclosed to some distance round, perhaps an acre: it was a poor spot of ground, with a gentle slope; a few bricks lying loose upon the top of the ground, were pointed out to me at the root of the pine tree, "those bricks" said the gentlemen, "lie at the head of the grave, and are all that mark the remains of Jefferson!" He gave orders that no stone should be placed at his head. It was the burying ground of the family, enclosed by a low, rough stone wall, with a plain, neat gate at the upper end.

A short distance from this, is the summit of the mountain, upon which the Mansion stands.

As we draw near, its white lofty walls and magnificent windows, appeared through the trees which surround it. I was all eye, and turning my head to the left, I discovered the stable, once a pine building, on my right; the mansion being on my left. It was dropping down throughout, one of the corners had fallen some feet.

From the snow and our ignorance of the way, we had to quit the carriage some distance, and walk to the house, the doors in front and the end, we discovered were not used, and we walked on to the other front, and crossing the court, we knocked at a door which we found open, but receiving no answer, we walked in, and passing through a narrow passage, with a door on each side, both shut, we came to a third door on our left, which stood open, here we found a great coarse Irish woman, sitting by a tolerable fire in a neat room. This woman with her husband, (then absent) were put there to take care of the house: besides herself, there was a small child and a stout coarse girl—she offered us chairs, and being very cold, we coaxed her to have more wood laid on the fire, and the gentlemen apprizing her of our business she very readily agreed to show us the rooms for fifty cents.—This I was told was contrary to the orders of the proprietors.

who left directions that no stranger should pay for viewing the rooms. This female was not satisfied with this, but when I desired the little girl to bring me a few stalks of a beautiful tall green rush which embellished the shrubberies—she observed "poor thing, she had a good ways *till* go for it, and its very cold too"—I gave her 6 1 4 cents: the girl was ugly, and the woman uglier and sly, and palavering with all.

She first took us into the north front room, which is circular, and not very large: in this, stood a Bust of Mr. Jefferson taken in France, when he was young, and said to be well done: round the top of this room ran a gallery, leaving the centre open.—From this room we turned through a wide opening, south into the dining room: the dining room was small, octagon in shape, with windows from the ceiling to the floor, these were extensive and shed a great light. But the floor was a great curiosity, done in Mosaic, by Dinsemore & Nelson, it consisted of alternate,very bright brown wood, about ten inches, octagon shape, of a spruce or cherry color: this again was empaled with a narrow strip of white, I should think *boxwood*, the border is also octagon, and both of ivory smoothness—these are alternately checkered throughout. The sudden appearance of this novelty, and the brilliancy reflected from the large, long windows, thrown open to favor us with the light, filled me with surprise. There was no furniture in the room, with the exception of two massy pier glasses attached to the petition, one on each side of the opening into the round parlor. They were covered with gauze and nearly the size of those in the east room, but much better stuff—they go with the free-hold.

On the right of the dining room, we found the *sitting room*, where the family took tea: this was quite a small room, not larger than chambers of our day: the architecture of this room, for taste, variety and skill, was superior to any I ever met with; the ornamental part of the whole of the interior, including the mantle pieces, was new to me, though it was much plainer than I expected.

A door opened from the sitting room into a passage through which the dinner used to be raised from the kitchen, and thence conveyed along the passage into the dining room, this passage was narrow and dark, as were the one we entered at first; there were besides these, four rooms on the lower floor, two on the right and two on the left, those on the right were quite small to those on the left: one was the room in which Mr. Jefferson worked, which it appeared he did, from the appearance of the room, the impliments for working in wood, squares, &c. lying about the room—the one next to it, was Mr. Jefferson's chamber in which he died: this is kept shut—I saw the bed, however, through the window.

From this we went up stairs into the second story, which consists mostly of chambers, with low windows. The beds in these chambers were not placed on bedsteads, but in recesses made exactly to fit the beds, which were narrow, as appeared from the frames upon which they lay: these frames were about one foot and a half from the floor, and were still in the recesses, with buttons for the cords.

There are twenty rooms in the whole, including those on the lower floor.

The woman was unable to tell us which was the Library, but we supposed it to be a beautiful octagon on the second floor.—The architecture of this room was inimitably fine, with three circular windows at the end, of the first workmanship.

In the garret we found Mrs. *Jefferson's spinnet* partly broken, it was the first I ever saw, it has keys something like a piano, but it is much lower, and the frame not so large, and the shape of a harpsichord. It stood amongst heaps of slain coffee-urns, china ware, glasses, globes, chairs and bedsteads. The stairs in all cases were very narrow, and rather steep, but the marble hearths and the ornamental work of the chimney pieces, were very handsome and fresh. But there was not what we would call a large room in the whole. The beauty of the building however is greatly enhanced by the site upon which it stands, one is astonished at the lofty trees which have taken root and over-spread the surrounding ground: which, though on the summit of a barren mountain is a rich regular plain; the surface being removed and reduced to an even plain, and planted with trees by Mr. Jefferson many years ago, at an infinite expense: the whole comprises several acres of an oblong shape. The trees are of all sorts, very large and flourishing. It does actually look like enchantment, to see such an even, fertile plain, covered with tall trees, with a lofty mansion in the midst, upon the summit of a rugged mountain! The descent at all points except one (the way we went) is abrupt, and the view from it on a fair day, must surpass any view of mountain scenery in the State.* But unfortunately, it snowed so fast we were unable to see twenty yards—part of the summit appeared to have been a garden, but hardly a vestige of it remained. The day was so cold, particularly at Monticello, that my hands were so benumbed I was unable to write: from this cause, which I lament, my sketch of Monticello is very short and imperfect; but my own gratification was unspeakably great in seeing a place so celebrated. After walking *to* and *fro*, till we were almost frozen, we assembled once more round the fire, and the woman treated the gentlemen with some very indifferent cider, of which they merely tasted. But their providential politeness

* See Mr. Jefferson's letters, just published, for a description of the house.

surprised me: they had taken the precaution to put a bottle of wine in the pocket of the carriage, lest I might be chilled with the cold, and if I ever had drank wine, I should certainly have pledged those amiable young men, whose gentlemanly attention was beyond all praise.

They had the carriage brought to the door, and we returned on the opposite side from the one we approached.

I was told Mr. Jefferson's farm lay off some distance upon the side of the mountain, or perhaps the plain below: but I saw nothing of it. I understood that Monticello could be seen from Charlottesville on a fair day.

As we descended the mountain, we began to feel warm, and found a still greater change in the air when we reached the village.

A party of the students had been sculking round the tavern all the morning: but toward evening several gentlemen of the village called to see me, and amongst them some of the trustees of the University.

Meantime, the students increased to such a formidable number, that my friends were shewn into a parlor in the rear of the building, where we were supposed to be secure from the annoyance and the intrusion of the Students. This arrangement being made, and a guard placed at the door, the landlord came up to my chamber and led me down a private stair-case to the parlor. We had conversed but a few minutes, when the students discovering our retreat, forced the guard and the door, and rushed in, and the gentlemen at the risk of their own lives, and mine, bore me to my chamber; the ruffians pursuing us to my chamber door, shouting and yelling like Indians. The amiable Mr. Carr, who never lost sight of me, was one of those who conveyed me to the room; and after locking the door, they sat down as a guard, whilst the Ruffians thundered at the door to break it open; after a while they withdrew and returned again under the pretence of a committee who came to make atonement.

Meantime, a very decent young man of their number, but who deprecated their conduct, through the intercession of Mr. Carr and Carter, was admitted. He came, he said, to justify himself from all share in the outrage, and to aid in protecting me: he was a stout young man, the only decent Student from Virginia, except one: his name, if I do not mistake, is D. S. Morgan, of Richmond, Va. and quite a gentlemanly man. It was not long before his courage was put to the test: When the Students found their committee was treated with scorn, they wrote obscene sentences and pushed them under the door, these were thrown back, and they began to thunder against the door, and stamp and shout in the most insolent manner: while Mr. Morgan stood ready armed, with his chair raised over his head, to knock the first fellow

down who might enter—doubtless they were aware of his courage, as they like all others noisy cowards, never offered to break in. Toward dark the girl coming in with my tea, the door was obliged to be opened, and one of the gang thrusting in his head withdrew it suddenly, as he did not like appearances. Thus this noble young man redeemed the honor of Richmond. I hope the citizens will give him a dinner, and my friend of the *Whig* make a speech.

One insolent little tow-head, also of Richmond, came in upon parole, but he was soon turned out: he was an idiot. It is lamentable that parents do not have the prudence, when they are so unfortunate as to have such children, to keep them at home. I lost his name, but my friend Morgan can point him out.

Thus it has happened to the celebrated University (of vagabonds I was going to say) of Virginia! And the faculty have had the effrontery to apply to the legislature for more money I understood they were a parcel of low dissipated Englishmen, who, like so many gluttons, spend their time in gormandising—eating and drinking up the funds, and suffering the students to run wild. How true the first part of this is, I cannot say, as the faculty took care not to show their faces, but the conduct of the students goes far to confirm it.

Now that any man in his senses, would send his son to such a sink of wickedness, is astonishing: a gang of Pirates could not have behaved worse. The people of Virginia are to blame, that they do not seek into the conduct of this faculty; drive off the Presbyterian Priest, who is doubtless the cause of the whole; and the degeneracy of the Institution, is no doubt the effect of bribery.

I had some presentment of this, from seeing a little girl getting a lesson in a *Sunday School* book, in the morning, and upon enquiry, I learned they had Tract Societies, and a Godly Female Teacher in the village. These traitors, by the laws of the University, are excluded from having any thing to do with the youths; but agreeably to their general plan, have seized upon the females, the men will fall in of course: and there is little doubt in my mind, but the faculty are under the influence of a bribe, or brandy. The Presbyterians have the whole of Virginia under their thumb, as will appear in the end. Now, this Presbyterian Priest would just as soon have put his head in the fire, as to have poked it into this Univerisity when Jefferson was living; and if the Faculty are not bribed *why* is he there now?—If they were true to their trust, they would have kept this man away!

A liberal paper is printed here, merely to puff the Faculty, which they edit themselves. But self-praise is no praise, the paper is a hoax: compare the paper with the conduct of the

Students, what have *they* learned? Learned to be Ruffians. Do the people of Virginia wish their sons to become Ruffians? then let them send them to the University. So the vast sum of money laid out here, goes for nothing: this is exactly what the Presbyterians wish. They cannot succeed in tyranny if the people become enlightened; they have the whole of Virginia, and John Randolph, who makes such a noise abroad, must have slept at home: a fig for talents, when they are not used for one's country. This University (as the students from other States informed me) has been going down since the death of Mr Jefferson; and the citizens of Charlottesville endeavor to keep the thing a secret, lest it might cease to exist, and they might loose a few dollars—Alas! for America! that curse of all noble Institutions, self-interest, governs America.

I wished to prevent the faculty from succeeding in their application for money to the Legislature, then in session, (in order to give them time to become sober, and reflect upon their conduct.) I consulted with the few friends of virtue in the village, (for there are some) to whom I could trust an exposure of these facts. I had written an article stating the facts, with the proper references; and as the Legislature was sitting in Richmond, I wished the facts to appear there, and mentioned my doubts of Ritchie, as he had taken a Blue-skin partner. At the same time I mentioned the Whig, *I* was of no party, and we had always been friendly—"Oh send it to the Whig, Mrs. R.—send it to Pleasants", he is the man, he will publish it in a moment." I still had my doubts, and replied, "do you think he has independence enough?" "Oh, independence—yes, he is the most independent man in Virginia—I will be his security." I sent off the article to the Whig, but he proved treacherous: guess whether such a man can be relied upon. Instead of publishing the whole article, he merely turned it into a kind of jest, and included the whole in a small paragraph!! No wonder villainy prospers! No wonder Presbyterianism, with its Calvin terrors, have taken possession of the country, when the only safeguards we had, the *presses*, succumbs to them. The people of Virginia friendly, (though I believe they are few) to the University, who patronize the *Whig*, by comparison, may see the broken reed they lean on. It was not on my own account I wished the article published: it was for the benefit of the people, and it would take very little to induce me to believe that this same WHIG is a TORY, and true to no party; as the man who would screen a matter which effects the *vitals* of his country (which he pretends to befriend) is no better than a pick-pocket—as he receives the people's money, from the presumption, that he will at least discountenance riots, if he did not choose to promote education. I now challenge Mr. Whig to say if I did not refer him to respectable

men for the facts. His conduct therefore, in concealing and suppressing a matter of such importance to the people of Virginia, ought to cut him off from all confidence hereafter. Though nothing more than a mere traveller, influenced by no views but the general welfare of my country, I felt indignant at the impositions of this Faculty, as I believe the Trustees do not trouble themselves about it; they are beyond Trustees. And ought to cool the high tone of Virginia—that people not an 100 miles from the University was ignorant of its existence! No wonder such people boast: nor is it any wonder they are ignorant, when it is the interest of knaves to keep them so. Virginia is as perfect an aristocracy as ever existed, if the word means a government of Nobles, as this great State is ruled by two or three only. Had they, (but it is useless to reason with folly) I mean had Virginia one spark of that high mindedness of which she boasts so much, she would hurl this den of traitors to whence they came; and if they cannot procure an honest Faculty, or something like decent men, let it go vacant, and save their money and their youths from destruction. Why not put in Americans, good *Unitarians*? there are enough of these to be had: what was Mr. Jefferson but a *Unitarian*, a man that did more good in one day than every Presbyterian that ever lived.

With such samples as these before us, need we wonder that virtue and patriotism is crushed in our country; and the proudest feelings of independence swallowed up by corruption, which is creeping in, in fact has crept into every part of our government: nor have we any sure ground of hope while our system of Education is neglected: I say annihilated, and though a few virtuous men has been found, who dare step forward and unmask the frauds and swindling of infamous men; they have been opposed where we least expected: I mean the opposition of the Senate of the U. S. to Isaac Hill and A. Kendall. When we reflect that to this high example is added political trick and deception, in these discarded swindlers, entrenching themselves behind the American System, and the U. S. Bank, to return to swindling again, the people must be blind indeed, if they cannot see their danger. The fact is, we never had two more efficient men in our Departments than Isaac Hill and Amos Kendall. They are not only men of virtue, but men of sound principles; and what is infinitely more to the purpose, men of talent and skill: men eminently qualified to investigate the public accounts, and not only skilled in accounts, but possessed of fearless independence. Gen. Jackson deserves eternal honor for his judgment in appointing these men. It is a question whether their superiors in skill, virtue, and independence at this day exist in the United States I know theme well, and I know the frauds they have detected; and I know the honesty, industry and the earnestness with which they set about

reform. Hence, the outcry against Hill & Kendall, when those who had robbed the government, found with what untiring zeal these men followed up the chain of frauds: knowing their own guilt, and sure their turn would come next, they would run to a newspaper, always a Clay paper, and hurl a flaming fire-brand upon Hill & Kendall, in order to crush them before it would come to their turn to be exposed—Kendall was this, and Kendall was that: Poor fools, they might as well attempt to put out the light of heaven, as to stop such men from telling truth; and these are the facts, and I am astonished that Mr. Clay, as a gentleman, would own such a party The people, whether they know it or not, are under great obligations to Hill & Kendall. These *Peter Paunches*, of the Army and Navy, and many other portions of the government would probobly never have been detected, (though I often raised my voice against them) had it not been for these men, and by the way, if Henry Clay, as he seems to be on such friendly terms with these men, intends to ride upon their backs into the Presidential Chair, and re-place them in office again, his System may be an American System, but all I have to say is, that it is a very knavish System.

As for Kendall, I hope he may go on to the bottom of these frauds; and I am only sorry we have not an hundred Kendall's as well qualified to investigate the accounts of the government. It would be happy for the United States, if a few of our members of Congress had the same knowledge and independence. But these kind of men would not please the people. They wish their sons to be gentlemen, and an honest man would not take the sweet Tommy *Tit* into West Point* and the dear Billy Bully into the Navy. The American System is, do you do this for me, and I will do that for you; and as for any other System, it is all Fudge: every man for himself, and none for the People.

Amongst the gentlemen who called on me, were Messrs. *T. Davis*, *Jno. Garrett*, *Peter Sturdivant*, *John Thompson* and *J. F. Neal*, these were of the village, and are not surpassed by any men in Virginia, for high-mindedness, hospitality, or in any thing that constitutues the gentleman. Messrs. *E. T. & Johnson Rose* were of the University, one of these was a decent young man. Col *Nixon*, Capt. *Mosely*, and Mr. *R A. Spring*, were merely *law* students having received their education before, and probably this may be the case with some others. These young gentlemen were men of highly cultivated minds, and polished manners, and will doubtless figure in the future history of their country. *Nixon!* I thought the name familiar, and upon turning to my memorandum, I found I had once met with a friend in the

* I asked one of these Milk-sops one day, how he got into the Army? "Oh Mr. Livingston got me in: he is my friend—my friends vote for him, and he got me into West Point, and so I got into the Army."

person of *Henry G. Nixon*,four years since, at Saratoga Springs. This best of men divided the contents of his purse with me, when I stood in great need of such a friend. I pointed out the name to Col Nixon, and asked "if he were any thing to him?" "He was my brother"! Guess of the pl asure that rushed to my heart, which in a moment was changed to grief! upon enquiring for my friend, "he is dead"! the Col. replied*—we were both wrapped in mutual sorrow for some moments, and both strove to hide the bursting tear! But I beheld the same innocent smile, the same manly look, and the same mild, benign countenance before me. which adorned my friend. I met with him at the Pavilion, a large boarding house, at the Springs, which I have mentioned, he was the pride of his county! I would have given worlds to have seen him once more.

Besides these, *Charles Carter*, M. D. a very noble looking man called—he is descended from one of the first families in Virginia, of that name; also, *Dr. H. Braham*, a tall, fine looking man; *Wm. D. Fitch*, *Esq.* and Messrs. *V. J. Ferron*, *James R. Watson*, *C.* or *O. Norris*, *J. W. Sanders*, and *Mopen*, who, though he said little, did much.

Though my time was short, (two days) these gentlemen called several times, and are amongst the finest looking men in any country, much like those at Warrenton. Agreeably to my custom, I noticed them particularly; but through the fracas with the Students it was lost, to these may be added a Mr. *Boyd*, an Attorney; Messrs. *Carr* (likewise an Attorney) & *Stockton*, boarded in the same house, and deserve much credit for their unwearied attention; my duties and pursuits are so arduous and oppressve, at all times, that it generally takes two or three gentlemen to attend me, besides servants: these have a hard time of it, as many of them can vouch; but no one more so than the patient and mild Mr. Carr: he deserves not only all the books I may ever publish, but the thanks of his country. Let me want what I would, or look when I would, he was there: he is of middling size, with a round, fair face, and soft blue eye. Mr. Stockton soon broke down, and I dare say the landlord was laid up. My landlord and lady deserves much praise: he keeps the Stage house, and keeps it well, I lost his name—the lady is very handsome, and a very fine woman: he is worthy of patronage. There is another tavern in the village, where the *stages* of Mr. *Wm. Smith* stops: this is also a pleasant house—here I hoped to have met with the amiable Smith again, but that pleasure was denied me: but I trust we will meet again! I received from him a farewell letter, which for sentiment, *style*, *genius* and *elevated* thought, I have never seen excelled by any writer: I have preserved it as

*He fell in a duel, and I have since dropped a tear upon his grave! he was also of Camden, S. C.

a treasure, and may some day present it to the world as a specimen of the most touching effusion of manly feeling, ever penned. Charlottesville is most delightfully situated, in the midst of the richest mountain scenery, and the water the purest in the world; it contains from 800 to 1000 inhabitants. The University stands upon much higher ground, and the prospect from thence, while it is more extensive is still more beautiful.

Never was I more disappointed than with the reception I met with at the University, and shall ever think the Students were sent to way lay me, by these foreign bullies.

Before day on Monday, I left Charlottesville for *Lynchburg*, on James River, near the Blue Ridge, a place of considerable trade, and one I had long wished to see. Lynchburg is about 60 miles, a little west of south from Charlottesville.

This was the coldest morning I met with on my tour. It was clear, the moon shone bright, and the snow glistened, while the country we passed through was uneven, well timbered, well watered and thinly settled. When we stopped for breakfast, I found but little change in the weather, though the sun shone bright. A laughable scene took place at this house; no breakfast ready! nor any fire where it ought to have been—(the house was just opened) I curried favor with a little girl, by means which seldom fails—she brought out some cold meat and frozen hominy: I cut a ration of meat, and threw it on the coals, and calling for a skillet, threw in the hominy, and the coffee being soon ready, I made a delicious breakfast, holding the plate on my lap, by the *Bar-room* fire. and a noble fire it was. There were three men in the Bar room including the landlord, and a rough young man, who belonged to the house: these stared at me in astonishment, all however, held their peace and behaved civil, but the stranger; nor was he guilty of more than we often meet with—he merely asked my name and where I was going? I ordered him to be gone and attend to his own business, and he sneaked out—the rest where thunder struck. When I had breakfasted, the lady of the house walked in with some biscuit, but they came too late—she took up her child and stared at me while I staid. If she follows staring instead of cooking, she will not have much custom: upon looking about I found a Tract and a plan for establishing a *Bible Society*. I asked the young man how those things came there, he said "a travelling man left them"; "and do you believe in those things"? "No indeed said the youth, nobody cares for them here, nobody reads them"!

In a few hours after leaving the tavern, I found the country well improved, and the land more even, producing corn and tobacco; the day grew milder and rather cloudy: no one in the Stage but myself, till passing through a little town, a farmer looking man, and a Dr. *Cobb*, took their passage to Lynchburg. The

Dr. was dry, and "*sorta*," looked down upon me, till by degrees he amused himself—actually condescended to ask the man if I "was his mother."

At length from my remarks, (which you all know are copied from the Pink) the Dr. began to think I was *somebody*, and was very communicative; and as I am a female Pink, I felt bound to tell my name, with which it appeared he was very familiar.

From one thing to another, we slid into the subject of Missionaries, and modern *Priest-craft*. The Dr. agreed with me, that they were a money-getting crew, but acknowledged he "could not refuse his wife $10 now and then to spread the Gospel," though he did not give me one cent to pay for my dinner—he is one of the hen-pecked tribe you may know. Thus these sly robbers succeed through the women! What sort of men have we? they are nobody. If God wanted money, could he not make it! He could make money as easy I should think, as he made the world: What asses to be gulled in this manner.

We stopped to dine at a house in Amherst county, kept by one *Powell:* here I found cold comfort again, a cold dinner! without fire, and the fire nearly out in the Bar-room—no other room for us!

I found an old acquaintance at the Tavern, but alas! how changed: he met me at the door, I knew his face, (once the handsomest in the State) but did not recollect his name, it was *Bennet A. Crawford*, a relative of the former Secretary of the Treasury: he was yellow and bloated, and his once fine eye, (no longer fine) nearly sunk in his head, it was said he indulged————. I scolded Mr. Crawford about the fire, when he with the greatest good humor in the world, said "he was going on in the Stage," and so it appeared. I found this gentleman once lying in a Tavern, (which belonged to me at the time) unable to rise, and without a friend or servant. He was travelling, and taken ill, could go no farther: he was lying on his back, unable to help himself, and concluded he must die. I sent for a Physician—sent one of my own servants to him, with orders, never to leave him, night or day: sent him his breakfast, called often to see him, and in a few days he was well, and never was there a more grateful man, from that time forth, though I have not seen him for several years.

It was almost the first thing he mentioned: ah Mrs. R. I owe my life to you.

But the *dinner* and the *waiter!* the meat was cold, and the turnips was cold—who ever heard of cold turnips for dinner. But the waiter! he was a model—a negro, and looked as though he had just escaped from Mr. Clay's *war*, *pestilence* and *famine:* he was old, angular, ragged, and dirty; and withall, looked as though he were pinched by fairies every night. He had something on,

which had once been a coat, but was now hanging in ribbons, and covered with ashes: he had the collar of a shirt round his neck, as black as himself; his eyes were red, and sunk in his head—he might be taken for a skeleton. I asked his shriveled-ship if he could not warm the turnips, "he showed his teeth, and said "no missee, no fire": one of the passengers dined: the Dr. did not, and I paid 37 1-2 cents for the dinner! I think it is a trick of these Tavern-keepers to keep bad fires, that people may warm themselves by drinking. But they ought to reflect, that there are still a few in the United States who do not drink.

In a short time, with Mr. Crawford, we were in the stage, and under way. Mr. Crawford, being a lawyer, was bound to some of the neighboring counties to Court; he said but little, but the Dr's. tongue seemed as though it were fresh oiled: he had a keen eye, and was a small, business looking man, and had very much the appearance of a shaver.

The country was very uneven, but fertile, in many places we found good farms, and the whole was well watered and timbered. But what renders this road delightful, is the Blue Ridge, which grows more sublime, and more beautiful, as you draw near Lynchburg The peaks of Oater, which pierce the clouds, is very distinctly seen over-toping all the rest, and presents to the eye a picture of surpassing beauty. Its blue points of perfect symetry, seemed to move on in concert with us. I strained my eyes, till dark shut them from my view. It was not more than half past 8 o'clock when we arrived in Lynchburg, and upon enquiry I found I was to pass by the Bookstore of Col. North, my Agent. I had received a very favorable account of Col. North, in Richmond, and sundry other places, and pleased with his character: I was anxious to see him, and requested the driver to stop at the door. The gentleman enquired for Col. N. He was not in, "but his man Friday is here, just the same thing," said a fine looking young man, in the very spirit of careless good nature, as he walked slowly after us, apparently thinking of some-else, and picking his steps through the snow. Though I did not see his face, I was forcibly struck by the cheering melody of his friendly voice. "Mrs. R. is in the Stage," said Mr. Crawford—"and would be glad to see Mr. North": after this, we drove on to the Tavern, after throwing out the mail at the Post Office. When I was taken from the Stage, I was shewn up to a parlor, when a young man in a brown frock coat, followed me in: he had one of the most captivating faces in the world. I wanted water, he walked off and brought it himself—I wanted tea, he went off and ordered it—I being fatigued, cold and hungry, wished the tea brought into the parlor, this was done in a few minutes. I took the young man to be the Bar-keeper of the Tavern: he was all attention, and I felt myself in a paradise—the gentleman watch-

ing over me with studied care; and whom think ye was the gentleman, not the Bar-keeper, but *Friday* himself!

Before I was half done my tea, a fine, portly looking man, with a smile, came into the room, whom the young gentleman aforesaid, introduced as Col. North. He was another of nature's favorites, and I was as happy as a Queen. I asked Mr. N. "how he heard the news so quick," "this gentleman told me you had arrived," said the Col. pointing to my friend—he must have flown then, I thought. The kindness and attention f these gentlemen, gave me a favorable opinion of Lynchburg, and after chatting some time with Maj. North, the prince of good fellows: I retired, but Friday, or Capt. *Phelps*, though he said little, seemed to anticipate my wishes. The value of such men will never be known. In all this time, I had seen none of the family.

Daylight disclosed one of the richest pictures of scenery and activity, doubtless to be found in Virginia! In point of scenery, it is far beyond Richmond, and very little behind it in business. I had understood it was a place of considerable business; but of all the travels, and other notices of this part of Virginia, I never heard a word on the beauty of the scenery, the most rich, and varied, within the same bounds, of which any town in the Union can boast. Lynchburg is situated on James River, the land on which it stands, ascends from the water's edge, at first gradual, then more abrupt, and finally terminates on an elevated plain, or table land. From this summit, you have a view unequalled, either for grandeur or beauty. A smooth broad river rolls at your feet, and again, the opposite shore presents an abrupt, high Bluff, with huge rocks, of terrific wildness, and terminates in smooth conic hills, beyond which are seen farms and houses. Again, up the river, the wildest hills and ledges of rocks, run up to the river's edge, and beyond all, the Blue Ridge! The banks of the river are lined with towerirg trees; the enormous Sycamores, with their out-streached branches: to this we may add, freight-boats, the skiming wild duck, farms and pleasure grounds, falling gardens, rolling carts, rattling stages, thundering wagons, and a busy multitude; the long warehouses, the gay shops and elegant buildings presents a most life-stiring scene.

Though the town stands on ascending ground, the principle streets, which run parallel with the river, are level, and from every street, the scenery changes from the river to the summit of the hill; every alternate street brings new images into view, which grow bolder till you gain the top of the hill, when the whole Magazine is spread out before you. What distinguishes the scenery of Lynchburg, from any I have met with is, that such a number of images are drawn within so narrow a compass. The rough, the smooth, the sublime and the beautiful are thickly mingled, and combines every catalogue of the picturesque, and

the fanciful. Whether we regard the boldness of the figures, or the variety they assume from different points, it certainly is the most finished picture of spontaneous, or studied beauty, to be met with, perhaps in the world; and appeals most powerfully to the feelings! and yet this heavenly spot is cursed with the tenor of our land Priest-craft and Missionaries!!! But I will try to be patient—one has no pleasure, even in the works of nature, for those hideous monsters. But there are a few choice spirits yet, in Lynchburg, in defiance of *Moloch* and his black band. Maj. *N. North*,* and Capt. *Phelps*, are of this number. Major N. is a stout, whole soul man, neither very old or young, his face is fair, and features handsome, with a prominent blue eye, beaming with human kindness: his countenance is open, and gay, and his manners are eminently so. He is a bookseller, and one of the best salesmen I have seen, not excepting Grigg, of Philadelphia. He is a great Jackson man, and alike flowing in politics and conversation. His favorite expression was, on the success of General Jackson, "ah Mrs. R we gave them a home shot between *wind* and *water*"—and *Hayne* he said, "hung to Webster like a Bull-dog"—ah! "said North," don't you see how he *shakes* him! ah, he is the boy.

Like the boy telling his story, I detail things as they occur, and Capt. Richard Phelps, my favorite, alias Friday, comes next. He is in mein and manners, all that we could wish or expect from human nature: modest, mild and winning, while his countenance is the mirror of benevolence and honor. These, as I said, called the night of my arrival: next day the calls were numerous; but the first party consisted of Messrs. Fowler, Christian, Capt. Norvell and brother, Mr. Brown and several other gentlemen, making a complete semi-circle round the fire

It uniformly happens, that some hardy fool slips in with the crowds who visit me. These are a species of the creation that think the whole world fools, and they, alone, the only wise ones; and whenever a signal opportunity offers (such as the present, for instance,) of displaying their superiority, they are sure to avail themselves of it, and as these simpletons are in all places, I always expect them, and never fail to punish them. Therefore as soon as the party is seated, wherever I am, I glance them hastily over, and mark these men out at once, so that the impostor is detected, before he is warm in his seat. This happened to be the case on this day—I fixed my eye on one of these *Tom-tit's*, determined to silence him, at once, if he opened his mouth. His name is John D. Urquhart, Esq, an old bachelor and an attorney!! Keeping my eye on this Tom tobacco cuff, I entered into conversation with the gentlemen, about the state of the weather, my tour, and such common topics—meantime Mr. *Onequart*, as

*I have mistaken for Col.

he is called, was fidgeting and broiling, that no opening occurred for him to display his fine talents; at length, seizing a pause in the conversation, he made some remark upon something dropped by myself, which drew upon him a reply that would have induced him to be silent, but for the emptiness of his noddle Finding that now was his time to immortalize his name, by confounding me, before the party, and raise himself to the pinnacle of excellence; without profiting by experience, he raised himself more erect, hemmed, once or twice, spit, and cocked his eye at me, and gave, oh! ye god's, it was a *downsetter.*

I have no time, it is well known, to waste with such persons, and being well pleased with the party, I rid myself of him at once, and we had the room to ourselves. But the astonishment of the gentlemen was no little, not that I discovered his failings, but that I discovered them so quick; and as I intend to season the article on Lynchburg, with this Solomon, we will have it now. Mr. *Onequart* is neither very pretty nor very ugly, but very proud, very empty and very little above an ideot. His face was a triangle, and touched with the *toper*—he belongs to the temperate society. I saw him often afterwards, and between his rage and his temperance, he reminded me of a gobbler upon the eve of an engagement with a red petticoat. He always looked wonderous wise, squinted, and strutted, *beautifully* silent. He is of ordinary size, and no manners at all. I was told he was very eccentric, which, it appears, is another name for a simpleton.—But I must not let him off yet. He was nick named Onequart from the following circumstance—when he went to swear in as a lawyer, the clerk of the court, being rather gurrulous, and a little deaf besides, told him to lay his hand on the book, which he accordingly did. "What is your name?" "John D. Urquehart!" "Say after me, I *John D. Onequart!*" "My name is not Onequart, it is John D. Urquhart, "Well, say after me, I, John Onequart!" "My name is *not* Onequart, Sir!" "Well, what the d——l is your name then!" said the clerk, out of patience.

After he began to practice, being at a county court, his horse happened to be put up with some calves, one night, and next morning, when the horse was brought out, it appeared that the calves had chewed all the hair off his tail, leaving nothing but the naked bone, and he had another name clapped on him, by the wags; this was the "*rat-tail lawyer.*" He and the bar-keeper, the cleverest fellow of the two, whom I also had the honor to offend, put their heads together to be revenged, and wrote a long paragraph about me. (well written, truly) They spent a whole afternoon upon their knees, piously inclined, withal, selecting verses from the *Bible* to illustrate it. When the paper came out, the business was how to get it delivered, and there was another long secret debate, and finally they waited till it was dark, and then

stole up softly to my chamber-door and laid it down outside. I was told, for I never read any thing that comes in that manner, that it consisted mostly of verses out of the Bible—they were both of the Bible Society.

But to return to the company—Capt. John E. Norvall, originally from the *Grampian Hills*, in Scotland. I had had the pleasure to see him in Washington City. Capt. N. is, in size, middling, and quite a young man, of good features, with a most expressive black eye, as soft as the silent dew, and his manners every way engaging. There are several of these Norvalls, who bear strong impressions of the noble stock from which they are descended.

George E. Norvall, not yet twenty years of age, is a lofty figure, with a loftier soul. His face is a paragon of manly beauty, with a mild, black eye, and a countenance calm as the smooth sea—his manners are easy and graceful, and he is over six feet in height.

Henry I. Brown, Esq., I think an attorney, is also a young man, of good height, and neat figure, with fine oval features and brilliant grey eye, of much expression; certainly the finest eyes in the world, and a keen, intelligent countenance. His manners are polished and refined, and he is the very soul of philanthropy.

S. H. Brown, Esq , brother to the former, is a young man, and a stout, noble figure; in other respects the counterpart of his brother. He is also an attorney.

Charles W. Christian, Esq. is a child of the *Muses*, and quite a youthful looking man. He is of great size, with strongly marked features, and an eye fixed, serene and steady, with a countenance indicative of mind and genius—his address is artless and modest. With proper encouragement, Mr. C. bids fair to figure in the literature of his country; but he will never do this until clerical tyranny is put down, as they gripe every dollar they get sight of.

R. H. Towler, Esq. edits an opposition paper, I think the Virginian. Mr. T. may be called the Adonis of Lynchburg! he is likewise a young man, of a light figure, and middling height, with inimitable features, of the Greecian cast. His countenance is keen and intelligent, yet mild and suasive, and a most penetrating eye. He is a man of high literary attainments, and to all this he unites the most amiable disposition and manners.

John Victor, Esq. is a son-in-law of Dr. Tilden, whom I saw at Winchester, from whom I had a letter of introduction to Mr. V. He is a plain, middle aged man, pale-faced, and very distant in his manners; but he was religious—keep me from such a religion. He has a sensible look, however, and has the honor of being one of the committee for supplying Lynchburg with water, from James river. The plan was one of great enterprise, and

will immortalize the name of Victor; a name not unaptly applied from the victory he obtained over nature, in forcing her to yield to his talents and industry. He is a stout man, a little bald, and though a man of few words, has a shrewdness of countenance very peculiar. I shall speak of these water works in the statistics

John Sheperren, Esq. is of Prince-Edward county, Va, and called with the other gentlemen. Mr. S. is a very promising young man, a tall, elegant figure, with a fair, handsome face, intelligent countenance, and of easy, unaffected manners.

Charles L. Mosby, Esq. is an attorney of Lynchburg. He is likewise a young man, and has a very interesting appearance—he is rather a small man, with a most pleasing countenance, and affable in his deportment. I was much pleased with Mr. M., he possesses the very milk of human kindness.

John M. B Stevens, Esq. is of middling height, rather young looking, and good size. His face is fair, with a fine eye, and great benevolence of countenance—he is a polite, refined, and very pleasant man. These upland Virginians are all princely fellows, where they are untainted with the bigotry and hypocrisy ot sectarianism.

Melville Tolbot, Esq. is a young man of very captivating appearance, of middling height, and light make. His face is round, fair, and pleasing, with a brilliant blue eye.

But my beaux, George Whitlock, Esq. deserves particular notice. He was the only gentleman who ventured to address me without an introduction—he has been three times married, and is now a widower, looking out for a fourth wife!! He certainly is fortunate in getting, as well as getting rid of, his wives—but I was *too old* for him, and I thought he was *too old* for me, and so we split—but perhaps he was discouraged, from seeing me surrounded by so many handsome young men. Be this as it may, he made no proposals, though I cannot tell what a few days more might have brought about, as he was particularly attentive—he is not so old, either, and has an arch eye. It is said he is very rich, and a great ladies-man; I can vouch for his gallantry. It seems the widows are shy of him, and his only chance is amongst the *old maids*, if he can come round the priests, as it seems *they* have, in mercy, appropriated this forlorn class of females to themselves, to work for pious young men, a very charitable plan, by the way.

Anothe *Norvell*, appears next in my notes, probably a brother of those already mentioned, this is Lafayette N. Norvell, a youthful looking man, of sweet manners, round, handsome face, genteel figure, and a very sensible black eye.

Woodville Latham, Esq., also one of the *choice spirits*, is likewise young, with genteel, easy manners, and a most amiable man.

Another gentleman, I find of the same name, Robert Latham, probably a brother, is an attorney, tall and manly in his person, a very young looking man, with a handsome face, and mild black eye. His countenance is studious, and his manners distant and dignified—he formerly edited the Virginian.

Dr. M. G. Lynch appertains to the family whence Lynchburg took its name. He is another of your whole-soul men, with the gentleman stamped on every feature of his face. In his person the Doctor is finely shaped, with manly, prominent features, and a blue eye of melting softness. His manners are genteel and insinuating, and he is every way, a pleasant man.

But Dr. Lambeth, he took me by storm—he had just read one of the Black Books, and the article on missionaries pleased him so well, that he could not contain himself, and seeing my carriage pass by his house, (the saucy rogues, they all know me) he rushed out and took me by the hand, "that's right, Mrs. Royall, stick to it, they never had their own till you took them in hand, you gave them what they deserve ; I wish we had more."

But enough, I found several, in fact, all the *well informed* people in Lynchburg, despised these robbers, but lack independence to expose them, and I was told my own dear North, suffered these religious thieves to steal his wife ; I wonder at women: but to resume. Dr. William L. Lambeth is a young, sprightly, intelligent man, refined and polished in his manners, and no quack, by the way. He is a light figure, with a thin, keen, oval face, and the sharpest black eye in nature—his fine, open countenance is graced with an arched brow, and benevolence shines in every feature of his face—he is a most charming companion.

Mr. Bridges was amongst those who called, and is quite an interesting young man.

Mr. F. F. Bowen was one of my favorite Yankees, though long a resident of Virginia, and has taken to himself a wife of the Old Dominion. Mr. B. is a stout, youthful looking man, well made and handsome in his person—his fine, manly face beams with true Yankee benevolence, and he is much esteemed.

Capt. G. B. Tate also ranks among the polite part of society. He is a good looking, thin visaged man, with a sensible countenance, and showy, friendly manners—he is kindness itself.

William M. Lambert, Esq. is a young looking man, of good appearance. His face is wan and visage thin ; his manners pleasing, and his countenance bespeaks him an amiable and worthy man.

It will be asked why so few of an opposite character appear in my travels—the answer is plain. Mean people, and particularly the pious ones, take care to keep out of my sight. They have not the reins of curiosity always at command, however; for instance, Mr. *Onequart* : besides him, one of the Church and

State men, evidently sent as a spy, was sculking round me for some days, and hearing (as I suppose) that I could tell them by their looks, he, or somebody prompted for the purpose, suggested the question, doubtless, which was put to me by a friend, while in the *Post Office*, in the presence of about a dozen persons, viz: "Are there any Prebyterians present, Mrs. Royall?" "There is one!" I replied, pointing at the same time to the canting, shaved-headed, long-faced Presbyterian, by the name of *Sanders*. "How can you tell, Mrs. Royall?" "By the mark of the beast!" He was the picture of Mr. Clay's "War, Pestilence and Famine," with gallows standing on his face, and a dagger in each eye. It was the first time independence ever made a stand against religious despotism, in Lynchburg; those moneyed tyrants have crushed every thing like liberty in this flourishing town, and the citizens begin to feel their iron-hand. They are getting the commercial and mechanical business into their hands, and are using every means whereby they can force the money out of the hands of those who are not so besotted, as to yield to the dominion of the beast; so that people must sell their conscience or starve.—One instance of this occurred while I was in Lynchburg, which ought to open the eyes of the citizens, if indeed, any thing but fire and faggot can, for it really does seem as though the people were spell bound.

Dr. Cabell, well known as one of the first men in Virginia, both for talents and virtue, (much to his honor, edits a paper in Lynchburg) had the politeness to annouuce my arrival; this was done in nothing more than a style which every gentleman owes to himself, and the liberty of the American press. This gave great offence to the godly folks: *listen Americans!* and rally round your liberty, before it be wrenched from you by these traitors. One of these traitors, (there might have been an hundred for aught I know) a Rev. Episcopal Priest, by the name of Smith, if I remember, stepped up and took off his name from the subscription list to the paper!! This proves what these religious traitors would do, if they had the power, for they are all alike—this scorpion did not stop here. He was heard to say, "I ought to be discountenanced throughout the country." Is this fellow a Christian? No! he is worse than an Arab—he would disgrace the Inquisition, for that springs from a despotic government. But for *any* man, of *any* class, in this republican government, thus openly to preach the language of the most ferocious barbarian, and one of his cloth, proves him not only a base hypocrite, but a brute. How did I interfere with this man, or any of his flock? Did my travelling through the country concern him, more than a drove of hogs or horses would? did it take any of his piety from him? did it deprive him of a dollar, or a loaf of bread? if he was religious, was he not religious still? did I not leave him in posses-

sion of every thing he owned? "Oh yes! but other people took me in, and fed me, and clothed me—the weather was cold and freezing, it was the dead of winter, therefore these people ought not to have done so, I ought to have been shut out of doors without food or raiment." Is this vile hypocrite a christian? is he a man? does he come up to the humanity of a savage?—thus preaching the mild, charitable religion of Christ, in one breath, and in the next, breathing the language of h—l, language that would disgrace the halter, and yet women run after this monster. People must be stark blind, to be imposed upon by such monsters of hypocrisy. The midnight assassin stabs you in the dark, but this he does in his real character; but this fellow, in the face of day, under the cloak of religion, that religion which condemns the act he is guilty of, dares to assassinate (for it is susceptible of no other construction) body, soul, and character at once.—When they gain a sufficient number of converts, these fierce barbarians, I fancy, will not be backward in stopping our breath, as well as the press Can people be gulled by such inbred ruffians, as those who would deprive us of life and liberty, will the people slumber forever? This was the most insolent Episcopalian I ever met with; and what was the consequence? Several gentlemen who were standing by, when his holiness took off his name, stepped up and put their names on, to his mortification.

I hope the day is not distant, when these traitors may meet the fate of all traitors, that is, the fate of Heman of old—the people cannot endure it much longer. Had this man been moderately civilized, to say nothing of his duty as a Christian, he would have called on me, as other respectable men did, with the least of whom he was unworthy to rank Let this man's origin be traced back, and it will be found that he sprung from the refuse of creation—my country, take *warning* from the act of this man.

As for the Presbyterians, they know me of old; they kept close, excepting the shaved-head Sanders, and a red nosed tract man (every one knows him—suppose he belonged to the temperate society) who kept a tract store, and they shook from fear and sculked off.

Having mentioned Dr. J. Cabell, of Lynchburg, it remains only to say, that this celebrated man is a brother of Dr. George Cabell, of the same place, sometime deceased. The fame of both these gentlemen has reached distant countries. Dr. George, was one of the best looking men of his day. Dr. John is an elderly, tall man, with a round face and dark complexion—his eye is a soft grey. He ranks high as a gentleman, and physician, and is one of the most benevolent men living He goes the whole for Gen. Jackson, and certainly is a man of untold worth. He is said to possess a large fortune, and has done more good in one year, than every priest since the creation, though he belongs to

no society, excepting the very small one of honest men—but take notice, there are no priests among them. How these priests have deranged my pen; see how they have led me astray—so they do all women, but me! I have a particular antipathy to priests—I mean those *money-loving*, *women-loving* priests, and the moment one comes athwart me, I never stop till I run him off.

Mr. David N. Edes is a gentleman of very pleasing manners, and most agreeable figure. His features are round, full, and regular, with a fine black eye.

Messrs. Murrel, Post Master, Warrick, brother of my old fellow traveller, (same name) and Walker, were "*pretty tolerably clever*," though I thought the Post Master leaned a little to Presbyterianism, or some other ism, not to the men, but toward the ladies, which appears to be so wholly attached to the black-coat gentlemen, that he may lean back again, though he were to die a bachelor.

John A. Wharton, Esq. is one of the Editors of the Jackson paper. He is a young looking, pleasant man, rather handsome, though somewhat wan.

Messrs. Francis Merriweather, M. D. and D. J. B. Davees, the latter from Bedford county, Va. were nephews of Dr. Cabell, (and very politely introduced by him) and gentlemen of the first standing in Virginia. Mr. *Davees*, is a young, stout, handsome man, fair complexion, and fine black eye: of much intelligence, and of highly polished manners. Dr. Merriweather, is also a very amiable man, of easy manners, and a fine fair face.

Nor was I less pleased with William Dickenson, also from the county, one of your right down plain, but noble, warm-hearted men, and a good fellow to boot. I would not give him for as many of the Episcopal Priests as would pave the road to Washington City—well done Virginia! They did not forget by the way, I was the widow of one of their son's. I was liberally patronized by all—but the religious people. Where were they? Where was their Christian charity? Like the Priest and the Levite of old, they kept a great way off

M. W. Davenport, Esq. is represented to be a genteel, light figure, with a thin visage, keen countenance, and lively dark eye: I cannot say of what place he is.

W. C. Frazer, from Eastville, or some such place, (no matter for names) is a very gentlemanly, affable man, round, good features, and very fine black eye.

E. Douglass, Esq. is a *Yankee*, so it seems, and a fine fellow too.

I find a Mr. *Coy*, which I must have met at this place. He is represented to be a very interesting man; also, *G. R. King*, Esq. of Louisiana, whom I must have met here also, though I have no recollection of either. I find him mentioned as a gentleman. Be-

sides these, a countless number called; and I also saw at a good distance, a few of the *Dick Dolefuls*, and their good friends the *Jenny Dismals*.

But unexpectedly, I met with Col. *Leftwich*, the son of Gen. Leftwich, of the last war; also, my old acquaintance, Mr. *Dibrell*, and Judge *A. Taylor*, of Staunton. Col. L. is a stout, noble figure, and a very gentlemanlike man: his face is full and manly, and complexion dark, with an arched brow, and fine, full hazle eye: his manners are polished and familiar.

Mr D. I had often met in various parts of the United States: he is cousin to the celebrated Dr. Fearn, of Alabama. Mr D. is a small, honest, upright man, but never saw him in my life, but he was very *ill*, in his imagination only. Judge Allen Taylor, the Chancellor from Staunton, I have been acquainted with 30 years! he was once a very large, and always an amiable man:—But I found him now reduced to a skeleton, from ill health. Hon. Judge Daniels, of the General Court of Virginia; and another Judge, I forgot his name, the one with the *long stringy* nose, and Counsellor James Risque, have their residence in Lynchburg.—I addressed a note to his Honor Daniels, from respect for his cloth: but he neither called, nor did he reply to the note! I remarked, "the Judge must be a Blue-skin"—"Oh no, but his *wife is*": this was enough, and being one of the *hen-pecked* unfortunates, I leave him to his fate, for God knows it is punishment enough. Counsellor R was from home: I saw his house, it sat on a high Bluff, and looked like an old Barn: he is a first rate Lawyer and Counsellor—always poor and said to be Bad pay. I had the pleasure of knowing this gentleman some years since.*

He was from home, or doubtless he would have been *happy* to have renewed the acquaintance. There are fifteen Lawyers and eighteen Physicians in Lynchburg.

LADIES.

The Ladies of Lynchburg—the few I saw, are very handsome, but spoil themselves by laying on ten times as many curls upon their head as the fashion requires. Mrs *Bowen*, is a beautiful woman, and two of her *sisters* are little behind her: they were highly accomplished, and Miss Sarah sings and plays delightfully—she played my favorite tune, Miss McLoud, most of the time. These were the handsomest females I met with in Virginia; several of the town ladies called, very pretty women,

* I have since understood, his daughter, who is a niece of Governor Clark's wife, the General Indian Agent, at St. Louis, has bent her course to St. L.—Another charge to the Government, and perhaps in the end, marry one of the Officers: So it seems all Clark's relations to the hundredth cousin are in clover! But stop a little, Clark will not dupe his friends much longer.

of whom I recollect only the names of Mrs. *Johnston*, and Mrs. *Dunnington*. Nor must I forget the kind and polite attention of my landlord, (and lady) *R. Morris* of the Franklin Hotel, where I put up—Mr. Morris, reared a gentleman, and once a wealthy man, is now by his good nature, reduced to keep a Tavern: he keeps a good house, has very attentive servants, and richly merits the patronage of the public. I find too, I have noticed a worthy and respectable colored man, a Barber, *Clayburn Gladman;* I am under particular ob igations to his polite attention, as a servant: he lives at the house, is a gentleman in his manners, and deserves the patronage of the public.

It only remains to notice a few of my relations, who live in Lynchburg, and are hopefully converted: one is a Mr. *Wm. R. Roane*, a grand nephew of my husband, a great fool—was once rich, and is now not worth a cent: he belongs to the Temperate Society. Mrs. *J. Royall*, (my name-sake) and her sister, a Mrs. *Holcumb*, if I recollect; these were second cousins of my husband It will hardly be credited, that these ladies' who never had an opportunity till now, did not call on me! See the effect of modern Priest-craft! it destroys every noble feeling, and even human nature itself, and changes those who are cursed with it, into Demons, cannot be denied. I had never seen those females, and for my husband's sake, I should have been pleased to have seen them. But it was their place to call on me. I was told that the whole of them were rank thorough-going Presbyterians. Now to take them on their *own* ground—I was a Heathen: these Presbyterians rake the earth for money, to convert the Heathen as they *say*. Why did these people not come and convert me: why did they not at least make the attempt! No, the vile *hypocrites*, they never came near, while the *wicked*, the *infidels*, as they called those who were administering comfort and kindness to me, and furnishing the means of protecting me from the cold, and pursuing my journey. Where were these Godly folks! who was neighbour to him that fell amongst thieves? Can there be stronger evidence of the deceit and hypocrisy of their whole scheme; and these would go to Church and turn up the white of their eyes, and make a long face, and a long prayer! does that feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or administer comfort to the sick, the poor and the prisoner. I wonder the earth does not open and swallow them! It is very clear they do not believe in a God: they are the only infidels I know of

From this it appears that civilization flies before this monster, Priest-craft! The father of these women, Col Royall, of Amelia, was an enlightened, and accomplished gentleman: served his country honorably in the State Legislature, and in Congress some years back, and gave his children a fine education; and see the havoc, bigotry and hypocrisy has made of his noble race,

the first people of the country. What are they now? I was told poor, simple, gloomy bigots!

I saw a son of Mrs. Royall's: he had not the politeness to call on me; I met with him at the Water Works, where some of the company introduced him: he was a little larger than a full grown Babboon, and grinned at me very good naturedly He was handsome enough however, but very simple. The Presbyterians carry the day in Virginia—so that John Randolph, and the rest of her Statesmen, have little to boast of. But these are the people who boast the most. The celebrated *Phillips* has drawn the character of these people, with a master's hand. Speaking of those terrorists, a name that befits the Presbyterians well—he says, in general, a bigot "is a wretch whom no philosophy can humanize! no charity can soften—no religion reclaim—no miracle convert, a monster, who, red with the ires of hell, and bending under the crimes of earth, erects his murderous divinity upon the thrones of sculls, and would gladly feed upon a brother's blood." These people would doubtless drink the blood of us heretics, as they are pleased to call the only class of men and women too, who have a spark of humanity left.

STATISTICS.

Lynchburg is a Post Town, in Campbell county, Va. situated on the south side of James' River, one hundred and twenty miles west of Richmond, and one hundred and thirty west by north of Petersburg, latitude 37 18, north. Population at this time, about 6000. This town was established by an act of the Virginia Assembly in 1786, and was incorporated in 1805, and at this time contains—

11 Stores,	18 Dry Good Stores,
41 Grocery Stores,	3 Apothecary Stores,
3 Auction Stores,	5 Millenary Stores,
3 Confectionary Stores,	3 Tin & Copper Smith Shops,
1 Brass Foundry,	3 Shoe Stores,
3 Hat Stores,	2 Book Stores,
2 Bible Societies,	1 Tract Society,
3 Ropewalks, (or works)	5 Saddler's Shops,
6 Taylor's Shops,	7 Shoemaker's Shops,
3 Chair Factories,	3 Coachmaker's Shops,
3 Cabinet Warehouses,	1 Gun Smith's Shop,
2 Printing Offices, each publishes a semi-weekly paper,	2 Banks,
2 Methodist Churches,	1 Presbyterian Church,
1 Reformed Methodist do. Church very splendid,	2 Baptist do.
A Masonic Hall,	1 Episcopal do. a very fine building, and has a large Organ,

A Court House, and a large Bell attached to it; a Stone Jail,

supposed to be the best in Virginia, and equal to any in the U. S.; 7 Tobacco Warehouses, which inspect annually, from 15,000 to 18,000 hogsheads, each weighing 1500 lbs. This is the largest Tobacco Inspection in the United States!!! They export annually, from 25 to 30,000 barrels of Flour.

The produce is conveyed in Batteaus, from this to Richmond, upon an average of 9000 lbs. varying according to the height of the River. There is about 500 Batteaus employed between this and Richmond, which keeps about 1500 hands employed. There are 2 large Manufacturing Mills. The Messrs. Langhorne's are about erecting one on a much larger scale, than any in the upper county; they purchased their water power of the Corporation, (taken from the Water Works) It owns besides, 1 Carding Machine; 1 Powder Magazine; 1 Toll Bridge across James River, 225 yards wide There are 15 Tobacco Manufactories, which employ from 4 to 500 hands.

The merchants of Lynchburg, purchase 10,000 head of hogs, principally drove from the States of Kentucky and Ohio!!!— Lynchburg is most happily blessed by nature: much as I have travelled, and re-touched again and again, the fine scenery of the Hudson river, the Catskill of N. Y. and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, which last, perhaps, is more sublime, yet must yield in the beautiful, the wild, and the romantic, to the Scenery of Lynchburg! and to crown the whole, the Peaks of Oater, (which are in Bedford county) are seen to rise in sharp blue points, almost perpendicular 4000 feet, they are the most elevated heights in the United States, south west of the Catskill Mountains. On the north side of the town, there is a beautiful view of the Tobacco Row Mountains. In short, those azure heights, and sinking vales, the frowning rocks, and fruitful fields, the flowing river, the lofty trees, the subtle gardens, and the magic streets, carries the mind away with pleasure! and yet this garden spot of Virginia, has remained in obscurity, unnoticed and unsung. I hope some traveller, allured by its beauty, may chance to stray this way and finish the picture my feeble pen has vainly attempted to sketch!

There is a good Turnpike road from this to Salem, Va. But the Water Works is the pride of Lynchburg, and I may say, honorable to the State, and though the ground was covered with snow, I spent most of my time in riding through the town, and no small share in viewing the Water Works, mentioned in a previous page.

LYNCHBURG WATER WORKS

were commenced in 1826, under the superintendence of a committe of the Town Council, called the Water Committee; *Albert*

Stein, Esq. Engineer. The water is raised from a pump-house, on the margin of the river, to a reservoir, 245 feet above the surface of the water in the river, a distance of 2000 feet! The pump is a double forcing pump—diameter of the pump barrel, nine inches—it operates with a stroke of the piston, of four and a half inches—by a breast water wheel, 17 1-2 feet diameter; length of buckets, 8 feet. Under a useful head of water of 7 feet 9 inches, and fall of 2 feet 6 inches, the water is raised thro' cast-iron pipes 7 inches in diamter from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch thick, varying according to the degree of pressure they have to sustain. The weight of water on the piston by the pump, is about 8000 lbs.—makes ten strokes a minute, and raises into the reservoir 10,000 gallons of water per hour. The leading, main pipe from the reservoir to the principal street, is 8 inches in diameter; the pipes of conduit through the different streets, are three and four inches in diameter, all of cast-iron.—At the intersection of each street and alley, fire plugs are erected; and so great is the head of water, that with the use of hose it can throw over the tops of the highest houses, without the aid of an engine. The reservoir contains upwards of 300,000 gallons of water, and is divided into two apartments. The water is thrown into A, and when sufficiently settled, it is drawn off into B, whence it is distributed through the town.

The cost of the works, say, pumps, pipes, canal, dam, &c. &c. was about $36,000. The sum paid for water power, and site for reservoir, pump house, &c., about $5,000. To finish the pump-house in a handsomer style, and improve the lots on which the house and reservoir are situated, will cost from eight to ten thousand dollars more.

The funds to effect this work, were obtained by the corporation, on loan, bearing an interest of six per cent. per annum, the principal not redeemable until 1850, and afterwards, at the pleasure of the corporation. The loan was taken by a citizen of the town, J. D. Murrel, Esq. at par.

This is the only work of the kind in Virginia, and the height to which the water is thrown, is greater than in any other place in the United States; that of Philadelphia being only 92 feet, and Cincinnati, 175 feet.

Albert Stein, Esq., (Engineer) the projector and executor of this important and useful work, has done himself much credit.—He is said to be a man of great industry, science and skill, and I was sorry I had not the pleasure to see him.

Thus, Lynchburg promises, in time, to outstrip Richmond. Its advantages, its enterprise, wealth and industry, when compared to its age and population, is greatly superior to any town in Virginia. The whole of the back country trade centres here—success to them.

After spending one week at Lynchburg, I tore myself away from my friends, and took the

ROAD TO RAINS' TAVERN,

forty-four miles. This was so much out of my way, but I was compelled to take this course, to cross over into North Carolina, aiming for *Milton*, in order to visit the Gold Mines, in the neighborhood of *Greensbor'o.*

There were two passengers in the stage, beside one of the Mr. Norvall's, who escorted me some miles. One of the passengers was a beautiful young girl, and the other was a sensible man, an Engineer for clearing out Appomattox river, if I recollect. He was good company, but the girl said little.

I had paid my fare, $4, at Lynchburg, but the contractor, a very gentlemanly man, where we dined, generously returned it, when he understood that most of the contractors gave me a free seat. He keeps a good house, which sits back on a pleasant green—he is a very obliging man, and I should have been pleased to have spent a day with him.

The drivers on this line, as well as Mr. Smith's, were sober and careful, and the coaches pleasant.

Upon leaving Lynchburg we hang upon the river a few miles, which presents high bluffs and jutting rocks, so beautiful, that it resembled stucco, and still more picturesque than at Lynchburg.

At length this gives place, and one unbroken ridge marks the course of the river. But the little huts, crammed with shabby dressed negroes, is a great draw-back to the pleasure of the traveller. I was pleased with the novelty, however, of large flocks of poultry, usually running up to an old bending negro, whose business it was to feed them, for there were no barns worth speaking of in this country, the wheat being ground and sent to market, at once.

The productions consist of wheat, tobacco, and Indian corn.

At length we took leave of the river, where I saw a batteaux lying to shore, in the woods. The land from thence to Rains' Tavern, was poor, pine land, intermingled with broom-grass and scanty corn-stalks. It was very thinly settled, and the houses uniformly built, as though they were taken from one model. A narrow portico, jutting out to a great length, at an angle with the house, over the front door, marked all the houses, and the chimneys all outside, at the *end.* The houses are long and narrow, with steep, sloping roofs—another sloping roof, or covered way, unites the kitchen to the house; a square roof or portico, in this country, is unknown, and all are without paint.

The houses are all enclosed, and set back from the road, and you have to get out of the stage, and first of all climb over a high

stile of round blocks of wood, at the hazard of breaking your neck, and then crossing a smooth green lawn, between rows of locust trees, generally, you have to climb another flight of steps to get into the house. In New-England and New-York you have but one step from the stage into the house, which is even with the ground, and on the edge of the road. In Pennsylvania, you step upon a long platform, or porch, as it is called.

In Virginia, the hand-railings, in many of these taverns, are thicklystuck with broad headed nails. On enquring for what purpose they were intended, I was told it was done to prevent people from cutting them with penknives.* But they were too late, as many of them were nearly hacked in twain.

The clouds, which had been thickening all the day, burst into a copious rain, by the time we reached Rain's, so it rained at Rain's.

RAIN'S TAVERN

is owned by a family of that name, the father of whom kept the house for many years, grew rich, built a splendid mansion, near by, and died, leaving it all disencumbered to the family. The tavern is seated on an even plain, in Cumberland county, with a *continent* of cleared land around it; no such thing as woods; and here too we have the children again, seven at this house—no man who has children ought to keep a tavern. I was pleased at Morris', Lynchburg, as there were no children. Parents never hear the noise of their *own* children; nay, they think it highly entertaining.

The landlord at Rains' Tavern, Mr. Foster, was, however, a princely fellow, and his domestics attentive. The house was large, and venerable from age: I walked into the garden, which abounded with greens and other cullinary plants—the snow had disappeared, and they were preparing to plant peas; but the prospect was flat & insipid, though spring appeared. (18th February) Rains' Tavern is in Cumberland county, sixty-four miles from Richmond.

I spent two days here, waiting for the stage to *Milton*. In the meantime, Charles Rain, Esq. very politely waited upon me, at the tavern. He is a plain, sensible young man, and very amiable in his manners and appearance—he lives in an elegant house, hard by, and is rich. Also, from the neighborhood, Mr. Michael Welsh, a very genteel, fine looking man—Col. W. Price, of Farmville, a stout, young, noble looking man. Besides these, Messrs. David M. Wallace and Horton W. Cadnell, all respectable, intelligent men, who merely dropped in by accident. I spent my time very pleasantly at Rain's; the landlord, Nelson

* Although the people are poor in this country, they have no thought to make one wall do for two houses.

K. Foster, Esq. and those who called, were sprightly, intelligent men—I think the ladies were rather pious. This must be a delightful resting place on a summer's day; the house standing on a rich green, and beautifully shaded with flourishing trees.

It was suggested that I should make a short visit to Farmsville, as there were a number of blue-skins there. It had been reported in Farmsville, (only a few miles distant) that I would pass through the place, and they were all panic struck—"what should they do—I wonder if she will stop—she will ruin the place!" One of them, it appeared, one *Dupee*, a mighty painter before the Lord, it was said, drew my portrait at a venture, and exhibited it in some shop window.

There were a few decent people in Farmsville, who tore it down. This was a pity, but the village has since taken the name of *Picture Town*. All this was reported to me at Rain's Tavern, and the tavern-keeper, one of the kindest of men, furnished me with a gentle horse, for myself, and another for the gentleman who attended me, and I set off, a few hours previous to the arrival of the stage, to strike terror into the blue-skins. The landlord, much to his honor, refused any compensation for the horses or my bill!! but he was no blue-skin; neither would the gentleman who attended me, a noble hearted Irishman, receive one cent. I deeply lament having lost his name, but he will recognize himself, in this very feeble tribute to his noble actions. Perhaps it is Welsh.

FARMSVILLE

is in Prince Edward county, the whole of which is taken by the blue-skins. As I arrived on horseback instead of the stage, they were completely over-reached at Farmsville, so that I was housed before they knew I was in the village; but the news soon flew, and I amused myself from a window, in witnessing their terror. The shops and stores were soon emptied, and they seemed to be mounting guard; and some, I was told, hunted up their firelocks; some, again, called their trusty dogs around them, and all took shelter together, in one or two of the shops and the post-office, while others were running through the streets and hiding behind the houses, as though they were possessed. *Why* did they not trust in their God, the hypocrites?

Some, the bravest of them, would stride across the common and make a long reach, and arrive before my window to see if they could get a sight of me: why did they not come in and convert me? this proves their religion and their faith. They took good care, however, not to approach me, thinking I was too heavy mettle for them. In shor they seemed distracted, and all business ceased. The squaws in the shops, however, stood firm in the doors, with their faces to the danger; such another set of

frightened wretches never run from a woman. It was a complete invasion, they were all pale as death, and these are the hypocrites who pretend to convert the heathen, frightened like a flock of sheep before the wolf, by *one heathen.* If they are afraid of one heathen, how are they to convert whole nations?

After taking some refreshment, I received a number of gentlemen; all who could be called such, in the town, came in and were introduced by my friend Price. The room was crowded, though a large one, and I was safe enough from plots and ambuscades, as the tavern I was in belonged to Col. Price. I was pleased at this, as my landlady had a sprinkling of holiness about her. Col. P. who was upon the eve of being married, boarded in the house, a very fine one, by the way.

But the blue-skins, I gained a complete victory over them, by attracting all the gentry of the place, and putting them to flight. In this, lies the success of these blue-skin priests, they find it easy to deceive the lower class, the poor and the ignorant.

The gentlemen who called, were fine, noble looking fellows, and laughed enough at the scarecrows, for whom they expressed the greatest contempt. They continued to pour into the room until the stage called for me.—It gave me infinite pain to part with those dear people, the friends and neighbors of my deceased husband, who once lived in this vicinity, as the odds is against my ever seeing them more! They entreated me to spend a day with them, but oh! I could not; it was not at all convenient, as the stage only passed twice in the week; they had my *heart* and my best wishes for their happiness, and I, no doubt, have theirs I saw they regretted the separation; but the best of friends must part.

They waited upon me, in a body, to the stage, but we had to stop at the post-office for the mail, in the *thickest* rank of the enemy. It was laughable to see them giving ground; they drew back into the house, like a terrapin draws his head into the shell; these were the scariest blue-skins that ever fell in my way.

Farmsville is a flourishing village, in a rich soil, upon Appomattox river, which is navigable for small boats to this place.—The land is fertile and productive.*

We soon, however, enter upon thinner land, and much worn by cultivation. It was nearly sun-down when I left Farmsville, but I had another view of the Blue Ridge!—old fields again—how these Virginians have ruined their land—how different from Pennsylvania: their slaves have done them more injury than benefit.

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* Farmsville is, by right, the property of my husband's heirs; but from want of attention, has slipped into the hands of Hon. John Randolph. He ought, at least, to allow me my dower.

We reached King's Tavern early in the night, I think the place was within a mile of Hampden Sidney College, where they manufacture blue-skins, by wholesale and retail—but I had had enough of Virginia seminaries. This was one of the best taverns I had met with in my travels. I was told that Mrs. King was a blue-skin, herself; but if they were all like her, they would not, as they are, be the terror of the land. She reprobated their conduct toward me, with indignation, and had the best in her house made ready for me, in a short time, my tea, &c. being brought to me as I sat by the fire, the evening being very cold. A large, elegant chamber was prepared for me, in quick time, with a blazing fire, and the servants were ordered to prepare coffee before I sat out in the morning, which was long before day. Mr. King, himself, was a gentlemanlike man, and would not take one cent for my fare. There was a neat little woman from the north, who boarded there; but I was delighted with Miss Martha King, their daughter, a most beautiful and fascinating young lady.

I had expressed to Mr. King that I did not wish to see company, but two young gentlemen, for whom Miss Martha interceded, came in. One was Mr. Charles Hudson,—they were quite genteel young men, and were pleasing and entertaining, but I enjoyed the pleasure of their company only a short time, as I had to write, even at that late hour.

As we drove on (I say we, though I mean only myself and the driver) I had merely a glimpse of the opening where the college stood—it stands back from the road. The morning was very cold, and when the stage stopped at a store, where there was a post-office, I got out to warm, while the mail was opening.

As I walked through the store-room toward the counting-room, where there was a fire, my eye caught some large pamphlets which lay on the counter, and what should they be but the *National Preacher*, franked to the post-master. I said nothing, as the post-master was not in, but walked to the fire. In about half an hour, or perhaps, not quite so much, the post-master, who had been to breakfast, came in.

There were a number of men and boys in the store. It appears there was a mill not far off, from whence they flocked in, and most of them were dealing. Let what might have brought them there, the post-master opened the mail in the presence of the whole. I walked in to see how he managed matters, and the mail being so large, I told the driver he must have given the wrong one; "No, it was the *way mail*." The post-master and another man, hauled out the contents of the bag, and at length he eagerly seized upon a bundle of these National Preachers, religious papers, and threw them on the counter. He seemed to be little interested for any thing else.

I now thought it time to speak, and asked him if he was "not aware he had exceeded the time allowed by law, for opening the mail? and also, that he had violated his oath, in opening the mail in the presence of so many people? And Sir, here is another proof of your perjury: why do you cheat the Government, by suffering these people to frank *these* things to you—I see the mail stops here for no other purpose, but to smuggle these religious papers: it seems these thieves knew their man." He stared at me with ineffable contempt, and replied, "I don't think it is any of your business." "It *is* my business Sir, it is *every* one's business: I am one of the sovereign people, and you are our servant—you are acting for us, and it is any one's business to detect your frauds—please goodness, I will ease you of your commission, and you may think yourself well, if you escape without a prosecution." From the moment I began to speak, he stood transfixed in astonishment, and toward the last, he turned pale, and began to shake, and said, "I only received my commission five days ago." Can the people of the United States, be forever gulled and over-reached by these religious swindlers.—Can they countenance frauds and impositions—violations of the plainest laws. This man was a Professsor of Religion! But when we reflect, that these National knaves are not only weakening the Government by clandestinely appropriating these funds to themselves, and strengthening their own party. When they reflect that this party is Dr. Ely's Christian Party in Politics, which is no other than to establish a Presbyterian Government. When the people of the United States reflect that through the aid of these Presbyterian Post Offices, this treacherous sect are carrying on their treasonable plots, by writing to and fro, to each other, and disseminating their plans, loading the mail with papers, for the purpose of wresting from us our dearest rights.* If they have one spark of love or desire of Liberty left, they will unite for the common safety, and put a stop to this outrage. Will they contribute to their own *destruction!* There is not a more *powerful* engine in our government than the Post Office—for *three* reasons. 1st. It affords a *safe* and *speedy* conveyance for papers and communications. 2d. It affords an opportunity to convey these papers free of cost; and 3d. It affords effectual concealment of these dangerous violations of the laws and their pernicious effects, viz. treason against the civil and religious rights of the people, is thus carried on without the least chance of detection—no matter whether these men are *Jackson men* or *Clay men*, they are robbers and traitors, and the people ought to instruct their representatives to search into this matter, and make some provision to guard against nourishing an army of domestic, ene-

* I have completed my tour since this was written, and find these Church and State men in possession of every Post Office in my tour excepting six.

mies, who are hatching sedition, and sowing the seeds of treason: every man in the United States, is by this time satisfied that these Presbyterians are aiming to unite Church and State, and the time has arrived to make a stand against them if ever. If they leave them in possession of the Post Offices, they furnish them with the strongest arm of the Government. I do not charge Judge Barry as being privy to this, as these traitors have stolen insiduously over the whole country, through every State in the Union. They have selected their ground, and selected their *men*, they have supplied names on fraudulent petitions, and by the aid of the Blue-skin members of Congress, and their warm friend *Gardner*, assistant Postmaster General, they have succeeded beyond the belief of any one who has not been an eye witness of their power. But this is not the worst, they have in most *other* cases, either bought up the principals or Deputies of those who were in before! Thus they are in a fair way to carry their scheme into execution.

This was the last cold day I felt on my tour: as I now began to draw near the Southern country, I entered Charlotte county, Va. early in the day, and crossed Staunton River about noon, a most beautiful stream, and navigable to this place. It is deep and smooth, and the bottom land very rich. Large fields of Tobacco and Corn, are cultivated here, which is easily carried to market. The land in Charlotte, is much better than that of Prince Edward, though like the latter, it is thin and level, to the River.

After leaving the river bottom, the country is uneven, and from the number of rises, you have some very rich and extensive views of the surrounding country, and by chance, now and then a good farm; a great deal of Tobacco is reared here.

Charlotte county, is the residence of Hon. John Randolph, whose *farm*, *land*, *plantations*, or whatever you may please to call it, I passed through—that on the river, which might constitute a Principality, or Dukedom at least, is extremely rich. It lies on both sides of the river for some miles—the *miser*, well may he boast of his *sires*. I travelled two miles through his land, while the tobacco fields and tobacco houses were every where to be seen; some again, is covered with timber. The land however, is not rich, except on the river. He has his gates and bars all through his lands—the driver had to get down and open every gate and bar: he pays little respect to Uncle Sam.

About the middle of the farms, as the Stage stopped before a door to water, some one said, "there is Mr. Randolph now, Mrs. R." Mr. R. was approaching obliquely by the road, which led from his house: he rode upon a large pampered white horse, very sleek and rather restive, a great contrast to his master.—Mr. R. rode up to the Stage door, and touched his hat, and no person can do so with more grace than Mr. Randolph—as he did

this, he pronounced my name, I returned the salute, and inquired after his health—"my health is very bad indeed madam—my health is very bad indeed, your servant madam"—and down the road *he* rode, and away rode he the churl: he was afraid to stop a few minutes, lest I might think he ought to invite me to his house: bnt I knew him of old, his hospitality will never *lessen* his acres; and I was no little pleased to meet ten or a dozen women, children, men servants, and horses, going to his house shortly afterwards. It was his half brother's family, Judge Tucker. Doubtless their visit proceeded from pure, affectionate and brotherly regard, as Mr. R. was in bad health for some time, and no *heirs*, of course his relations would be attentive to him in his age and sickness.

The dwelling was not in sight of the road, it lay off to the left: I saw a carriage road which led to it, but it was very little travelled, being grown over with grass.

I spent the night at one *Wincheston's*, or some such name, a very poor house; they had no tea, though they kept a public house. The old man was well enough, but the women were rude, and rather insolent. There was no fire, but the driver, a good fellow, soon had me a rousing fire.

The next day, I took breakfast at Charlotte Court House, at a very fine house. If I am not mistaken, the town is called *Maysville*. Be this as it may, the Tavern-keeper, and his wife, were very amiable people, and kept a good house: his name is Wm. Smith, and a very clever fellow too: Mrs. Sarah Smith, my landlady, was kind and attentive, and the house large and convenient, with fine servants.

But that curse, Presbyterianism, is sweeping the village with the besom of destruction! What has John Randolph been about? What signifies his talents! A Church was to be dedicated here this day, not to God, but to *hypocrisy*, *money*, and *women*. It was painful to see such a number of people playing the fool, (or playing the knave rather) and flocking to hear some babbler, doubtless the greatest knave in the pack—for they resembled a pack of hounds, or a flock of ravens rather.

I must have met with a Mr. Palmer here, at all events, he was from New York.

As I drove on, I met droves of these once high-minded Virginians, going to the dedication of their own ignorance and slavery: some were in gigs, some on horseback, some riding double, and some treble: we met them for miles.

This day, we entered the county of Halifax, Va. this is much like Charlotte. I found it much better watered, and equally as pleasant views, some good farms, and tolerable houses.

Passing merely through a corner of the county, we crossed the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina, early in the day,

and reached Milton to dinner. I was hard pressed to tarry a day in Milton, but was forced away for want of time. Dr. Thomas, and several other gentlemen, complained of the Blue-skins, and Missionaries—but they must fight their own battles. I am quite out of hopes that any thing, short of a civil war, will put these people down: they are the true *war*, *pestilence* and *famine*—poverty, and desolation follow in their train I dined at a house kept by a fine, lively, smooth tempered widow, who kept a very good Tavern: she was tall, talkative, and fashionble, and I thought rather inclined to matrimony, and indeed, not ill disposed toward any money. This day, for the first time in my life, I dined upon a Guinea fowl, and found it what I should call a delicacy—but these things are mere matters of fancy. As the lady is a widow, gay, and lively, and keeps a good house, she deserves the patronage of the public, and a good husband to boot.

Milton is a flourishing village in Caswell county, N.C. 98 miles from Raleigh, the seat of Government. It is a romantic site, on elevated ground, and commands an extensive view, it contains —— inhabitants.

I was much pleased with Dr. Warner Thomas, he is a young, small, genteel man, of sprightly manners, and reckoned a good Physician.

As we drew near North Carolina, the land is covered with heavy timber, particularly on the rivers. We crossed Banister and Dan Rivers to day, both beautiful streams. Dan is navigable to Danville, a few miles above, and Banister to ————. The land in N. C. seemed to be new and strong, and the poorer land was covered with tall pine,of a bright green, and much more luxuriant than any pines north of this; and the produce is principally tobacco and corn: children and chickens abound, the cattle are very small, and scarce, sheep and hogs are plenty, and look well. The people are stout and healthy, and the country well watered: the land is uneven, though fertile, and presents some very beautiful views.*

This description of country continues to Caswell Court House, which, however, is more improved, and the farms very large. I saw vast droves of great stout negro men and women, well clothed, *clean* and *neat*, and seemed to work with great spirit and energy. I never saw such women for size or activity. The negroes so far as I have seen, in this State, are greatly superior to those in Virginia, and have the appearance of much better treatment.

I spent this night, the first, in North Carolina, at *Caswell Court House*, at an excellent house: the Tavern keeper and his wife were new beginners, and a very handsome couple, they were

* I breakfasted this day, at one Palmer's, if I recollect, not a good house.

both young, beautiful and accomplished: nor would the gentleman receive one cent for my supper and lodging. For this mark of gentlemanly conduct, he deserves the patronage of *my* friends, at least. I truly lament having lost his name: he keeps the Stage house. At this Tavern I saw a *monster*—a man of gigantic size, though not remarkably tall, but his face and shoulders for size, was a show. He had an impediment in his speech, was apt to drink, and seemed to lack common sense, though very good natured. It is well for mankind, he is so being, a man of uncommon strength.

Caswell Court House is in a village: but arriving in the night, and leaving the place before day, I was unable to see it; next morning, through a beautiful undulating country, consisting of a strong reddish soil, I passed the residence of Hon. *Bedford Brown*, Senator from North Carolina: his seat is on the left and near the road, and may be called a paradise. It stands near *Lenox Castle*, on *this* side. The house itself, is a handsome building, and sits on an elevated, level green, surrounded with tall, luxuriant trees. On the left of the house, is a deep romantic ravine, which runs up nearly to the house. I supposed there might have been a spring at the head of the ravine, as it was fringed with luxuriant trees. Nearly opposite to the dwelling, I saw the brother of Mr. Brown, a merchant: his store is on the edge of the road: he is rather a small, but very interesting man; the father lived near them. Mr. Brown's plantation is one of the finest on the road.

Shortly after this we passed Lenox Castle. This is a handsome site on our right, and took its name from a Scotch gentleman, by the name of Lenox, now deceased. The Castle, as it was named, is nothing more than a common plain stone building, built many years ago: it is adorned with a grove of the China tree, and handsome shrubberies and lawns. Near this we passed *High Rock*, another handsome situation, near to which are the celebrated *Rockingham Springs*.

A little on this side of the Castle, I stopped for breakfast, at Mr. *Slade's* Tavern, a most beautiful site: Mr. Slade is a tall, noble, fine fellow, quite a gentleman in his manners, and keeps a first rate Tavern. This day, I had a Lady in the Stage, for a few miles, the first passenger, since I left *Rain's*.

I had kept a southwest course from Rain's, and this day I crossed the celebrated Haw River. This is a fierce, rapid stream, noted for the drowning of several persons. It rises rapidly, and to a great height, sweeping every thing before it. Where they can manage it, however, which I find they have done here; it affords water power for various Manufactories, and proves a source of wealth and convenience. In the course of the day, we

also crossed Reedy Fork, another beautiful large Stream, bordered with fine land, wheat, tobacco and corn.

As I drew near Greensboro', the land grew thin and sandy, more *pine*, but well watered, and vast droves of hogs.

GREENSBORO'

Is in Guilford county, 89 miles from Raleigh, so that I have gained little since I left Milton. I passed near the battle ground, fought in the revolution, called the battle of *Guilford Court House*, it lay a little to the right, 3 miles.

My husband was in this battle!—Imagine my feelings as I travelled on upon the same road he travelled with his men! Greensboro' is situated in a poor soil, in the region of the Gold country. It is a considerable village, and like all our towns infested by Presbyterians, but particularly here, drawn by the prospect of Gold. The Gold Mines however, belong to a company of Quakers, who take care to keep them out of their mess: they are sufficiently apprized of the danger of these people, and oppose all their attempts to get a finger in the Mines. These Quakers are the most *liberal*, *learned*, and gentlemanly men, I have seen of the sect, differing widely from those machines in Philadelphia.—There are however, several fine people in Greensboro'. Mr. *Swaim*, the Editor of the Greensboro' Patriot, is a free, generous, liberal man, I believe a Clay man; but I underrate no man for his opinion—he might underrate me for the same reason. Mr. S. is a small, young looking man, friendly and genteel. He is a spirited and independent Editor.

Amongst the gentlemen who called, were Dr. Robert Mitchell, Messrs. Alex. Murphy, G. Smith, George Albright, Giles Bowers, T.J. Warren, Aaron Woodworth, Hoginson, Camel, & Pinkney; also, Messrs. Ralph Gorrell, Wm. Hanah, and W. Stanley. These are the *cream*, the rest are the Butter-milk, sour enough—I mean the Blue-skins. They took care to keep out of my way, the hypocrites—why did they not come and convert me. I saw Col. Shields too, no great things. Mr. A. Murphy is a son of Judge Murphy's: he was quite a boy in years, but a man in manners and principle: he is the most amiable and promising youth, perhaps in the State, and his father is reckoned one of the best of men—he was absent. Messrs. Stanly, and Hoginson, are Quakers, and fine whole-soul men. Mr. Wm. Hanah is Clerk of the Court, a most worthy man: he is a good figure, with a fine fair face, and blue eye, as soft as the tear of pity, every way a gentleman.

Besides these, several Ladies' called, very genteel women: amongst these, I was forcibly struck with a Mrs. *Cornelia Carter*, if I recollect, a daughter of Judge Murphy's, a lady of

surpassing beauty and accomplishments—her neck was as fair as the Alabaster: she was quite a young woman. Mrs. *Moss*, was also a very interesting and beautiful female. Mrs. *Hodginson*, likewise a very sweet, engaging woman, though unhappily confined by sickness.

I see a Dr. Williamson, mentioned in my notes, whom I must have seen here, but have no recollection of him.

I heard many serious complaints about the Postmaster; and from the conduct of the man toward myself, I mean his concealing my letters when asked for, confirms the report: his name is McBane. This fellow, a Blue-skin, took out, or with-held U. S. money, and put N. C. money in its place; several petitions have gone on to Washington, to displace him, and I trust Judge Barry will, for his own sake, if not for the sake of his country, turn him out. He has turned out many a better man: he is a *Jackson* man too, and a disgrace to their cause. I thought the Jackson administration was to put out all those who do not attend to their duty. Look at the statements filed in the General Post Office against this man. My Landlord, one Morcing, is a hopeful convert too, to whiskey and Presbyterianism, a great red-faced sot. Imagine my surprise, upon taking my seat at the table, to hear this fellow set in for a long prayer. I fell to, as I always do my own praying and my own preaching, which I observed at the same time to the company: I never eat at the table afterwards. This Religious Ruffian came into my room several times during my stay, and insulted me with the most brutal language. He is a perfect wild beast: he even threatened my life, and is a dangerous man to stop with, no doubt but he would rob; and I should have quit the place if I had not been well guarded by my friends.—Now this was a fine, jolly, warm-hearted man, until a few weeks since, when he was bought up by the Presbyterians. He owns the Stage line from Milton to S. C. and these traitors who are getting possession of all the *Stage Lines* and *Taverns*, and *Post Offices* wherever they can, bought this man up; and he a red faced sot, joined the Church. Can America stand long on these terms? The whole of this man's line, I find is supplied with Presbyterian Postmasters, and Presbyterian Taverns, so that one's life is in danger on the one hand, and the government is robbed on the other. Mankind was *never* intended to be free, they are unworthy of freedom—men who submit to such baseness *ought* to be slaves. This infamous sect oppose their snaky heads, wherever you turn they cross all your paths. In justice to the Line from Rain's to this place, the drivers are the best I have met with in the United States, they are perfect gentlemen. I was never more astonished to find men of their appearance, driving Stages, which, however, though seldom to be met with, are precisely the kind of men, who ought to be entrusted with a matter

of such importance, not only to the government, but to the country in general. These were all North Carolinians, excepting one, at the first, nothing to boast of.

I find the names *only* of Messrs. Dick and Cummins, remaining in my notes, whom it would seem I met at Greensboro'. But the following mark of respect to a woman, and particularly an aged woman, is flattering: very late in the night, the last I spent in Greensboro', a stranger, accompanied by my friend, Mr. Albright, entered the room. The gentleman apologised, said he "was travelling, and stopped to spend the night at the other Tavern—when about to retire to his room, he heard I was in town, and as he was to leave the place early in the morning, and this might be the only opportunity he might ever have, he expressed a wish to see me: he understood I sat up late, but the business was, who would conduct him, when my friend, Mr. Albright, volunteered his services. The stranger was from Tuscumbia, Alabama, and his name *Surpsford L Alsbrook*, a young man of very interesting manners and appearance. I was much gratified to see him, being very partial to his State, where I have many acquaintances and friends, having spent some years in that State.

Moreing, bad as he is, deserves some credit for the arrangement of his Tavern: he has constructed several small neat huts, united in one row, one story high, where the traveller is much more comfortable than when cooped up in a small room, in a house surrounded by other rooms and annoyed by noise. I should be pleased to see this plan universally adopted. But with all these advantages, I would advise travellers to shun the house; there is another Tavern kept by a very clever, decent man, and I regreted much I had not given it the preference—though who would have dreamed of ill treatment, after patronizing his line, and the Stage took me to his house: he belongs to the *intemperate* Society.

Greensboro' contains from 4 to 5000 inhabitants, and the site, though poor, is very handsome, it sits on a smooth plain. It has a handsome Court House, Jail, and Churches, doubtless, though I do not know the number. It has besides, a splendid Masonic Hall, where several Lodges and the Chapter meet. I was pleased to see Masonry flourish in the place. The interior of the Hall was tastefully decorated, and the part appropriated to the Chapter, was truly sublime. This was the first time I ever saw the *veil* of the *Temple*. These Halls have a sacredness throughout, which seems to unite us to Heaven. As for the Churches, they have become dens of Money Changers, Speculators, and Pious Brokers.

I remarked the greater part of the citizens are very pious blue-skins, that is, Dr. Ely's good, sound Presbyterians. They

are remarkably engaged in the good cause, of spreading the gospel, and from the following record they outstrip their neighbors of Carlisle, Pa., in manufacturing pious missionaries. Whenever I find a den of these blue-skins, I never fail to search into the effects of all their preaching, praying, bibles and tracts, upon the morals of the place. The following is a good specimen of their piety and labors in the Lord :—

From Guilford docket, there appears to have been *twenty-two bastard children* sworn in said county, from November term, 1828, to November term, 1829.

A. E. HANNA.

February 23, 1830.

There were twice as many, it is said, hushed up. This shows that bibles, tracts, and National Preachers, are doing much good here.

THE GOLD MINES.

Some of the richest mines in North Carolina, lie near this place, and through the politeness of Mr. Hodginson, who attended me, in his carriage, I visited the mines, from three to four miles distant. Though there are several of these mines, I had only time to visit one. I had an unpleasant ride, from the badness of the road, but was amused by the romantic appearance of the forest. One way lay up a small stream, where, to my surprise, I saw the sugar tree, which I would not have supposed grew so far south; and I was no less surprised, to see a wild plumb tree in full bloom, this being the 23d of February.

Mr. H. pointed out the specimens which indicate the gold, as we drew near the mine. These signs are nothing more than the white flint stone, which is found in high, poor pine land. This stone lay loose on the surface of the ground, of small size, not larger than a man's fist, and to the rough part and in crevices, adhered something like hardened clay, of a bright chocolate color, or rather deep burnt brick: this was the pure *ore*. The gold ore is found, sometimes, in veins, running deep, to a considerable extent. In other instances it spreads out horizontally, comprising several acres, just below the surface, and only from one to two feet deep; there being little difference in the richness of the ore.

At this place it is found in both cases, on a pretty high, pine ridge, the whole of which was said to be one mass of ore, and as far as I examined it, the evidence was the same. They had only worked the vein at this place, which was excavated to a great depth, and the oar was still the same, and the excavation nearly a circumference. The oar, though sometimes mixed with

the white flint, consists of solid masses of a deep copper colored clay, the same as that we saw on the road, and though to look at it, you would take it to be clay, it is in substance as hard as stone. The pit is of the same color throughout, viz: of a deep burnt brick, mingled with the white flint. The pit, or mine, gathers water from the rain, and rises, perhaps, from the bottom; to remove this water they have a drain.

The ore is taken from the mine, or pit, in wheel-barrows, to a small creek, where it is washed clean, it is then burnt and pulverized, as it will not grind in its natural state. It is then removed into a wide box, made of plank, from two to three feet in length, and about two feet wide; this box is open at the top to receive the oar, and open at one end to let it run out. The box is placed breast high from the ground, with the open end lower than the other, while a trough, like those which convey water to distilleries, passes immediately over the box, and a hole through the trough lets the water upon the oar, which is gradually washed into another trough. The water is raised into the trough, overhead, by a pump; the water issues in a small stream, which, nevertheless, requires the aid of a hand to push the oar out into the other trough.

This second trough is of some length, perhaps ten or twelve feet: it also inclines more than the other, the furthest end being so much lower than that next to the short box, that the water runs rapidly through it, and spreads on the ground. This last trough has notches cut in its bottom, perhaps an inch deep; quicksilver is lodged in these notches, and as the oar runs down, by the force of the water, the particles of gold adhere to the quicksilver; not a particle escapes. The quicksilver is then taken out and laid on heated iron, when it runs off and leaves the gold, which is then collected and run into bars, in a furnace. This is the process!—simple enough; and by the aid of machinery, skill, and more water, it might be rendered still more so. But there is neither *skill*, *machinery*, *capital*, nor *enterprise* at this mine, though I understand they have better force and machinery at the others. The ore at this mine, is very rich and abundant, but from the manner it is conducted, about two-thirds, to say the least, is wasted. In the first place, it is wasted in bringing it from the mines, in the barrows; then in the washing, and again in the burning: but most of all in the grinding. Instead of furnaces, or *kilns* rather, it is thrown into common log-heaps, rain or shine, without shelter; and, after it is burned, it is placed under a wheel similar to a *bark-wheel*, which is pulled round in the same manner by a horse. But instead of a box for the wheel to run in, & keep it from wasting, it is thrown on a few plank, & every turn of the wheel it is squeezed out on the ground, & what with the rain & idle fellows walking round it, it is tramped into the earth & carried off by their

shoes: a great part of it too, is lost, from not being ground fine enough. In short, it is wasted throughout the whole process, and the whole of the machinery is without shelter or system. It is laughable to see these tall, long-tail cotton-coat North Carolinians (you have seen these domestic coats) poking about like snails, and picking up the quicksilver every now and then, and eagerly squeezing it in their hands, to see how much gold is in it. They are so keen for the gold that they cannot wait till their day's work is done, which, the way they manage it, averages about 75 cents per day. When they are industrious, and stick to it the whole day, three hands, that is one to wheel and two to pump, obtain thirty pennyweights of pure gold.

But such machinery was never seen, it looked as though it had been made by children, with a penknife, and *here* was one, and *there* was one, strung along the stream, zig-zag, some hundred yards apart, whereas, if their machinery was in a straight line, and more contiguous, it might be covered at a small expense, and one cover might do for all. The proprietors of the mine stand much in their own light, in suffering it to be worked on the present plan. Their practice is, to lease out a number of square yards, to poor people, who have neither skill nor capital to go on with the mining, and are averse to uniting with each other for their common benefit. Thus the ore is wasted, and neither party benefitted, while the workmen are withdrawn from the labor of the field.

How the mining is conducted in other places I cannot say; but this statement is correct as to the one which I saw, which had but recently began.

The ore is very abundant in this neighborhood. Mr. Hogenson informed me he had found a rich mine on his land, not far from this, which was soon to go into operation: as he intends to work the mine himself it may be profitable.

Upon reflection, and subsequent observation, I find this ore extends in the same parallel throughout the southern States. I recollect well, having seen the same specimens in Halifax, Virginia, and the fact has since been identified. I have crossed this *gold line*, for want of a better name, several times since, quite to Alabama, and I have no doubt but that it continues north, as this white flint would indicate. In the same manner we find salt, iron and coal. I have observed this ore lying in the roads, in South Carolina, Georgia, and the Indian Nation, unnoticed by the unconscious traveller. There is copper and sulphur uniformly mixed with all this ore.

ROAD TO RALEIGH.

Leaving Greensbor'o, as usual, in the night, I was unable to see much of the country. It appeared, however, to be flat and thin.

till we drew near Hillsboro', which, like Guilford, is celebrated in history.

I breakfasted (if it deserves the name) at a blue-skin house, upon the worst fare I met with in my travels; it was worse than the frozen *hominy* in Virginia. The bread was black and raw, the cheese and butter had all the colors of the rainbow, and the smell would attract all the turkey-buzzards in Charleston—the coffee, I must stop; it was beyond my pen, but this was easily remedied, as by the aid of a negro woman, I made a cup to my own liking. There was some meat on the table, but from the manner it made its *debut*, it was impossible to tell to what species of animals it belonged, though the driver ate part of it, adding, that he must eat something; and to cap the climax, this fellow was post-master, and a thorough-going tract man. He tumbled out the papers in the middle of the floor, before us all. He ought to be reformed out. This tavern and post office, with a number of similar *post-offices*, has been established by the Presbyterians, through the aid and particular recommendation of the all-accomplished Mr. Moreing, aforesaid, of Greensboro'. "High life below stairs," truly: I did not think the Post-Master-General, could be gulled in this manner; the fellow could not spell, much less read. Every five or six miles we had to stop, to have the mail opened, to accommodate the tract society, gratis, at the expense of the government. The post-offices, are strung along the road, and serve no other purpose but that of tract shops. If the government made any thing by it, it would be nothing.

I thought the driver would have laughed himself into fits, at one of these long-faces. He came out with a bundle in his hand (tracts may be) and stood talking to the driver about the bundle and the news, until the time expired for opening the mail. Meantime, a very genteel man, a doctor, finding who I was, came up to the stage to salute me, and remained talking to me, while the post-master was talking to the driver. At length, growing impatient, I ordered his long-faced-ship to attend to his duty, and open the mail—that the time was run out, and I should have him fined. He stared at me in astonishment, when the doctor whispered to him.—But never did a fellow jerk up a mail quicker; he made but one step into the house, and soon returned, pale and trembling, with his eye on me, and the mail in his hand, to the great amusement of the driver, who said, "You have met with your match at last." He laughed the whole way to his stand, telling the news wherever he stopped.

When we drew near Hillsboro' the land became beautifully diversified, with hill and dale, fine farms and good land. We dined at

HILLSBORO,

a most delightful town. It is on a stream called Eno, and ascends from the stream back, to a considerable eminence, which appears to great advantage, as you approach it from the stream; every house is seen at once, spread out on this sidelong eminence to a considerable extent. The buildings are neat and many of them display great taste and elegance; these are shaded with handsome trees, to which may be added, beautiful gardens and shrubberries. Some of the handsomest country seats in the Union appear in the neighborhood of Hillsboro'. The land on the Eno is rich, and very productive; the site resembles Lynchburg, Va. but has the advantage of being crowned by a rich grove.

The citizens all flocked in from the other taverns to see me, and as many as could find a seat at the table, it being court time, sat down; Judge Murphy in front, and Dr. Smith on my right, while a crowd occupied the floor, as dense as they could stand. The company listened, in breathless silence, while I related an anecdote of my husband, on his march from the battle of Guilford to this place.

His men and himself being nearly famished, stopped at Hillsboro', to obtain refreshment. After a fruitless application at several houses, (most of the people being tories) one of his men mentioned a public house, where he thought they might obtain food, stating at the same time, that there was plenty of provision in the cellar: of this the man was apprised by some of the citizens, with whom he was acquainted. My husband entered the house and requested food for his men, offering double the amount ot it. The man denied having any, he was a tory; the soldier just mentioned, drew up to my husband, and repeated "the cellar!" He then drew his sword and threatened to run the tory through, instantly, if he did not furnish him. Thus intimidated, the man went off and brought in several loaves of bread, which the men devoured, and upon asking for milk the man brought in a large pail full, and my husband, being thirsty from fatigue, took a drink of the milk, and the men, as far as it would go, finished it. But they had not proceeded more than two hundred yards from the town, when all who had tasted the milk were seized with a violent sickness and puking; the wretch had poisoned it. (I was then in the identical house!!!) The British being in the neighborhood, the men dragged themselves along, sick as they were, while my husband, very sick also, proceeded at their head. They *all* recovered, in the course of the day, having thrown up

the poison. The next day the Commandant of the British Army took up his quarters in the same town, but not in the same house; the house stood near, however—the gentlemen pointed it out to me from the door.

Judge Murphy, is the same mentioned to have been absent, at Greensboro'; he was attending court at this place, and came in immediately and took dinner with me, as a mark of respect, his lodgings being at another house. I had heard much of Judge Murphy, and was much gratified to see him. He is a tall, spare man, with a keen, thin Ciceronian face, and a very mild countenance; but nothing can equal the sweetness of his manners. He is one of the most interesting men in North Carolina.

Dr. Smith, I believe, is a citizen, a tall, fine figure, and a man of easy, gentleman-like manners. I was introduced to several, but from the shortness of time, I had no opportunity to minute their names. Amongst them, however, was a Mr. Hart, the Editor of a paper; he was a narrow, keen faced, missionary looking Yankee. He said "he must be certain that the blue-skins were wrong, before he could write against them." I asked him if he wanted better evidence than these attempts to stop the Mail on Sunday? He looked very silly, but made no reply; how these traitors seize upon the presses—this fellow had touched the "*siller*," doubtless. I hope the generous citizens of Hillsboro' will withdraw their patronage from a man, who would barter their rights for money.

It was painful to tear myself from these dear people, for whose sake alone, North Carolina will be ever dear to me. The owner of the tavern was absent, but his bar-keeper was the best of his species—I shall never forget the man. They hung to me to the last, and after I had entered the stage, a Mr. David B. Alesbrook, who keeps the stage-house at Chapel Hill, and a fine fellow too, came to the stage door and insisted upon my resting at his house, while they opened the mail. This showed the principle of the man.

I was much pleased with my driver, from this place, a most amiable, gentlemanly man; and whom should this man be, but Mr. Willis Moreing, a half brother to Moreing, in Greensboro', as different from him as light from darkness, and having no company in the stage, I was truly entertained with the conversation of this amiable young man.

CHAPEL HILL

is twenty-seven miles from Raleigh, and is the seat of the *University* of North Carolina. But I was sick of Universities, and particularly as this, like all our schools, was under the direction of blue-skin teachers. I resolved, therefore, not to venture my

life among these monsters. I was told, that like Dickinson College, it had a *woman*, the President's wife, at the head of it.—Shame on our *men*—shame on North Carolina, to cherish a den of vipers in her bosom. I walked into Mr. Alebrook's house, when we stopped at Chapel Hill, where a laughable scene took place. Mrs. A. met me at the door, when I remarked that I had been requested, by her husband, to call on her. She eyed me with a scrutinizing look, and said "have you no *man* with you?" "No, madam, I am not so fortunate, I am too old; but I assure you it is not my fault that I have none!" Doubtless, she meant was I unattended by a gentleman; but what did she mean by asking the question at all?—I always have a bad opinion of women, when I find them suspicious of their own sex. She paid me no kind of attention, but left me standing on the floor, and went to inquire of the driver, who I was. I presume the account was quite satisfactory, as she looked very sheepish, and asked me to sit down. Had I been a young woman, she might have been jealous, but to ask such a vulgar question, "had I no man with me?"—What did I want with men? I was no missionary; *they* have men. The lady's taste and mine differ very much, if she prefers ladies who carry *men* with them. There were several of these *men* women in the room then, I mean missionary madams—one was a shrivelled up, old, sly Presbyterian, who, as I afterwards learned, was very godly, and went to church and made a long face, but sold whiskey to the students, every chance she had, the hypocrite. The other was an old maid, whom I challenged as such, I should not have reproached her with a fault which she could not help, had I not discovered at a glance, that she was a blue-skin. Yes, she said she was an old maid. She was small, and ugly enough to tree a wolf.—The students call her *Greasy Monkey*. They, or at least, several of them, board with her. These *she* missionaries ought to keep out of my way.

We stopped for the night at the house of the young man's (Moreing) mother, if I am not mistaken, he told me as I stepped in, "to make myself at home, it should cost me nothing;" this was manly. I would take the contract from the other man and give it this one, who is worth a thousand of him at Greensboro'. The house was well kept, and the people were wealthy. Next morning we arrived in

RALEIGH

to breakfast, a pretty coolish morning too, by the way, though the gardens were green and trees putting out. We had a handsome view of the state-house, as we approached the town. For more than a mile, the road which is as straight as a line, comes up immediately in front of the capitol, a most superb building.

I put up at the stage-house, a splendid tavern kept by Mr. Guian, an intelligent, friendly man, quite a gentleman, and generous as a prince.

Though Raleigh has not escaped the general deluge of missionaries and tracts, which in all cases comprise the lower class, or the ignorant, yet the majority are an intelligent, hospitable and friendly people.

I had been but a short time in the tavern, before I was, as usual, surrounded by crowds of the citizens, who gave me a cordial welcome to the capital of the State. From these visits, and the various calls I made during the week I stayed in Raleigh, I spent my time very pleasant, and formed an extensive acquaintance.—The Governor of the State was absent, so also, was his Secretary.

Mr. William Robards, Secretary of the Treasury, however, was in town. He is a gentleman of settled age, a tall, spare figure, with a thin wan face, mild blue eye, and keen intelligent countenance. His manners are meek and affable, and his conversation chaste, and take him every way a pleasant man.

While sitting in his office I was struck with the entrance of a fine noble looking man, far advanced in years. Pleased with his appearance, I requested an introduction. "This is Col. *Hunt* of the Revolution," said Mr. Robards. I was almost sure of this from his age, and fine manly look. He was in the battle of '96, and several other engagements in the revolution. His face was one of the finest in the world, fair and smooth, with a large mild eye, and open manly countenance. He was stout and active, and conversed upon the conflicts of the revolution, with all the fervor of youth. I was sorry I had not time to learn more of his history.

James *Grant*, Esq. is a young, tall, genteel man, with a bright blue eye, an oval thin compressed face, and very pleasing sprightly manners.

John C. Steadman is rather a small man, and spare make, with a thin, pale, round, fair face, and an eye and countenance of uncommon sweetness. The benevolence of his heart is painted in every feature of his face.

Thomas Cobb, Esq. is a young, good-looking man, of common height, slender make, and round, freckled face, with a fine eye—benevolent cast of countenance and polished manners.

T. G. Scott, the P st Master, is one of your whole-soul men, gay, generous, hospitable and accomplished; he would fill any office, with honor. He is a noble, fine figure, with large, good features, lively black eye, and sprightly manners.

I met with few men in Raleigh superior to him. They pour in upon me so fast, that my pen can scarcely keep pace with them. In the Post Office, I met with several respectable gentle-

men, mostly from the country; but I was particularly attracted by Joseph Ross, Esq. an aged man, and Dr John Y. Young, with several others. Mr. Ross, one of the best of men, is lively and active, open and candid in his manners, with a set of the finest features, and a mild blue eye, as soft as charity, and his countenance is benignity itself. Bending alike with years, wealth and honors, Mr. R. is the delight of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Dr. Young was from Wake Forest, another true souled man. His person is noble and commanding, and his fine, animated black eye is at once the mirror of genius and great benevolence. He is one of nature's best.

Dr. Wheaten is a tall, black-snakish, religious-looking man—keep me from such monsters. Suppose these look mad, to frighten away the d—l, as he is always in chace of them. He did not call on me—oh! no, he was too much like the priest and the Levite of old, but made the best of his way ahead, but not without my seeing him, however.

James Litchford is one of the finest figures in the world, with interesting manners, fine eye and good features.

Isaac Partridge, Esq. is also one of the highly favored; his eye is black and sparkling, and his manners soft, graceful and winning.

At this place, I likewise saw the son of my friend, Mr. Lemeasure, of Petersburgh, Va. He has a strong resemblance to his mother, but lacks her good sense.

Mr. William R. Hill is a young man, common height, polished manners, and in every way an agreeable and pleasant man.

Here too, I met with a novelty, a *Unitarian Presbyterian!* who ever heard of such a thing? His name was Peck, who was reformed out of the Post-Office, to make room for Mr. Scott. That was a good move; he had too many religions. I never met with one worth having. A gentleman who heard me make the remark, said "there were so many religions now-a-days, that the right religion was lost.

My portraying was now arrested by the entrance of my chamber-maid, who came in to replenish the fire. I asked her what church she belonged to, she was a duced black woman. "I 'longs to nun on 'um," said Alice, "da preaches too much, de peple is gospel harden, da don't mine it. I went to church toder day, and de preacher say da was luk warm." So religion does appear at a low ebb, when a negro ridicules it. I never heard a better illustration of modern preaching.

But to go on, I met with a Mr. Bernard Duprey, here, perhaps a citizen. He is a lively, juvenile, black-eyed man, very friendly and affable, and among the best hearted men in the world.

Thomas Lemay, Esq. is the Editor of an Administration pa-

per. Mr. L. is a tall, spare man, with a fair, thin, Cassius face and mild blue eye. His countenance is serene and steady, and his manners dignified and manly. The ease and innocence of his address and conversation, is prepossessing.

Weston Gales, Esq. a brother to my friend Josey, of Washington City, and is just such another fellow, generous as a prince and as poor as Lazarus, and goes for Henry Clay. I had the pleasure of travelling with this young man, some years back, mentioned in my *Sketches*. He has become fat and bloated since and is co-editor of a paper with his father, so that if Mr. Clay has not three sheets to the gale, he has three Gales to the sheet; he will be unlucky if he cannot reach port. Weston was friendly and polite, but the old gentleman, whom I did not see, goes for the tracts.

I saw one Rev. White, and a Dr. Hayward, next—both mean men. Also, the Kyles's; these red mouthed Tagues are spread over the whole Union, and I never knew a gentleman of the name. They always remind me of a fox stealing up to a sitting goose; all these fellows have big mouths, which, I was told, was occasioned by cramming potatoes in their mouths whole. While speaking of this description of men, to save trouble, I may as well mention a snivelling blue-skin, clerk in the bank, a bitter, malignant looking man. He took the wisest plan, and said nothing. But the Cashier, B. A. Barham, Esq. was a gentleman, modest, mild and winning, and of few words He is a small, dark-visaged man, and much respected in Raleigh. So also, is Alexander J. Laurence, Esq. Mr. L. was almost the first gentleman who called on me, and to him I am indebted for much politeness and attention. He is a man of an engaging person, spare figure, common height, thin, intelligent face, and has a careless dignity about him, very becoming.

Mr. John B. Muse, rightly named, is in the office of the Secretary of State, and is a promising young man. He it was, if I remember, who showed me a book of poetry, the production of a black man, named George Horton, of Chatham, N. C. George is a slave, the property of Mr. Horton; he can read, and is learning to write. The specimens I saw, of his composition, amounted to twenty-two pages, 12 mo. well done, I should say extremely so, for one of his opportunity. He composes with facility, on almost every subject; his pieces are written down by the boys, or any one who may happen to be present. He is the only writer I have heard of in this country, or age, of his color. Some of his composition is very touching, particularly that of his situation as a slave. His pieces are all marked with chasteness and modesty.

Raleigh is the seat of government, of North Carolina; it is situated in Wake county, in latitude 36 degrees, 44 min. It is a

beautiful town, seated on a plain, with a gentle elevation in the centre, upon which the state-house stands, on a handsome square of ten acres. From this square diverge four streets, leading off from each front of the state-house, at right angles, which cuts the town into four quarters. In the centre of the quarters are four other squares, of four acres each, which have an imposing appearance. The four streets mentioned, are ninety-nine feet wide; the others are sixty-six, and they all run at right angles.

The state house is a very handsome building, of brick, and the exterior painted with a crea : color. It is 102 feet in length, 56 wide, and 43 feet high, with a splendid dome, and sky-lights. The state house stands on an elevation, in the centre of the large square, called Union Square, in the midst of a beautiful grove, the natural growth of the soil. The trees are tall and slender, and thinly scattered over the ground. This square is enclosed by a wall, with four handsome gates opening at the end of each large street. The whole exterior representing one of the most finished pictures of taste and beauty.

But the skill of the architect is reserved for the interior. The galleries, chairs of both Speakers, windows, &c. are done in *Nichols'* best style, and highly finished. The stucco is much superior to that of the domes on the Capitol in Washington, in color and smoothness, and the seats and galleries are painted of a bright blue. It contains a superb Statue of Gen. Washington, executed in Italy, by the greatly admired *Canova.* The Statue is done in the Roman costume, and is doubtless the best specimen of the fine arts, in the United States. Canova, as he was to display his talents, for the last time, refused to execute the work, unless he was permitted to dress the hero in the Roman costume. Whoever wishes to see the dress of the Roman Generals, may have that pleasure at Raleigh. The work is so exquisitely done, that the veins and arteries are visible in the limbs, which are mostly bare, the Statue being dressed in a Tunic.

The Statute rests upon a square pedestal, as white as Alabaster; upon the four sides of which, the figure of Washington appears, in the different stations he filled in life, engraved in large letters. This Statue is placed in the centre of the State House, first story, and cost $10,000. But this proud State is not satisfied with this extravagance; the Legislative Halls are hung round with the richest damask silk—this is a brilliant red, of the most costly texture, with gold fringe and tassels, and hangs round the windows and chairs of both Houses, in thick folds from the ceiling to the floor. It has also a portrait of Washington, done by Sully, the best likeness extant; and the largest, and most splendid Chandalier I ever saw, not excepting those in Congress Hall; and upon the whole, by far the most splendidly furnished of any

public building I ever met with in the United States. It cost $10,070!!! Raleigh contains, besides 4 Public Offices, 4 Churches, a Court House, Jail, and 3000 inhabitants. It is a dull town as to business, having no Commerce! The nearest Steamboat navigation is *Fayetteville*, 60 miles distant.

They have just laid the foundation of a Library, which promises well.

But I am scarcely half through with the citizens, to say nothing of those from the neighborhood. I have not room for the half of them—a few more and I pass on to the Ladies'; and first, I am astonished to find Rev. Dr. *Hunt*, said to be a Presbyterian, one of the finest looking men in the place—I should have taken him for any thing else. Messrs. C. D. Letaurau, (French you may see) Richard Roberts, John J. Christophers, Wm. Williams, Robert Perry, and Col. Richard W. Ashton, were fine, intelligent, gentleman-like men; also, Messrs, Robert Cannon, John G. Marshall, Joseph T. Hunter, R. Smith, John L. Carles, and Johnson Busbee, (if I rceollect) from the country; General Daniels, and Calvin Jones, Esq. from *Wake Forest*, and Mr. W. C. Tucker. Few towns can turn out as many respectable men. Gen. Daniels is one of the first men in the United States, polished, and refined in his manners, he seems to be of the old School. He is a lofty, rather spare, dignified figure, of middle age, and one of the most pleasant men in the State: his countenance is keen, and his eye bright and searching. Mr. Tucker is a young man, of promising appearance, handsome features, and very pleasant manners. To these, I might add, Messrs. King, English, Rower, and J. Martin, all princely good fellows. Mr. English, (if I do not mistake the name) is represented to be a tall, fine figure, and *prepossessing manners*, but to say this, as an exception, would be doing great injustice to North Carolina, and Raleigh in particular. I had had my prejudices against North Carolina, from early impressions, taken from the history of the Revolutionary War, and I was moreover told, while in Washington, that Raleigh was an illiterate place, over-run with Priest-craft—that the worshipers of Priests are ignorant, is true, and that several of these infest Raleigh, is also true; yet it contains a large portion of enlighted, generous, and independent men, not at all inferior, (if not superior) to any mentioned in my previous tours. They have a warmth of heart, which twine around our affections in spite of us—I shall long remember Raleigh.

My pen is now to give pain, not only to the parties concerned, but to all that part of mankind not lost to feeling: I allude to a strange infatuation of the females in Raleigh, from the oldest to the youngest, in an unbounded use of snuff !!!—real tobacco snuff! They do not snuff it up the nose, but take it into the mouth—they call it dipping. It was first resorted to, to clean

the teeth, and has grown into a confirmed habit! It is simply dipping a small wooden brush, a little stick (bruised or chewed at one end) into a common box of snuff and rubbing the teeth, and they are so besotted, that they sit for hours rubbing their teeth, merely as it is said, for the pleasure of intoxication—like a toper over his bottle, which is affirmed to be the effect. But why snuff would occasion intoxication when grown into a habit, more than *chewing* tobacco, I cannot discover: some say it is more apt to reach the system by the saliva. Let this be as it may, it has a powerful effect on the system, and must finally destroy the health. The ladies of Raleigh are deadly, pale, and emaciated, old and young; even little girls look like ghosts. A knott of young ladies will assemble in a room as though it were a tea party and lock themselves in, and dip for hours, chatting and amusing themselves all the while with anecdotes and stories—cooks, chamber-maids and washer-women, all dip. I have seen little girls walking in the streets, with their lips besmeared with snuff and saliva, which rendered them objects of disgust, and it evidently distends the month.

Besides the expense and loss of health, and color, it evidently must engross all their time. These little and big girls never go without their box, and the stick in it, either in their reticule or their bosom; and the cook hardly waits to get her dinner dished, till she is eagerly engaged in *dipping*. Was there ever such a thing heard of before! They must be bewitched. Fine women too!—what a pity. It is strange they do not take some measures to stop the evil amongst the children, that the mania might end with the mother. This lamentable practice is said to be spreading into the neighborhood of Raleigh; and, some do say, it is in use in some of the adjoining towns. They generally strive to keep it a secret! but all their vigilance is vain! It is alas! but but too well known. Several respectable gentlemen, married and single, with deep felt regret, mentioned the ruinous habit to me; and I am sure with the very best intentions, requested me to expose a habit so offensive, and one which threatened to destroy the intercourse of the sexes. The young men of Raleigh, seemed to deplore the unfortunate habit, in language of the most touching sorrow. This is one of the many proofs we have, that women and not men rule the nation. I hope my fair Sisters will never require another public lecture, and that the prospect of dying old maids may induce them to quit *dipping*.

My *Landlord* and Bookseller, I believe are all that remain unnoticed. I put up with *G. P. Guion*, Esq. who keeps the only house worth naming in Raleigh, it is the most complete establishment I have seen in the State, or any other State. The rooms large and splendid, and every way comfortable and convenient; the servants good, and the table excelled by none: all this leads

to conclusive evidence, that the proprietor understands his business. I have already remarked that the Stage drivers in this country were gentlemen. It is presumed therefore, the Tavern-keepers must be civil, and though this was a long way from being the case with my landlord at Greensboro'; Mr. Giuon, is an exception to any one on this side of Col. *Dow*, of Maine: he is a perfect gentleman in his manners, and a prince in generosity. He is a young, tall, elegant figure, and a rare specimen of manly beauty. Mr. *Turner*, of the firm of Turner & Hughs, is my Bookseller, and a most amiable and worthy man. Nor less so is Mr. D. Lindenen, another Bookseller of Raleigh.

I have said nothing of the Schools of Raleigh, nor did I visit them, as there no longer exist any thing in our country worthy the name, our whole system of Education being annihilated by the Presbyterians.

THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C.

As I stated, is 27 miles from Raleigh, at Chapel Hill, a most delightful situation, sitting upon an eminence, in the midst of a handsome grove—but to the disgrace of the State, is under the influence of a WOMAN, the President's wife. She is ruled by Priests, the Priests are ruled by *money*, and she rules the University! Here, as at every other place of Education in the United States, virtue and liberty is banished: one would think the present race of Americans were born without hearts, as well as without souls. What man, who has a heart, not cased in steel, but must be pierced to the core, to see the total prostration of Learning, in our else happy land. What can we expect of the present generation, but a set of ignorant tyrannical hypocrites! a set of bigots ready to cut the throats of all who differ in opinion from them. Instead of inculcating the principles of virtue, liberty, and the art of governing a free people, our youths are taught the religion of *Tracts* and *Bible* Societies—to go and hear some long-faced Presbyterian hold forth on spreading the Gospel to the Heathen, to hear that the sum for Education is to keep the *Sabbath*—give money to the Tract Society, make a long Prayer, and a gloomy face—in short, an ignorant bigot, or a hopocritical knave—can men be in the use of their senses, who wish to see their posterity sunk into a ferocious race of blood-spilling monsters—they *are not*—they *cannot* be sane. Let any man, not a Presbyterian, visit the University of Chapel Hill, and let him judge for himself. He must blush to find an Institution, which has cost so much, under the dominion of one of these she wild-cats—a Priest-loving woman, marshalling the Students out into regular bands, to distribute Tracts, and collect money of women for more Tracts, and fleecing the last cent of pocket

money from those innocent, unsuspecting young men! Meantime, they are ruled by a rod of iron, by this she wolf. They must by the rules, attend Church, Prayer meetings, and all the round of hypocritical cant; and if one of them happen to smile at the infamous swindling course rung from the pulpit, he is reported, and punished at the instance of this she dragon, who keeps her eye on those innocent victims of her falsehood, treachery, and deceit. Not a step, dare the hen pecked President take without apprising this tyrannical woman. Can the noble and high-minded sons of North Carolina hear this without a blush? This is a picture! and one which may serve for all our Seminaries. Alas! that our women have placed their affection upon the vilest of mankind, and uniting with them, to turn the United States into a nation of knaves and cut-throats. Now, what man of sense would believe in a God, who wants so much money. I do not blame the Priests! I blame the People.

Upon leaving Chapel Hill, referred to some pages back, a tall, genteel young man stepped into the Stage: he was going to Fayetteville—his name was *McRacken*, he was a Student, and had just been expelled through the agency of this Mrs. President. The accusation was said to be some disorderly (smiling) conduct in Church. The young gentleman is a man of property and family, under the care of a guardian. He is of Scottish descent, and a high-minded gentlemanly man. There is no doubt in my mind, but this young gentleman possessed more virtue and honer than the whole posse of the Faculty, with Madam President and the greasy Monkey to boot.

As we drove down the Avenue to the Stage House, at Chapel Hill, a number of young gentlemen, who were waiting for the Coach, came across the lawn to see Mr. McRacken: they were fine, manly looking young men, the friends and fellow students of the gentleman in the Stage, and were come to take leave of him. The parting was painful enough, as they were all choice spirits, and seemed to participate in each others feelings. The young Mc. was melancholy some time, but at length showed me several papers signed by some of the most respectable young men (as he stated) in the University, (and doubtless were) that the sentence of the Faculty was unjust. These Presbyterian acts of tyranny are intended to crush every thing like Liberty and Freedom in the land. "For levity in the Church," not for any omission of his Collegiate studies remember, but for laughing in Church. He deservved a Statue, and so would any man, who would raise his voice against such hypocrites and besotted fools.

There was no printed catalogue, nor could I get hold either of the names of the Trustees, Funds, or Faculty: nor does it matter much—such is the ignorance of the people throughout the whole of the United States, that if they see long advertisements

of *Greek* and *Latin*, and *Belles Lettres*, and *Commencements*, and *Vacations*, at such and such Colleges, Academies, and Schools—that is enough. As to looking over the rules, watching the conduct, or enquiring into the conduct or capacity of the Faculty, and judging for themselves—it never enters the head of any man: he is governed by a fine long tale in the columns of a newspaper, which is only meant for just such men—and the youth is packed off to College, and comes home a greater fool than he went.

Upon looking over the rules, I found the following, relative to the table—" when the presiding officer shall rise for the dismission of the Students, they shall all desist from eating, and also rise, and shall stand in their places till he shall have returned thanks, after which, they shall all pass out of the room"—another rule—" If any Student comes in (to table) after the blessing is pronounced, he shall *not* take his seat without particular permission." These are what I should call *iron* rules. I saw a number of these rules, all of a piece.

ROAD TO FAYETTEVILLE.

After spending four days at Raleigh, I departed for Fayetteville, 60 miles south from Raleigh. The Saltmarshes own this Line; one of them generally stays at Raleigh, and the other at Fayetteville. I did not see the one at Raleigh, but he appears to have remarked to my friends, that "he would Frank me through his line, as the southern contractors had mutually agreed amongst themselves, at Washington City. He took himself off however, and I paid the cash and took the Stage.

We drove down to another Tavern for more passengers—when the Stage stopped, I observed two of the dismals standing in the Piazza, and said, " more black coats! I hope you are not coming into the Stage"—they heard me, and after some conversation, eying me very hard, they walked up slowly, and casting a woeful look into the Stage, after a few whispers, one of them stepped in: but if ever a poor fellow suffered, he did. I gave him one or two broadsides by way of salute, and kept up a pretty brisk fire the whole day, savage like—sometimes he returned the shot, being rather spunky, but he will remember me as long as he lives. He, and the other were *Episcopalian* Priests, but these have become as iron-handed as the Blue-skins.

We had proceeded but a few miles from Raleigh, till we met the other Stage. It had several passengers in it, and upon asking for a bundle which I expected from Wilmington, N.C. which had my name on it, a very genteel man by the name of *Henry B. Titus*, jumped out of the Stage and saluted me, saying, " he hoped to have had the pleasure of seeing me at Raleigh." He

was a stout, fine looking man, and his claim to the character of a gentleman, was sufficiently evinced by an act of politeness, which none but gentlemen know how to bestow. There were several other good looking men in the Stage, who regarded me with nothing more than a stare. Mr. Titus gave me his card, but I have not the pleasure of knowing his residence: I apprised him I had a Priest in a bad way in the Stage, and that I was doing my best to convert him.

I dined at the house of a widow woman on the road, a very kind, obliging woman, who kept a good table—the Priest would not eat, but I shamed him out of it at last. How mean all these Priests are.

ESCAPE.

The land was hilly and the road bad, upon leaving Raleigh, and the country poor, but well watered: at length we gained the long-leafed pine country, or Pine Barrens, as it is called. I had seen a few specimens before, but we now had nothing else.—Now and then we crossed a swamp or marshy rivulet, and though the drivers were sulky, and disobliging, we went on tolerably until we took up our last driver, a most insolent Ruffian, a perfect Pirate, and nothing but a miracle saved our lives. Shortly after dark we arrived into a low marshy road, which is causewayed with timber. The driver, who was very insolent from the first, whenever he came to a bad place, whipped his horses furiously, to urge us to say something to him. The Parson and I finding we had an enemy to deal with, laid aside our warfare, and united for our common safety; and though I was as sensible of the danger as he, I was not half so much alarmed. He actually was afraid, and his fears were well grounded. I spoke mildly to the brute, upon the impropriety of urging his horses so fast, the road being narrow and rough, and the horses, we saw by the light of the moon, were firey and ungovernable; and the man being either drunk, or feigning himself so, we tried to sooth him—the Parson attempted very earnestly to reason with him upon the value of lives—"he had to be in at such a time, d—d if he cared, he knew his own business, and giving the whip three or four cracks just as we entered upon a long causeway, the horses started to run, and ran for about two miles? The Parson held his breath, but whether he prayed or not, I am unable to say. As for my own part, I actually did expect the Stage would be dashed to pieces every minute, and had the horses deviated one foot from the straight forward course, we would inevitably have been dashed to atoms, as the trees were thick on each side of the road.—The Parson shaking all the while, and repeating "an't they running?—Yes, they are running away"—I at length spoke and ask-

ed the driver if "he could not stop them"---"No, the d---l cant stop them now"---at length they stopped, and the young man and myself seriously consulted our safety, and desired the fellow to stop and let us get out. I saw several encampments along the road, of people moveing, with whom *I* could have spent the night. But the Parson was compelled to be in Fayetteville that night, to marry a couple, and resolved to walk the balance of the way: but our plan proved abortive, as the Ruffian would not let us out of the Stage! The Parson spoke very spirited, and said it was a serious matter to trifle with people's lives, and insisted upon him to stop the Stage---asked "if it was common for the horses to run"---"Yes, they always runaway when they come to such and such places,"---"are we by all these places now"?---No, there is one place down here, where they always run. The Parson's teeth began to chatter.---"Last spring they run away and never stopped till they got to the Bridge on Cape Fear River, and run so fast, they pitched right off into the River." The Parson shivered, but I saw through the villain. "Well you will let me get out when you get there won't you." "No I can't stop, I am sworn to carry the Mail, and dare'nt stop with the Mail"

Though any one might perceive the fellow was working upon the fears of the young man, even that was barbarous; and he was savage enough to turn jest into earnest at a thought. But another flight of the horses put a stop to further parley. They started again and ran about a quarter of a mile. The Parson as I bade him, resigned himself, not to his God, but his *fate*. When the horses stopt running, the man again solicited the driver to let him get out; and even threatened him—all in vain, he would not stop the Mail. At length the Parson, holding the door open, watched his opportunity and jumped out at the hazard of his limbs "now Sir," said he, "I will let you know you dog that I am not to be imposed on—I ask no favors of you" The Ruffian then began to be alarmed for the consequence, and drove slow, expecting the young man would get in—but he had the wrong hand to deal with; the Parson would rather trust to his heels, than to the Lord, or the driver, and footed it the whole way to Fayetteville, through the swamps, which in many places took him nearly to the knees, it was between 5 and 6 miles, from the place he got out, to Fayetteville!

Shortly after he got out, we met the other Stage from Fayetteville, and one of the Saltmarshes in it. This was the one who was to Frank me on, but I asked no favors of him, as I looked upon him to be the worst man of the two—for none but a Ruffian would employ such a savage. I told Saltmarsh, however, that the driver had abused us both, by ill language, and leting the horses run away—that he was drunk, and the young man

jumped out at the risk of his life, and was walking through the mud. He paid no sort of attention to me, but upon learning from the driver the young man was walking behind, and knowing he was expected in Fayetteville, to marry a friend, he seemed to be out of his senses, and telling the fellow to stop, drove off furiously and tried to persuade the young man to get in, but it was vain—he had taken his resolution. If Saltmarsh had not been a brute, he would have returned with the Parson, and have got in the Stage with him, and have kept the driver in awe, or drove himself.

As soon as the Stage drove up to the Tavern door, in

FAYETTEVILLE,

it was surrounded by several gentlemen to salute and welcome their friend, the Parson—but no Parson was there, nor could they scarcely believe me, that he had been so ill-treated, till they heard me request the Bar-keeper to take care of his trunk and cloak.

I requested that some person should take a carriage and meet him, as the road was very bad. They did so, but was so long about it, that he met them in the edge of the town, and refused to enter the carriage.

I never heard whether he married his friend or not. It appeared he had just been ordained in some part of Virginia, and an acquaintance of his about to be married, had a particular desire to be married by him. He called next morning and came up to my parlor to thank me for taking care of his baggage, and we parted friendly. Saltmarsh ought to have returned him his money, and I rather think he did, as he seemed almost wholly to have forgotten the outrage of the driver. But the other Saltmash, who lived at Fayetteville, and I had it hot and heavy.

A number of people flocked into my parlor that night, and amongst them Saltmarsh, the younger, a stuttering, stammering, awkward fellow—but this was no objection. I saluted him, and related the circumstance of the driver's insolence, that he was drunk; and was going on to state the narrow escape we made—when Saltmarsh contradicted me, abrubtly—saying, he the driver "was a sober, steady man." To reason with such a man, was useless—and to come to the point, I told him "if he would discard the ruffian, I would forgive the past: that the facts were so plain against the driver, that no gentleman would keep such a man in his service." "I would not discard him if he had broken both your necks." I thought it high time to order Saltmarsh out of the room, and did so without ceremony. He hesitated sometime, when I called the Landlord to put him out—finding it inevitable, he arose to depart, saying as he withdrew, "I intend-

ed to give you your fare"—"I ask no favors of you Sir," I repli ed before he proceeded any further, waving my hand for him to depart. He went off and I never saw or heard of him, or his brother since: he quit the town early next morning. These fellows must belong to the *Tract Society*—and one would think our government had read nothing beyond Tracts. These are dilectable men truly, to carry the United States Mail. That such unprincipled men should find security, is astonishing; and such is our Post Office System, that for the sake of a few dollars, thousands are lost:—For I would ask any candid man, what would such men as these stop at—patronised, both by our government and by the public as they are, to keep drivers who endanger the lives of innocent travellers, whose money they received—it is beyond comment:—nor would I expect to be believed, were the facts not known to many. Col. Cochran, the Proprietor of the Tavern, and several gentlemen and ladies were present when Saltmarsh made use of the expression, and the same driver was arraigned next day in Court, for some crime. Such men ought to be held as out-laws to their country. Instead of this, they are amassing large fortunes—to the dishonor of our country: one would have thought, that for the sake of appearance, they would have apologised. Thus, merit and virtue is crushed by our Government, (the most enlightened in the world) and vice and infamy openly encouraged. The Tracts are civilizing us fast, when assassins are openly encouraged in their cool-blooded, and wanton attempts upon the lives of innocent people, in the dead hour of the night, who to avoid one death, run the hazard of another. I understood the driver should have said, "he feigned drunkenness" and "made the horses run on purpose": he only makes his case the worse. Finally, it is hoped some spirit and virtuous enterprise, is left in the country; and that an opposition may be got up to oppose the whole of this Line, as far as McLean's, if the company does not unite against these men and REFORM them out. Another Ruffian owns it from Fayetteville to McLean's Line, a long-faced Missionary—I chased him out of the General Post Office, at Washington City, and told him he should have my hearts blood before he should have the fingering of our government money: but the scape-gallows sneaked back and begged the contract.* I believe in my soul, Judge Barry is a little besmitten with Tracts himself. But if he does not turn out all these Saltmarshes, and stop the Presbyterians from cheating the Department by franking: he or I will make tracks soon, as I am determined not to stay in a country governed by Tracts; and the company ought to repay the whole of the money robbed on these routes.

Fayetteville *was* a lively, flourishing town, possessing many advantages, settled principally by a noble race of Scotch tories.

*This is Mallet:—Barry did not give him the Contract—he got it from the Company.

I believe, however this may have been, matters have turned round, and the Scotch descendants are liberal, learned, and generous, and the then Whigs and descendants of Scot's servants, are now a noble race of Hen-pecked Husbands, alias good Loyal subjects of Church and State. Liberty no longer shows its head in Fayetteville. It is in vain, as it would be criminal to conceal the fact, that the Presbyterians are more powerful here, than any point north of it, excepting Virginia. They have gone wisely to work in the outset, and have selected all those places in our country, which promise commerce and wealth, and after subverting the plans of Education, and the relation of even man and wife, they got complete control over the Schools; and through the women the purse, and also the *commercial* business.

Briefly, Fayetteville is the poorest hole I ever was in. I did not find more than a dozen liberal minded men in the whole, a population of 3 to 4000 inhabitants. My landlord, Col. *Cochran*, was the most so of any, he and a few Scotch and Yankees, are an exception. Col. R. Cochran is a young man, light make, with a thin oval, fair, soft grey eye, and steady, intelligent countenance, with a fine arched brow, and Chesterfieldian manners: his father who lives with him is a princely old man, and the family, once people of the first distinction and wealth, are now reduced to keep a Tavern.

Warren Winslow, Esq. an Attorney, is a Yankee, descended from the great Winslow family, who at once governed the Colony of Plymouth and Boston Bay—is a young, handsome figure, as fair as a lilly and as innocent as a dove. John Winslow, Esq. probably a brother, Clerk of the Superior Court, is a tall, spare, dark skined, thin visaged man, with a piercing black eye, fine arched brow, and affable dignified manners. Lieut. Camble, and James Wright, Esq. an Attorney, are both young, genteel men. Messrs. J. D. Ecles, Thomas Hybert, Wm. Anderson, John O. Toomer, Levi B. Henry, R. N. McIntyre, are all Attorneys, and very gentlemanly, high-minded men—if we except Toomer, no great things. Mr. Ecles is a very modest, courteous man, with a clear blue eye, intelligent countenance, and high, smooth forehead. Mr. Henry is a stout, handsome man, with a keen blue eye, and searching countenance, and is said to be a good pleader. I merely saw these in Court, where I attended to hear the trial of my sober *driver*, who was indicted for some crime; had I had time, he should have had another indictment on his back, with Saltmarsh for company—he looked like the gallows. This is a *panegyric* upon our Contractors, to hire such ruffians to carry the Mail—they ought to pay every dollar of the robberies on this route. My friends insisted upon my going to enjoy the fellows mortification—nothing but the rope however, can mortify him.

His Honor, Judge Hodges, Judge of the Court, (if I do not

mistake the name) is a fine, stout-looking man, with a clear, open countenance. But I was amused with the ingenuity of the attorney for the criminal, Mr. Henry. One of the witnesses, a raw, awkward clown, made such a booby of himself, that when cross-examined, he fairly criminated himself, and acquitted the prisoner—the house was in a roar. Henry is a first rate lawyer, and the solicitor is little behind him. "Never fear," said the solicitor, when I expressed a dread, least the ruffian would be acquitted, "he is safe enough."

The Chancellor, Judge W. T. Strange, is a gentleman of very fascinating appearance, a good figure, rather spare, with a mild grey eye and steady, sensible look.

Hon. Judge Potter is a stout, gentleman-looking man, of easy manners. None of these, however, called on me, except Mr. Winslow, the clerk.

My friend and fellow traveller, Wm. W. McCracken, mentioned some pages back, lives in Fayetteville, and was among the first to wait upon me. Also, Henry McLean, Esq. He is a very young man, rather small, with a keen, sensible face, which all of his name have; genius beams in every feature, and he is, altogether, a very sprightly man.

Mr. Nelson, also a young man, is a slender figure, fair face, soft blue eyes, and a countenance of blushing modesty.

John Black, Esq. the Sheriff, is an elderly man, and a fine, noble fellow. So also, is Wm. C. Black, Esq., perhaps his brother, a very affable, fine hearted, generous man.

Mr. Marchat I must have met at this place, he is mentioned as a very amiable man. I find that I have met with his son somewhere; a fine youth, but find nothing more in my notes.

Capt. John Kerney is a tall, slender, engaging figure, with a lively black eye and handsome features. But a minute description of all those who called would fill my volume, and it must astonish every one, after what I have said, (which is certainly no more than justice,) that I received but one dollar in Fayetteville! This may be ascribed to the *Red Necks*, a name bestowed upon the Presbyterians in Fayetteville. How many names these people have, matters not, they still gather money; you cannot shame them!

But to go on with the citizens; the poor fellows had nothing to give—they had the will and that is enough for me. I would sooner give to them, were it not that they owe their poverty to their cowardice, in wearing the missionary yoke. But I trust soon to hear of their rising, in their strength, and crushing the monster.

There still remain Messrs J. W. Steadman, B. H. Saxon, B. H. Johnson & Riply, Samuel Pearse, Wm. Finnie, Albon Chase, Lucien La Zaste, Hart S. H. Marey, Wm. Lowry, (a real blue-

skin name) M. D. Richardson, Guardian Denning, Jabez J. R. Westcott, John P. Jarman, E. B. Fayette, and John Hodges, all fine fellows, mostly Yankees, and I would not be surprised if they were a thousand miles distant, by this time, as they, like the Arabs, change pastures when they find close picking.

Mr. Westcott is a South Carolinian, from Edisto Island, a very clever fellow.

Mr. Hodges was from near Avero Harbor, and is quite a respectable man.

And who should I find in Fayetteville, but Mr. *Trip*, the hero of Kennebec river, Maine—the missionary with the handsome wife, mentioned in vol. 2, of the Black Book. He very gallantly waited on me, and renewed the acquaintance, and gave me his name which I never knew before. He invited me to call and see his wife and school, or academy rather, for which profession he is well qualified being formerly a tutor in the Waterville College, and a man of learning. He denied being a blue-skin; but the conduct and manners of his pupils proved this too clearly. Having received his instructions, I walked up street, to see Mrs. Trip and the academy. It was about the time of morning lessons, and several of the pupils were going in at the gate, while several others stood in the yard, the greatest ruffians in the world. They arrayed themselves between me and the door, and their looks and language would have disgraced a midnight revel of topers.—What have they learned? They were actually so formidable, that I stopped short, as I did not wish to march through a line of ruffians. At length, Mr. Trip came to the door and invited me in, when I told him I should not, unless he dispersed the ruffians, and charged him with deceit in saying he was not a blue-skin, as the pupils of no other sect would have behaved so rude. It was with great difficulty that Trip forced them into their lessons, nor would I advance one inch, till every ruffian had dispersed.

This was never the case in our schools, till since the new order of *Sunday Schools*, tract and bible societies. Thus we are *not* becoming the most enlightened nation on earth, but are becoming fitted for every crime. These pupils were not a whit behind the students of the Virginia University, the difference of size and age excepted. It appears that Mr. Trip gave them a severe lecture, but while he makes long prayers every morning, which I am told he does, I can assure him that all the lectures and learning in the world, will never make any thing of his pupils, but knaves and hypocrites. This is the object which the Presbyterians have in view.

I was sorry to find Mrs. T. in bad health, she being a fine wo-

From the academy, I walked to the court-house, which I have noticed a few pages back, and after amusing myself with the trial, the gentleman invited me into the Chancellor's office, where he waited upon me himself. While we were chatting, several gentleman came in, and the scholars being dismissed, a few of the head ruffians squeezed into the office, and the Chancellor, at my request, put them out. What good has prayer done for these young men, nearly grown? One of the most untractable returned, and had to be put out a second time, and locked out, like another robber. What can the parents of this young man think—how must they feel, at this public exposure? His name is Tillinghurst: another boy, equally bad, followed me down street—nothing but a hemp rope can educate either. What good have the tracts and hypocritical prayers done here? Many a Robespierre will spring from our present system of education for which we may thank the women of the United States.

When about to return home, the Sheriff had to guard me thither; and these are the people who are to convert the heathen. The heathen might convert them.

Two very amiable youths, attracted by a very laudable curiosity, doubtless, who happened to be in company with Tillinghurst, mortified at his conduct, came to me next day and apologized, in the language of gentlemen. These were Masters Samuel Blake and E. Waddell, very promising, modest youths. Their conduct reflects much honor on their parents.

I was much pleased with the *Scotch* gentlemen of Fayetteville; they are mostly descendants of the Highlanders, a high minded race of people. One of these, a Mr. Duncan McCrae, a middle aged man, has been martyred by these blue-skins; he is one of the finest looking men in Fayetteville, and has a son, whom I afterwards saw, a princely young man. But justice, and nothing else, compels me to name the cruel and brutal conduct of another son, who is no less than Post Master, and as usual, brought up recently, by the Presbyterians, and has become the greatest enemy of his amiable and virtuous sire and brother. Is this not distressing?

Without any knowledge of this, however, I had previously stepped into the Post Office—found the tracts—it was a fair tract store. I found no one in, but an awkward tract-boy, and having particular business with the Post Master, he was not to be found. Meantime a number of gentlemen stepped in, and I conversed with them on the beauty of tracts At length the Post Master came in, when I told him he ought to attend to his business better, and if he did not, he should be reformed out. With all the malice of his sect, he walked up to me as though he were going to lay hands on me; looking round on the company to see whether he had their approqation, the monster. Is that his religion, did he

learn this out of the Bible? Who do you approach, you ruffian, said I, make one step nearer if you dare—do you learn this in tracts? There were some choice spirits present, who would doubtless, have torn him to pieces, had he laid hands on me, which he doubtless intended.

I was a great mind to have him arrested; it was laughable to see the fellow's astonishment, but no matter, the Sheriff led me home. This is a perfect den of *Red Necks*, as they are called. One little bit of a *snivelling*, *Hartford Convention*, *double-dyed*, blue-skin bookseller, said "he would think as he was *mind to*." Every one must be in love with the *education* of tracts, after this specimen of grammatical elegance. Fifty years ago what would be thought of a person, who would express himself in language like this, a book-seller, too?

If North Carolina cannot perceive that it has sunk into ignorance, in the same ratio as these Red Necks (I wonder what name they will have next?) have risen, they must be blind indeed; and where is it to end? This was one Hadlatch, or something like it. In justice to him, he refused to take pay for a half quire of paper; but I returned him the money—they do not buy me up quite so easy as they do the Post Masters and Editors. Not an Editor in Fayetteville, but has touched the cash, and the Jackson Editor is as thorough-going a long-face as any. Such traitors are no men, but money seekers.

Here, as in many other places, they do not wait for the tardy Theological schools, to educate pious youths; they manufacture them at once. There were more on this docket, than any I have seen yet. I always seek for facts—this proves that tracts are doing good in Fayetteville.

Let the people of Fayetteville look over the court docket and see the effect that tracts have on their morals! While I was sitting in the court-house, I observed sundry pious women, with babes in their arms, coming in and standing up, close under the bench occupied by the court. Meantime, a pale faced Red Neck, by the name of Davis, followed them in, and took his seat upon the bench; the first time he sat during the day, though one of the court. After taking his seat, he leaned over the railing, and whispered to these women, directing them how to proceed; as they soon after walked up to the solicitor, to whom, it appears, the disposal of these little missionaries appertained. This man, the pious Judge, is accused of all the young missionaries brought *into* court, and a great many *without*. The little things looked very pious.

Fayetteville is on Cape Fear river, navigable for steamboats, at all seasons, to the town. It contains a very splendid Masonic Hall, a theatre, just finished, (look out, Red Necks!) a very

handsome court-house, three banks, three churches and a market house, and about 3800 inhabitants.

Cape Fear is a very handsome river, narrow, smooth and deep. The banks are high at this place, and the river often swells foaming high, from the rains above. A beautiful covered bridge 1100 feet in length, is here thrown across the river, and in its appearance is quite imposing. The greater part of the town is located on an even plain, about a mile from the river. The streets are wide, and cross at right angles, and many of the houses are neatly built. The court-house is one of the most splendid buildings in the U. States. It stands upon an eminence, at the head of a broad street and makes a handsome show, from the lower part of the town. Many of the houses, however, are low wooden buildings, with the ends to the street.

Fayetteville was begun upon the river, and the first house is still standing, near the bridge. This was called Blunt's Landing, where one Dow made a fortune. Meantime, one Crops, and another man, by the name of Castleton, and one Brooks, who owned the land at the mouth of Cross Creek, drew the plan of the town from off the river, a very impolitic step. Cross Creek is a great curiosity; instead of one, there are two creeks, which run directly across each other, and each flows on in its own course!

Respecting the amount of exports, I found no one who could give me any correct information on the subject. This is shameful; doubtless, they could tell the amount of *tract* sales.

Amongst the gentlemen to whom I am under particular obligations, is a Mr. Smith, whose first name I do not know. He very politely, without notice or solicitation, brought a carriage to the door, and sent up a written communication, inviting me to ride over the town. He is a sterling man, and I hope will be noticed by my friends.

I had the pleasure, too, of seeing the son of my lamented friend, Hon. S. Holmes, also Mr. Franklin Shaw, of Alabama.—He lives, as he said, near Tuscaloosa, and is a genteel-looking man, as most Alabamians are. Singular he sat an hour or two in my parlor without speaking a word—he must have been captivated.

It was laughable to see the gaping multitude. There was a portico attached to my parlor, upon which I sometimes stood a few minutes every day, to see the town: crowds would immediately assemble, to get a view of me, and the *Jocks* from the country, who had observed these crowds, and being told that something very extraordinary was to be seen up there, the poor fellows would stand for hours, looking up, and always went off dejected. It was wisely said, "Opinion guides mankind," and they are sure to set the highest value upon objects of the lowest. Now what good could it do these Jocks to see an old woman?

I had settled it in my own mind to take the steam-boat, and go to Wilmington, with Capt. Hallet, a very fine fellow, but he had to take out his lading and lade again; meantime I was very impatient to see Wilmington. I had seen Gen. Dudley, and with Christopher Dudley I had corresponded. I understood, in fact I knew that I had many warm friends there—I was pleased with their character.

Whilst I was thinking of all this, one of the citizens happened to come up in the steam boat, and from the time I was introduced to this gentleman, I was seized with such a phrenzy of joy that I have very little recollection of any thing, till I found myself in Wilmington, or rather, till I found myself on the way to Charleston.

My *journey*, the *kindness* and cordiality of Capt. O'Hanlin, the gentleman from Wilmington, and the overwhelming kindness which met me there, appeared like a dream; but it was a dream from which I would never wish to awake!

I had been fleeced out of sixty dollars, by the blue-skin stage lines, which emptied my purse; this I partly replenished at Raleigh, good folks too, but the high charge of the *Saltmarshes*, my limited patronage at Fayetteville, *one dollar!* and my bill to pay, I began to need friends. All this I related briefly to Capt. O'Hanlin, but he had heard it. "You shall not stay another night here," said the Capt. "D——n the boat, it is aground, (he is a bit of a sailor) I am going to night at one o'clock, and I shall not go without you, so pack up your *alls* and be ready."

There was no resisting this, it was the language of the heart, and a heart overflowing with kindness—he had not been five minutes in the house. "I will go down and pay your bill—do you know what it is?" I never impose on generosity, no, never, while I have a shilling. I pulled him back, and gave him my purse—he soon returned, threw the receipt in my lap, and disappeared, telling me to be ready, as he went out of the room. This was the business of a minute.

ROAD TO WILMINGTON.

The Captain, true to his word, sent up for me at the appointed time—He was in the stage. "I am here" said he, "give me your hand;" and off we flew.

The road was fine, being level and hard, and our distance, called ninety-six miles, was a hard day's drive with a two horse stage; but good company, and the novelty of the country, made it a mere excursion.

I was soon in a new world, the long-leafed pine, the long moss, the bay tree, the myrtle, the cypress, and the sweet scented jessamine, the open pine barrens,—I had a fair feast of it; all new.

We breakfasted at a very poor house, where the people were all sick, but one. But the prospect from the house was beautiful; from an eminence we beheld the Cape Fear, stealing along the foot of a hill to the ocean; this was the last high ground I saw in North Carolina, the country being a dead level to Wilmington. Now and then we crossed a branch, which often ran through a marsh. These moist places are the favorite soil for the myrtle, the bay tree and the jessamine: the cypress was scarce till we drew near Wilmington. The long moss was every where: I could fill more than a volume with the novelty of this day.

But the pine barrens, reminds one of Mr. Clay's "War, Pestilence and Famine." These barrens are called so because the land is so poor; nothing grows on it but pine—these pines are something like our white pine; they are very tall and straight, and the leaf precisely like that of the yellow pine, except that it is three times as long, more luxuriant and a paler green These grow on an even plain, clear of underwood, so that you may see a cow a mile distant. This, with the symmetry of the trees, and a kind of broom-grass, which was just peeping out, resembling a smooth shorn meadow, gave it a beautiful appearance. If you can imagine a number of lofty, straight columns, with a rich green drapery thrown on the top of each, standing on a green velvet carpet, you may form some idea of these barrens. Not a sprig, shrub, or briar, interrupts the view, as far as the eye can see. It is the novelty that pleases: in some places you see a young pine, from one to five feet high, as straight as an arrow, without even a twig, with a thick cluster of leaves, or rather, spears, fully a foot in length; these hang downward, like the hair on one's head.

So much for the long-leafed pine; I have often heard my husband speak of it, he having marched through here in the revolution. But one soon becomes weary of it, and the long moss becomes hateful, though it is at first a great curiosity. It has not, in this place, the appearance of *hemp*, as I had heard, but sticks on the limbs of the trees like great bunches of black tow. It adheres to every tree, in moist or marshy places.

The myrtle is a beautiful evergreen, from one to ten feet in height, with slender twigs and small oblong leaves, not wider than a lady's thumb. The bay tree is also an evergreen, like the laurel, except that it is very tall and slender, and the bark is of a whitish color.

But the beauty of the forest is the yellow jessamine. This is a slender vine and seizes upon every thing in its reach; it runs up to the top of the tallest trees and twines itself around every branch, and clothes the whole of it in the richest green and yel-

low, while the atmosphere is perfumed with its fragrance. This was one of the greatest treats I met with in my tour.

About one o'clock, we took in two gentlemen; one went but a few miles, but the other, Gen. Owen, brother of the Governor, went with us to Wilmington, and though I took him for a blue-skin, (and I suspect I was not far wrong) he proved very entertaining, and related many anecdotes of the revolution, in which, it appeared, his family suffered great loss and hardship.

I laughed enough at his description of a battle, fought between the *Whigs* and *Tories*. It was fought in a deep gulley, over which we drove, and which the General pointed out to me from the coach.

It appears that they engaged some distance from the gulley, and one party, I do not recollect which, kept fighting and retreating, till they fell into the gulley, and the other party jumping in after them, a most dreadful combat ensued. Which party gained the victory, I do not remember. It was the severest battle fought during the war.

A small distance from this, Gen. Owen pointed out the farm, some distance from the road, where his parents then lived. One day, while the father was absent in the service, the British and Tories, who were destroying every thing before them, came to the house and plundered it of every thing they could carry off, and destroyed the balance. They took the feather beds into the yard, cut them open and scattered the feathers to the winds. Gen. Owen's mother, or perhaps grandmother, was a sister of the renowned Gen. *Porterfield*, who commanded at the Battle of Camden, and many other important engagements in the revolution. My husband served under Porterfield, and spoke highly of him.

As we drove on, the General pointed out the spot where Governor *Johnston*, while Governor under the Crown, laid the foundation of a *Palace*. It was *then* and is now a deep forest remote from any settlement, in a poor soil. He expended a vast sum on the building, but never finished it. It is now in ruins.

The Tavern keeper, where we dined, is a great rogue. The only dish of meat on the table, was spoiled, and (I thought of Hannah Blane, 2d Pennsylvania) the odour was such, that one could hardly sit at the table. I pitied the General and the Captain, and as they had not independence enough to speak for themselves, I ordered the waiter to take the meat from the table, and tell the Landlord "to send some milk and butter—did he think we were going to eat stinking meat"?—"I am the landlord" said the waiter, a double dyed Blue-skin, "and if you don't choose to eat such as there is on the table, you may go without"—was he not spunky?—smothering a smile at the fellow's courage, I put on my holy-day terror, and ordered him not "to give me another word of his insolence—not another word sir,—a pretty fellow

indeed—after travelling as far as we have, and the Stage stopping at your house—coming in famished, and must either eat stinking meat, or go without! and this is not enough—but must put up with your insolence besides, you Ruffian—begone, and bring something else, or I will have you prosecuted as a swindler—bring me some Tea." He muttered something and went off.* Meantime, I could not forbear smiling at Gen. Owen, who was cutting the meat fairly up, as neat as though he were going to eat it. He and the Captain became so alarmed at the engagement between me and the *waiter*, that the one kept carving, and the other looking on, making wry faces: I cannot tell whether at me or the meat—at length, the General laid down the knife and fork, and he and the Captain had to stay their hunger upon bread and butter and sweet potatoes. I think this was the greatest s———l that ever kept a house of entertainment—the Ruffian, had he apologised, and said "it was an accident," or "it was the fault of the cook"—but not he: the Buzzards were flying about his house then, as well they might. The Contractor is by far the meanest man of the two. I shall find *him* out, if he is in the bounds of the Union. He has $8 of my money, it shall cost him twice that—he must be an Anti-mason. The *hog*, why does he not carry provision in the Stage—does he think travellers are going to dine with Turkey Buzzards?

When within 7 miles of Wilmington, we entered upon the handsomest and best road in the United States. It is laid off by compass, wide and straight to a hair—while the ground is so level, you may see a hog 3 miles. I saw several hogs in the road, many of whom were *black-coats*: I advised them to go to Fayetteville, or Virginia, where they would be fed by the ladies, as they have poor picking here.

RICE FIELDS.

As we drew near Wilmington, I found Cypress swamps in perfection: a Cypress swamp is the most awful looking part of the Globe. Much of this swamp, which borders Cape Fear river, has been cleared at great expense, ditched and sown in rice. We came in view of the *rice fields*, *Cape Fear* and *Wilmington* at the same instant of time.

These fields lie on the river; a ditch surrounds every field exactly: an embankment is raised on the river, which otherwise would overflow the land. There are sluices made through this embankment, by which these rice fields are flooded with water at pleasure. The water is let on the rice to keep down the weeds and grass, which from the fertility of the soil would

* I advise all who may travel this road hereafter, to lay in a store of bread and cheese.

choke up the rice, which will grow in the water. The water is kept on till June. The Rice is sown in drills, and the ground is prepared as neat as an onion bed, the fields look beautiful.

The people near Wilmington are wealthy, and live in palaces, from the great productions of the soil, $150 to the hand; but have to leave their plantations for some months in the year.—From the great quantity of swamp land, and the stagnant water of the rice-fields, the neighborhood is subject to fevers.

We crossed the Cape Fear river in a Ferry-boat, and landed in the town, which makes a beautiful appearance from the opposite shore. The town which stands on an eminence, and the shipping in the river all fairly in view.

I was met at the wharf by a number of gentlemen, neither your Blue skins nor *Anties*, and amongst them the amiable Mr. *James*, he was the first to take hold of my hand to raise me from the boat. I hardly know how I got to the Tavern, such was the cordiality, politeness and attention of those warm-hearted Southerners, that it fairly turned my head --this continued while I remained in Wilmington, only one day and a half.

WILMINGTON,

Is the garden spot of North Carolina, and size considered, of the United States.* It seems to be a spot of itself, unknown to the world, lying up Cape Fear river, out of the way of travellers and missionaries; it has grown up in the cultivation of every virtue, and every accomplishment. I was scarcely housed, until the whole town poured into my room, till it could hold no more.

Of all the duties which falls to my lot, that of receiving company, is the most laborious. After travelling from one o'clock, A. M. a distance of 96 miles, and receive and salute from 20 to 30 gentlemen—take notes—take tea, and write letters—it was certainly a task—but in the present case, one of ineffable delight.

If ever generosity and philanthrophy was personified, it was on this occasion. The eager salutations, the lustre of their eyes, and the kindness of their life stiring voices, banished every trace of fatigue, and I felt myself amongst a new race of mortals! I sought intelligence and hospitality in New England, and found it! But in Wilmington it sought me. Capt. O'Hanlen, the prince of good fellows, hung to me till he saw me fairly buried amongst friends, and then departed to his residence. His feelings at this time, must have been enviable, to think he was the principal agent of so much happiness. Capt. O'Hanlen is a small man, but his soul is rather too large for his body, and is constant-

* Since this, I have nearly encompassed the Union, and have met with nothing like it, excepting Camden, S. C. and N. C.

ly bursting its bounds: his face is round and ruddy, from exposure to the sun, his fine blue eye, high, square forehead, and heart-cheering countenance, joined to his prompt, straight forward manners, are peculiarly his own. Such is Capt. Doyle O'Hanlen, who said "I should not stay another night in Fayetteville."

J. S. James, Esq. I was prepared to expect every thing noble and generous from him, by his friend Gen. Dudley, of Congress: but my expectation fell far short of reality. It is astonishing that *merit* is so little known, and less appreciated in this free country, whilst *knavery* and *arrogance* stalk abroad with insolent effrontery, known to every one. This young man, a model of virtue and generosity, who would grace a Levee, might have lived and died unknown to the world, but for a mere accident—my meeting with Gen. Dudley. Such was the character he gave of him, (and indeed of Wilmington generally) that I longed to see him. Mr. James is a respectable merchant, of the firm of James & Co. He is of good stature and features, slender make, with a mild black eye, and very engaging, but very modest manners, and every way a pleasant man.

Thos. W Brown, Esq is a young man, of fine appearance and genuine stuff: he is a good figure, with a full, fair, handsome face, fine brilliant eye, and affable, but elevated manners.

A. McRae, editor of the Liberalist, is a young, tall, manly figure, of rare personal beauty, and a man of taste and talents: his features are fine, his complexion very fair, and nothing can exceed the lustre of his light blue eye: his manners are stately, but nevertheless friendly.* Another, Duncan G. McRae, a son of Mr. McRae, of Fayetteville, and a brother-in-law of Capt. O. is another whole soul man. All these McRae's are descendants of the Scotch Highlanders; and are handsome, high minded, independent men.

Mr. D. G. McRae is a very young, and amiable man, worthy of his noble sire. I find still another, John McRae, Esq. a fine fellow: I find little difference in all these, though of different families.

Capt. Wm. Blaney, Esq. is a light figure, round, keen, fair face, and very striking bright blue eye: his manners are soft and winning, with great benevolence of countenance: he is Superintendent of the new Fort, a trust which he fills with honor.

Richard Bradley, Jr. Esq. is a young man of slender figure, with a fi e large eye, and a face of blushing modesty: he is very promising.

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*After I left Wilmington, I saw an article in the Liberalist, respecting myself. It would be doing Mr. McRae great injustice, to suppose he wrote it: he had sold the paper.

Mr. French is a light, well made man, thin, oval, handsome fair face, clear blue eye and pleasant address.

Wm. B. Meares, Esq. a Counsellor at Law, is a young looking man, of elevated manners, and genuine hospitality: he is a man of fortune, and lives in princely style: his face is round, fair and handsome, with a lively meaning black eye, and accomplishment of a gentleman—but ah! ladies you need not set your caps! one cap has been set with too much success before you.

John Walker, Esq. is a brother-in-law of Mr. Meares, and alike eminent as a Lawyer: he lives in the handsomest site in Wilmington! his house and gardens display great taste and elegance, and from its height commands a most delightful prospect of the town, the river and the country: he is a gentleman of great personal endowment, and a model of politeness and hospitality.

Lieut. Winder, U. S. Engineer, for improving the navigation of Cape Fear river, is an intelligent, accomplished man, of great affability and sweetness of manners: he is a young man, with a very engaging, tall, slender figure: he appears from the looks of the works in the river, to have been a faithful servant, and I trust he may be promoted. Mr. Ellis, first name unknown, is one of your whole soul men, with a tall, fine person, keen, sensible fair face and polished manners. Joseph A. Hill, Esq. is an Attorney, also a man amongst men: he is a shrewd, intelligent man, of great goodness of heart, and very pleasing address.

At this place too, I had the pleasure of meeting with Messrs. Holmes', relations of the Hon. G. Holmes, deceased—one of them Owen Holmes, Esq is one of the finest looking men in the Union, large and finely made, with a face of singular beauty: his fine large eye, as black as a sloe, mild and steady, and to all this he joins the most captivating manners. Gabriel Holmes, Esq. is Sheriff of New Hanover, rather older, but equally interesting: his face is round and full, with a beautiful eye, good figure, and every way an amiable man.

Robert H. Cowan, Esq. Cashier of the Bank, is a stout man, and a very fine fellow too. James Gillispie, Esq. is a thin, very fine figure, and likewise an amiable man: I was much struck by his gentlemanly appearance. Augustus Wright, Esq. another Attorney, is a stout young man, with fine, manly features, and a black eye, sparkling with genius: his countenance is mild and placid, and I would suppose he was a young man of talents. P. W. Fanning, (I think is the name) is likewise good looking: he appears from my notes to be a young man of a fine person, and intelligent countenance.

Major Christopher Dudley, Postmaster! I had corresponded with Mr. D. and from the good sense and frankness displayed in his letters, I longed to see him in Wilmington. I found Mr.

Dudley exactly the man I had supposed him to be, generous, frank and hospitable: he is a stout, middle aged man, with an open, sociable countenance, and friendly familiar manners, like his name sake, (they are not akin) Gen. Dudley: he is a princely man, on any account. In this respect, however, it is unjust to make any distinction, as no set of men ever presented less disparity. Fops do not thrive in Wilmington. In the vast number who called, I found but one *Fop*, or Coxcomb rather, in Wilmington, and as he will serve to spice the whole article: his name is *Derrett*, and no less than a *Doctor*, whether M. D. or d—m, I cannot say. But he never will set the river on fire, either with his learning or sense. He certainly was the most self-conceited booby I ever met with, except Counsellor ————, he was quite a model for a blockhead: he grinned, and simpered, made a speech and made his exit: he was the only Fop I found in Wilmington.

Besides these, Messrs. Washington Lazerus, Benj. Gardner, Richard Lloyd, and Col. Campbell, (cannot distinguish the name) Special Magistrate, are amongst the first, and most respectable men in Wilmington. Also, John A. Taylor, Esq. James or Joshua Potts, Esq. a very clever fellow, (I speak just from the moment) and John S. Murphy, Jacob Hartman,* E. Withington, Daniel Drayon, and P. K. Dickinson, or Langon, heaven knows what, though I remember the men well. Also, P. W. Janning, and Mauger London, Allen Brown, and James Usher, Esqrs This was a turn out, worthy the noble hearts of Wilmington, and might vie with any city in the United States, and greatly excells, compared with the population. They are certainly the most finished *gentlemen* I ever mingled with, it was not in my power to notice one half.

THE LADIES,

Of course, like the gentlemen, greatly exceed their fair Sisters of the North. But there are no missionaries here, though the wags quizzed my friend Major Dudley, of belonging to the Tract Society, and going to the Blue-skin Church: but the dear fellow raised both his hands against it The Ladies of Wilmington are not only amongst the most accomplished, but acknowledged on all hands, to be the handsomest females of the South. Several of these called, amongst whom, were Mrs. *O. Holmes*, and Miss *Holmes*, the most beautiful creatures in female form. Mrs. H. is a fascinating figure, with inimitable features, and a complexion of fair red and white: but such an eye! it would move the spheres—rolling, black, and sparkling. Miss

* The names being written in haste, with a pencil, as the gentlemen were introduced: I cannot distinguish them.

Holmes is also a finished specimen of modest beauty. It would be criminal to say more of those ladies.

Mrs. Maj. Dudley, is likewise amiable and accomplished, and advanced in years. Mrs. Walker and her sister, Mrs Meares, fairly eclipses every thing in my travels! alike beautiful and accomplished and hospitable. I was overwhelmed with astonishment to find such female loveliness in this secluded part of the country, and sorely regretted my hard fortune, which tore me from those dear people, after an interview of a few minutes!—These ladies stand unrivalled in every female advantage. I lingered long upon the terrace, which was soon to separate us perhaps forever, looking back at those dear women whose sweet smiles I shall ever bear in my memory. Mrs. *O'Hanlen*, the wife of my friend, the Captain, is the *daughter* of Mr. D. McRae, of Fayetteville, and *sister* of D. G. McRae, Jr.: she is also an accomplished female, tall and beautiful, and no ways behind her amiable husband.

Short as my time was, I stole a few minutes to see the home of the man who heaped so many acts of kindness upon me. He had one or two pretty children: I kissed the little rogues for pure love of the parents, whose kindness is written on my heart's core. Of all men, (and I have met with some of the choicest spirits, first and last, in the Union) no one knows how to do a generous act, better than Capt. O'Hanlen.* Wilmington lies pretty far south, on Cape Fear River, 36 miles from its mouth. It occupies a fine elevated situation, sloping down to the wharves, and carries on a handsome trade: some of our finest vessels were lying at the wharves, and most of the vessels were large and new. It contains 1800 inhabitants, 4 Churches, 2 Banks, a Court House, a Market House, Custom House,† and a very large and splendid Masonic Hall. This, like all the Masonic Halls in the South, contains a room apart for the Chapter, with the ark veil, &c. I was truly gratified to find Masonry flourishing, wherever I went in the South—a sure mark of the intelligence of the people. Where is a more degraded, ignorant, or Priest-ridden race in the world, than the western parts of Pennsylvania and New York, where Priests and Anti-Masons have set up a crusade against every decent man. This is the best finished Hall, (and

* The following may give some idea of the man. The ladies and gentlemen of Wilmington learning that I had been fleeced by the Blue-skins, made me up a handsome little purse to bear my expenses. The money was in Bank notes, and was thrown into my lap:—busied in taking notes and conversation with the gentlemen, I often dropped the money on the floor, and once I lost it outright. Mr. O'Hanlen, who had picked it up, till he was out of all patience, at length exclaimed "d——n it, why don't you take care of your money," and procuring a piece of linen and needle and thread, sat down and sewed it up in a bag, and locked it in my trunk, and brought me the key.

†Gen. Owen is the Custom House Officer.

doubtless the best filled) of any I have seen yet: it was ornamented with stucco and with the finest drapery.

How *many* objects I found in this heart-cheering spot to rivet me to the place! beautiful gardens, with flowers and evergreens, and to crown the whole the lordly *Magnolia!* This was a pleasure unlooked for. The *Orange Tree* I had seen, but not so large as it is here; the *Pomgranite*, *Jessamine*, *Myrtle*, *China Tree* and *Live Oak*—No one, who has never been out of the Northern country has any idea of the beauty of nature in this country. The Magnolia I saw at Wilmington, grows in a garden, it was not in bloom, they do not bloom until the last of May. Nor was it a full grown tree: it was about the height of a well grown pear tree, and resembled the latter in shape—it was clothed in a rich *deep* green profusion of leaves from the top nearly to the bottom, the leaves are in shape like the Laurel in our country, but much larger, smoother, and glitter like glass. It is the *deep* glow, the *rich gloss* and the *profusion* of leaves which distinguishes it from every other tree of the forest.* Such is the height of the gloss, that the leaves look as though they were thickly varnished. Wilmington is a place of much industry and business, it has the largest trade of any port in the State, and differs in every respect from any of the Southern towns, the citizens being at once polite and intelligent, and apply themselves closely to business. In most other commercial towns in the South, the people are too proud and haughty to attend to business, leaving to the rabble and refuse of other places to seize upon the commercial interest.

There are 7 Steam Mills in Wilmington, 3 Rice Mills, and 4 for Plank. Boat and Ship Building is carried on here, and when the river is deepened for large vessels, it will be a place of great trade, communicating with the interior, through Cape Fear River.

I was partly compelled to go to Wilmington, to meet my baggage which was sent round by water. My course now laid by Charleston, S. C. and from thence through the country to the

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*Some blockhead I see has pretended to give a painting of the Magnolia in one of the Annuals published in Philadelphia. This man, whoever he may be, has missed it, in toto, particularly in the flower, which I have since seen in New Orleans. This man makes the petals which compose the flower *painted*, and much too many. There are precisely eight petals or leaves in the flower. In the first place, four petals, (the botanical name) branch out from the stem at *four* right angles, and turn up like a bowl, and the extremity is nearly square, the shape of the dog-wood flower. These four petals leave a vacancy between each, which are completely closed up by four other petals, same size, forming a bowl, or rather a saucer, the diameter of a breakfast plate: this is precisely the size and shape of the Magnolia, there is no points about it, the rim is as even round as a saucer. I have heard too, they were as large as a man's head, this is all fudge: I saw none larger than a breakfast plate, and shaped like a saucer, deepened. They are not a bright white, and the bottom of the inside is tinged with a redish color, neatly shaded. The trees are as tall as any tree in the forest, and turn rusty in the summer.

best advantage. A vessel was to sail from Wilmington to Charleston in about 24 hours after I arrived in Wilmington. This was the sloop *Providence*, of *Providence*, *R. I.* Capt. Bray, loaded with lumber. The accommodation was not very good, but if I missed this, I might not meet with another in several days, and the weather growing warm, the quicker I was off the better. My friends therefore, with great reluctance, agreed to part with me, and the arrangement being made, it was settled I should sail with Capt. Bray, a stranger to every one in the place, it being the first time he was ever at Wilmington. This was soon arranged, and 36 hours from my arrival in Wilmington, I was placed on board the Providence, for Charleston. This was the greatest sacrifice to my feelings I ever made: I was so deeply impressed with the kindness and elegant manners of the citizens, (not a *few* as has generally been the case, but the whole town) that the time I was with them passed off in a delirium from which I was only roused by the word, "the Sloop is ready," the blood flew back to my heart—silent and painful I walked to the wharf, followed by as pure souls as ever stepped the proud land of our fathers. I had been so completely beggared in resources, that acknowledgments failed me, and full to the heart with gratitude, I stepped on board, after pressing the hands of my friends. The best of men, placed me in a chair on deck, charging me "to beware of this, and take care of that," (parts of the sloop) and then taking my hand, he said, "we leave you now to God and the wind." This was O'Hanlen—I spoke not, I could not. The shore was lined! I waved my handkerchief, hats off, and we sailed slowly down Cape Fear, the wind being ahead.

Such is Wilmington, North Carolina. I have never heard of travellers visiting this place, nor do I know a place more desirable, if one wishes to steal a delicious moment. It is, doubtless, owing to this seclusion, that Wilmington has preserved the manners and feelings of the good old times.—For of all detestable places, those towns are the most so which lie on the great travelling routes; you meet with none but sharpers and pick-pockets, and whatever the traveller may enjoy, from scenery or the roads, very little pleasure meets him in our towns and cities—those who are capable of imparting pleasure, are rendered shy from the infinity of calls. Introductory letters have increased in the same ratio with priest-craft, and the citizens are sure never to be at home.

We merely drifted with the stream, and beat against the little wind there was, while my eye remained fixed on Wilmington, till distance removed it from my sight. But I shall see thee again, dear spot, I sighed, as I caught the last glimpse of it.

I had novelty enough, however, to engage my attention. The shores were lined with evergreens and cypress swamps, but very few settlements; yet these were beautiful, when they appeared. How they contrive to clear these cypress swamps, is a mystery. They stand as thick as a cane-brake, and the few crevices that are left, are filled with *knees*—knees is the name of young cypress, and is like nothing else in the world.

Cypress grows no where but in water or swamps, or very rarely, and you see those *knees* poking their heads out of the water, of different sizes, from one to three feet in height, and varying in thickness. This knee is black, straight and smooth, tapering to the top, which is as round as a ball, and actually resembles the human knee in shape and polish. But what renders it a curiosity, is the total absence of sprig or leaf. These knees pop up their black heads like so many frogs, wherever they can find room. The dry and green cypress trees standing in ponds and swamps, are the most awe-inspiring, disgusting sights in the world—it is desolation. Cypress is not an evergreen, but has a fine, speary leaf, like the fir, and is the tallest tree of the forest. It has no limbs up to the top, which spreads out as flat as though it were sheared to a mark. Look which way you will, you see this towering tree, with its pan-cake top, far above the rest of the forest. It is a majestic, straight tree, but not universally so. But I shall always detest the tree, as I was sea sick when I looked at them, and no one can live where they are, without being sick.

The bay, the myrtle, &c. &c. were now too far off; but the live oak was distinctly seen. The live oak, so useful in ship building, is an evergreen, and resembles a well grown apple tree, in short, they could not be told from an apple tree, were it not for the richness of the green; the leaves are small, like the myrtle, very profuse and clustering, and have a gloss similar to that of the magnolia. It is the limbs that are used in ship building, as they grow in natural ribs to fit the keel of a vessel.

Meantime Capt. Bray was very attentive, and kind as a brother. He was a real warm-hearted Yankee, as true as steel: besides him, there was another gentleman on board, another true-hearted Yankee, a sea captain likewise; (this was Capt. Baker, who had charge of me. He was only a passenger, and a very clever fellow, of gigantic size) two sailors, and a fine little cabin boy. The vessel was loaded with lumber, &c., and a small, singled state-room constituted our quarters.

We made a snail's sail of it, and finally, as we drew near

SMITHVILLE.

at the mouth of the river, our vessel got aground, the wind not being sufficient to carry us with the tide; and we now had to await the next tide. This being the case, my two brave captains hoisted me into the boat, and took me to Smithville to spend the night.

Upon entering a very neat furnished parlor, we found no person in, but a travelling gentleman. But my friends, having no idea of half doing business, went off and hunted up Mrs. Dudley, (I liked the name) and after putting me in her care, went off to catch oysters and amuse themselves, the balance of the evening.

Mrs. Dudley soon had tea prepared, and furnished me with an upper parlor, with a portico fronting the ocean, which, with the monuments of sand in front, the groves of live oak in the rear, and streets of heavy sand, afforded new matter of amusement, had I found no other. But the incidents of the stranger whom I found in the parlor, which I soon learned, sets Shakspeare, Quinn, Linn, and the world of comedy at defiance.

The gentleman was a wealthy Quaker, from Philadelphia, whom I had often seen, though I do not even yet know his name. He is a middle aged, fat faced man, and saluted me with eagerness and friendship—he seemed much fatigued, and learning that I was upon a tour southward, he heaved a heavy sigh, and said—"Mrs. Royall, you must go to Conwayboro'. Where is Conwayboro? said I. "Oh, it is not very far from here; I came from there to day, you *must* go there, it is just over the line, in South Carolina." But why should I go to Conwayboro'? "You are wanted there," said he, with a very solemn face; "It is the worst place in the world, I believe they would have killed me, if I had not made my escape in an ox cart!!! Why, they have shot three men, and stabbed one woman! they fought the whole time I was there, and wanted me to fight too! they were fighting when I came there, and I left them fighting. They fight all the time!—you must go, indeed, you must go to Conwayboro'; yes, yes, you must go! Why, one of them took me by the arm and pulled me along, saying 'old man, can't you fight?' No, I told him, I could not, I never fought in my life.—he swore I should fight, any how. I told him that none of the people ever did me any harm, and that I was no fighting man, but he pulled me along to the battle ground. They have a regular battle ground, and fight with guns, knives, sticks, fists, and every way—there were twenty of them engaged at once! Yes, you must go to Conwayboro'!"

This was hard upon the peaceable Quaker; no wonder he made his escape in an ox cart. But he, doubtless, told truth—they had shot three men, some time back, and the civil authority could do nothing with them. They whip every sheriff, constable and magistrate, without mercy, who dares go near them, and the militia had been sent, without effect, to take the murderers, and the governor of the State had to come all the way with the military, and take them, and this he could hardly accomplish. The woman's recovery was doubtful.

Women fight, as well as men, it appears, or rather, they must fight. Every stranger that goes there, has to fight—they came very near killing one man, while my friend was there. They all get drunk, fight, swear and gamble, by rule—they have regular judges to determine violations of laws, &c. Thus it appears to be a republic of bullies, and the institution called a fighting academy, to educate pious men to fight the battles of the nullifiers. This bangs Walsh and Col. Stone, all hollow.

The gentleman positively seemed to be in a stupor from afright and lost in thought—he would sit musing for hours, every now and then starting up,as from a dream, repeating "Conwayboro' " and, "You *must* go to Conwaybor'o!" I had no idea of this, as the world was not half done with me yet; but comforted my friend, by assuring him I would put them in the Black Book, and caution the republic to let Quakers and women alone. The amusing part of it is, that the Quaker should have taken his flight in an *ox cart*; but suppose the bruisers had killed all the horses. It is thought that these are the highest and best disciplined troops in the United States.

Smithville is a small, but delightful village, on the right of the harbor, and from its height, beauty, and salubrity, is a general rendezvous for the wealthy planters of the surrounding country, during the sickly season. Here are regular boarding houses for their accommodation, but they were now empty, excepting one kept by Mrs. Dudley, my landlady, a most charming woman.

There are a few retail shops here, some ware houses, and a fort called Old Fort, to distinguish it from a new fort, nearly finished, which is lower down the harbor, full in sight.

At Smithville, I, for the first time, became acquainted with the *terrible* sands of the south. The beach, the shore, and streets, are nothing but one sea of sand, and to walk in it is next to impossible with those who are unused to it. This sand (and climate) appears to be the favorite soil of the live oak, which, as I have said, is a most beautiful, rich and flourishing tree. Were it not for these cheering trees, and other evergreens, a few flowers, grape vines, &c. that are cultivated in gardens at great expense, the place would be dull. The gardens are entirely artificial, the earth and manure being collected and laid on the sand at great

expense. I saw a grape vine, one foot in circumference, in one of those gardens. The china tree also delights in sand, which is more than I do. It is equal to a tread mill, to walk in it.

The scenery however, has enough of beauty, and more particularly of novelty in it to engage the attention of strangers.—The Atlantic is seen to a great distance, with a few passing sails, the two forts, Cape Fear, and the works erected for deepening the river, with several islands, form the front view, while the rear is quite a contrast; the cypress showing its sea sick head to an immense distance. But the islands are different here from any in our part of the globe.

To the right of Smithville, a point of flat land, or rather sand, stretches into the harbor at a right angle with another island.—This last is a great curiosity, being nothing more than a long string of sandy cones, or Lilliputian mounts, in a straight line for several miles. At the upper end of this, fronting Smithville, stands the new fort.

Another island lies to the left, which contains several houses. During my visit, I took a walk through the old fort, and though I passed in sight of Maj. Churchill's quarters, neither him nor any of his men approached me. Why this man is stuck up here at the expense of the people, and even, as I am sure, without their knowledge or approbation, I leave it with our government to answer. It would sicken any one to see sentinels parading before this nabob's door—for what? to guard him from what? An old woman could put them all to flight. To guard him while he and his associates are gormandizing upon oysters, champaign, and turtle soup!!! A high move, indeed, in the people, to find these men in the most costly food, and then pay them to eat it!! and this is not all, but they pay guards to watch them while they eat. I hope the working men will put an end to this. One would think that they might, at least, treat their employers with common civility, for as to politeness, they are as ignorant of it as they are of their duty. My interview with Gen. Atkinson, and Gen.—— the Navy Boards, &c. proves the kind of protection they are paid for.

Wishing to gain some intelligence on the subject of the fortifications of North Carolina, a state which had patronized me liberally, and loaded me with favors. I was bound by every tie of gratitude, honor and respect, to deal, at least, as fairly by her as other states. To this end I addressed a note to his supreme highness, Maj. Churchill, soliciting his company and stating the cause.

After some time, his highness appeared, *prodigious* lofty, and stiff. He did condescenp to take his supreme hat off and made, not a Chesterfield, bow. He had taken rather too much toast and coffee, or perhaps tea, for that—a country bob was the most.—

He was another great, over-fed glutton, and from the land of snags, all the way. He was a robust, broad-faced, young-looking man, with gander eyes. Gander eyes is always a bad sign. Are you Maj. ——— Commandant of the fort? "I am!" Why, really, sir, you are in fine health; you seem to be well-fed, from your size—you must be in good quarters! Have you nothing to do but eat and drink? I merely, as one of the sovereign people, who find and pay you, call to see what you are about—the situation of the fort, quantity of arms, number of men, &c.

Heavens, how he frowned and swelled—you know the fable of the Frog and the Ox. He was as much confounded as though he had been ordered to face an enemy. "Why really ma'm I don't know ma'm—I did not expect ma'm—good morning ma'm" and so he retreated. Now this man, who had been eating and drinking for years, and spending his time, not like the great Churchill of England, refused to answer a few plain questions in a plain manner: "Good morning ma'm" said he, and off he went: So I must leave the place without any further information on the subject of the Fort.

One Dr. Blane, Surgeon to the Fort, was, like his master, a proud, empty, conceited, oyster-eating coxcomb. These men ought to be reformed. Now, why does this Mr. Major and his men not go to work on the Pier or the new Fort,or on the streets, and do something for their money.

Very different was the reception I met with from Lieut W. the Superintendant of the new Fort; he is of New York, and quite a gentleman. He, as well as Capt. B. deserves much credit for his industry and application. This Fort was began in 1824, and is now nearly completed. It will cost $200,000—mounts 100 guns, and contains a citadel for 300 men. 250 laborers are now at work here. It is thought to be a site much better calculated to defend Cape Fear Harbor, than the old Fort. The workmanship is of the best order for strength and beauty: it has a double wall, so that if the outer wall is taken, the men can retreat to the inner wall. The architect, if I do not mistake, is Cornelius Kefler, a very intelligent and scientific man. I find they eat no idle bread here, and as a just reward, I trust Lieut. W. may be promoted. He is a much more officer like man than the eating Major. They have cut a canal to let the water into the Fort, which is one of its greatest conveniences.

My accidental visit to Smithville, is quite fertile, for which my friends may thank the wind. About ten o'clock the next morning, a wind sprang up and we sailed, and for the first time I was now on the ocean.

In a short time I was "pretty tolerable sick" and cast a woeful look at the Cypresses, which, poor innocent trees, were fast receeding from our view. I laid down on the lumber and made

myself as comfortable as a sick person could be, though I amused myself in gazing at the sea and the sails, and paying some attention to the word of command, which was "about," "let go," "steady"—the Capt. was at the helm most of the time, and walked the deck continually, or rather the plank, which was piled on the deck. Capt. Bray had lived on the ocean, never *drinks*, and always walks the deck: he seems to live without sleep, and the most attentive Captain I ever saw to a certainty—for I never sailed with any but himself, nor would I ever, if I had my choice. Capt Bray was dressed in sailor's clothes, with coarse shoes, but never stepped a man with more grace. His fine mild eye, now and then resting upon me, and the moment I moved he was at my side: when I wished to go down he took me in his arms, and when I wished to come up it was the same thing, nor would the generous man take one cent for my passage!!! These are John Randolph's "money loving race." I leave it to the world to judge which loves money most—what did he ever do for me—which was most able to aid me? this hard-working man, who worked daily for his bread, or Mr. Randolph with his Princely estate—to the first I was a total stranger, to the other I was well known. Always give me a Yankee for a generous act, let them be money loving or not money loving. A very few days previous to this I saw Mr. R near his own door, what act of kindness did he bestow on me—he never in his life did so generous an act as this Capt. Bray. What signifies his wealth:—Let justice always take place. "It will be said the Yankees are favorable to me, as I am perhaps the only writer excepting their own, that ever did them justice." This man, always at sea, *never* heard of me before.—Such is Capt. *Bray*, of the sloop Providence, of Providence, R. I. an honor to the State. All these Rhode Islanders are good fellows, and great ladies' men. Seriously, I have only to recommend Capt Bray to the kind notice of my friends, wherever he may go! They owe much to this generous man, which mines of gold can never repay: He is honor's self. Capt. Baker was also kind, true and trusty. It strikes me he is also of Rhode Island. But the cabin boy, he was another good fellow, he was at once my cook, chamber maid, waiting maid, laundress, and physician. He was every thing.—I forget his name.

Finally, without meeting with any thing but a few gulls, and porpoises, we anchored in Charleston harbor, 12 o'clock, on Sunday noon, March 14th, being 4 days on the passage, which might have been made in 24 hours with a fair wind.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

From the carelessness of one of the printers, a part of the manuscript was mislaid. It is the last of the article on Winchester, and ought to have come in at page —. When about to take leave of Winchester, I was waited upon by two gentlemen, doubtless sent by my favorite fraternity, the brothers of my deceased husband. I had never seen the gentlemen before, nor did I lack friends or means, every one but the religous people, were solicitous for my welfare. These gentlemen had doubtless heard this. But nothing less than *seeing* and hearing for themselves, ever satisfied this noble fraternity. The names of these gentlemen, were Messrs. *Robert Bar*, and *Peter Kressmer:* these amiable men came for the express purpose of inquiring into my means and comfort—whether I lacked any thing to secure me from "cold and hunger on the road." That Society of men, whether Tract, Bible, Missionary, or Masonic, which can draw total strangers together in the bonds of kindness, friendship, and charity, to the exclusion of every selfish motive, must have had its birth in Heaven. These are the friends that sticketh closer than a brother.

I overlooked a Mr. *George Seymore*, whom I saw in Winchester: he is represented to be an amiable man, tall, and handsomely featured, with a black meaning eye, and affable appearance.—Also, one *Broom*, marked for the last place in Society.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

UNITED STATES BANK.

This Institution begins to create alarm on all sides, alike with those in favor and those against the question of a re-charter.—There never was a better test of principle than this, it will prove who are, and who are not, the true friends of liberty and their country. Some are in favor of the U. S. Bank, and some are opposed to it; and a few there are who cannot tell which party is wrong, and which right. I paid little attention to the subject of the U. S. Bank, until my last tour. Indeed no one, not immediately concerned with the Bank, can have a fair view of its effects, who has not visited the Western States. In our great Eastern towns its hideous head is concealed amidst the din of commercial business, and a thousand, I might say tens of thousands of religious, and other speculations. Between all these the people are oppressed beyond measure! beyond endurance, and cannot see (though they feel) from whence it comes. Thousands of people are now in want even of the common necessaries of life, in our great cities, while those two hideous monsters, the Missionary scheme and the Bank, are drawing to themselves the wealth, labor and even the common sense of the country.—What creates poverty and distress in England, in Ireland, in all Europe? It is that the lands and money get into the hands of the few: exactly what they are doing here.

But whoever wishes to see the strides of this Hydra, the Bank, let them visit the Western States.

When I left that country some years back, I left a brave, independent, honest and industrious people. What are they now?—Their labor and independence, their liberty, their common sense, their all, swallowed up by this voracious monster! The brave Tennesseans, whom no foe could conquer, subdued to abject slavery, and shorn of the fruits of their many years toil.

Nashville! once the seat of wealth, fashion, and independence. What is it now? its houses deserted, its streets exhibit a mixture of despondence, impudence, vice,* poverty and corruption; and

* A Nashville lady and gentlamen made a brothel of the Stage, before our faces, in open daylight. I was one of the passengers.

at a signal from an old Irish pump-borer, President of the Bank, they crouch to the ground like Spaniels!!! and his nod rules the presses! About 200 new brick buildings, put up within 18 months to 2 years, owned by this Branch, were empty, (thank God) when I was there, the people being too poor to furnish them, or pay the rent. The voice of cheerfulness is no longer heard in Nashville—it is down forever: Cincinnati the same! the wealth and the presses, (excepting one press) in Cincinnatti, in possession of the Bank. They boast of their increase! increase of poverty they mean! $100,000 in debt, and the Bank owns every house (the largest in the U. S.) worth having in Cincinnat; and the streets filled with poverty, vioe, and the most abject slavery! Kentucky is grapling hard with the tyrant, while the jaws of the Callopean monster is extended ready to devour the last limb.

A brick-maker boy, in the employ of the Bank, is a perfect tyrant: a decent man dare not speak to him—as important as a Haytien negro Col.; and such is the degradation of the citizens, that the moment one of their *majesty's* the Bank-men appear, hats off! all this I have seen. His majesty the Irish pump-borer, or shoe-maker, I can't tell which: they are all picked from the dregs of the people, as no honorable men will serve. By his sole power the seat of government was removed from Murphreesborough to Nashville!!! this they acknowledged themselves. One of these once brave Tennesseans riding in a carriage with me, by his majesty's door, wrapped the curtain round his face, lest his being seen with me, might give offence to the pump-borer!—But this is only a drop.

It is well known that *most* of the stock of the Bank is owned by foreigners: *these* are the men that has rendered the U. S. Bank the terror of the land; and behold they are now virtually in possesion of the fairest of our fertile land in the West—and forsooth, travelling all over it, selecting the fairest portions of those rich lands designed for our posterity: "d—n you, you were glad to get us to purchase your stock," said one of these to me one day. More is the pity—and our own swindlers A. and B. for instance establish a mercantile house, one of these always contrive to be in the Bank, and takes care to protest every mercantile bill but that of his own firm! But I could fill an octavo with the ty-

ranny and oppression of this Bank: the whole western country is wrapped in gloom—every head is bowed down, and every trace of manliness has disappeared; and to set the government at defiance, they are establishing presses to elect members of Congress to re-charter—throwing Branches into every part of the Union, to strengthen their power, and fortifying themselves by every means, regardless of the miseries that cry to heaven against them. I understand the New England States are all in favor of re-chartering. This must be because their remoteness from the reckless strides of this many headed monster keeps them ignorant of the evils. I have a better opinion of those brave, high-minded, and virtuous people, than to believe they will countenance or nourish such a dangerous and detestable aristocracy in the midst of them? Will they, who were the first to resist foreign oppression, consent to surrender the fairest portion of that country acquired by the blood of their sires, and the reward of their toil? I should think not! Will they tamely consent to suffer a gang of mercenary foreigners (plenty of them in Boston) to appropriate those fertile plains to themselves which they ought to reserve for their noble descendants? they cannot be so lost to the interest of posterity! I know the Yankees better.

These are only a few of this desolating monster. It has destroyed, swallowed up all the State Banks, every thing bends before it, like an irresistible tornado. Some cry out "what will we do for a circulating medium? We do not like the Presidents plan, it will throw too much patronage into the power of the executive." Do without, and be free, those who have no money what need they care. I have not wisdom enough to devise a remedy, nor is it my business. With an eye and a heart devoted to my country, to the people, and none but the people: I have represented a few of the evils, which all passed under my eye, and though I have no knowledge of the business, nor have I consulted with a *single individual*, I should think a circulating medium might be created to answer the purpose required. Why not make the States Stockholders—take the Bank out of the hands of individuals—suffer *no* individual to hold stock—suffer no stock to be turned *into* real estate, and keep foreigners *out*. This ought to be the ground work of a National Bank, or medium. But, ignorant of the busi-

ness as I am, I merely suggest the idea. But it would be treason in Congress to re-charter a band of merciless tyrants, to plunder the poor and sink the country into slavery: years will not repair the injury this Bank has already done: the great mass of the people in the West, stripped of their property and liberty, they have nothing left, even their independence, which led them to face every difficulty is gone! Re-charter the Bank and you take leave of liberty! The Presbyterians have wormed themselves into the Institution too! after the money; good!—Re-charter the Bank, and you may dispense with State governments, Congress, every thing. You will have no use for Courts or Cabinets. The Bank will take all this burden off your hands and decide matters in a more cursory way.* I had nearly fallen a victim myself to this horror-stirring monster, though it was laid on the anti-masons, not so. Putting all things together, secret as the plot (of murder doubtless) was kept, I have no hesitation in saying I believe it to have been a plot of the Bank; every circumstance of this outrage goes to confirm the opinion. I had forwarded an article upon the oppression of the Bank to a Jackson editor, John's of Pittsburg, who ought henceforth to be called the *Bank* editor. This man had always published my letters, but he had touched the "silver" no doubt, and refused to publish. The house in which the assassin waylaid me, is the humble servant of the Bank, and nothing but an accident saved my life. Whilst I was sealing a letter to put in the mail in Holdships store, a boy came to me and asked "if I would not go up stairs, their clerk wanted to see me." What could a stranger want with me, up stairs? if he wished to see me he could have come down: I departed with the letter. It appears this man was a clerk in some Insurance Office, and not in Holdships store, and concealed himself in Holdships upper story. The assassin finding himself defeated, in drawing me up stairs, nevertheless did not give up his purpose, and had it not been for a mere accident, that of having the previous day purchased a thick padded bonnet as I was about to visit Canada, the ruffian would have come near accomplishing his purpose, as he stole up behind me and struck me with his whole force over the head, which would no

* Nothing short of a Bastile will answer their purpose, from what I have witnessed myself.

doubt have been fatal, had it not been for the bonnet: and from Holdship's conduct, before and since, there is little doubt but he was privy to the plot. Holdship was my firm friend until he found I was opposed to the Bank. He has all the presses indebted to him for paper. He manufactures paper for the Bank. Thus they manage to hold their sway.

As to the mock trial of the ruffian, it was a mere sham, which any fool might see through.* The man might have been an Anti-mason, as none but an Anti-mason or Blue-skin would have been engaged in such an atrocious crime. But the Anti-masons, though the vilest of mankind, never had sense enough to form such a plot. As I have extended these remarks to some length, I have only to add, that for the honor of the United States, no man will patronize Holdship: this request is particularly addressed to my friends in the Western and Southern States, where he ships vast quantities of paper. The friends of liberty and virtue will scorn to aid such a man. But to return, if the Bank, which I suspect for this foul deed, would do such a thing now, what will it not do if re-chartered another series. Therefore, ye who value liberty, crush the monster before it be too late.

I understand Congress has put out Rev. Post, at last, and that Preacher Thunder refused to be a candidate, and they elected some other Preacher for their Chaplain. It does not appear however that his prayers avail much, as they are just as wicked as ever. If they were to do their own preaching and praying themselves, I think it would just be as well, as every one can do his own business best.

It seems too that Poor cannot be elected in room of Tobias, some other Poor having a majority of votes. If they will now turn out the Blue-skin Machin and Lowry, I will make friends with them, provided they make me door keeper instead of Capt. Burch, and I will leave it to the vote of the House by yeas and nays, if I cannot keep the door as well as Capt. Burch, who has not been in the House this session.

Appropos.—Our Post Office wants reforming again: I think it might be as well to let Dr. Sangrado attend to his Pill boxes, and Rev. Brown to Baptising.—More anon.

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* I never spoke a word to the man in my life, nor ever saw him before.

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ERRATA.

For Wm. McClay, on page 41, 18th line from top, read Hon. Wm. McCoy.

On 56th page, 17th line from bottom, instead of Maj. Hunter, read Maj. Hunton.

☞ *Note.*—Mrs. Jones, mentioned in Letters from Alabama, removed to St. Louis, and not Louisville.

For Mr. *Gooch*, 34th page, 18th and 21st lines from the bottom, read Mr. Cook.